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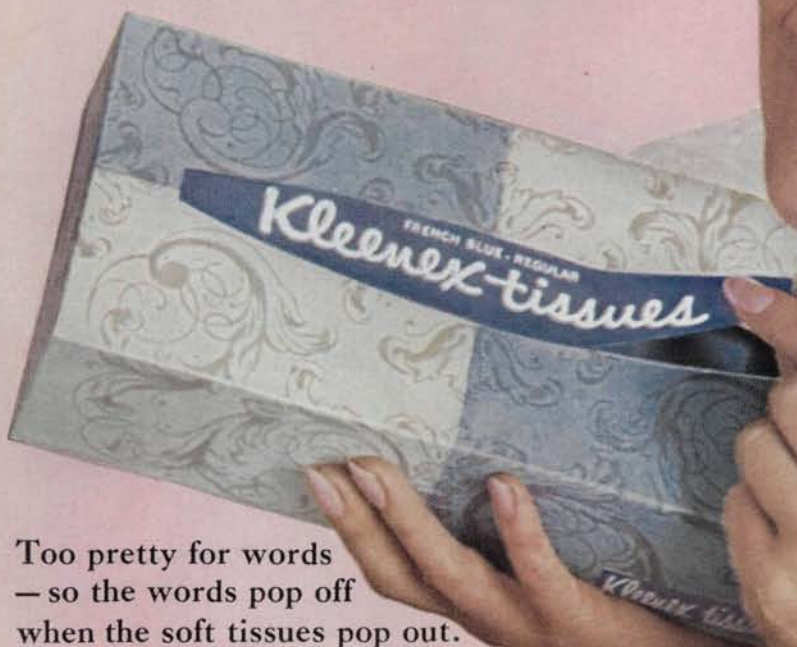
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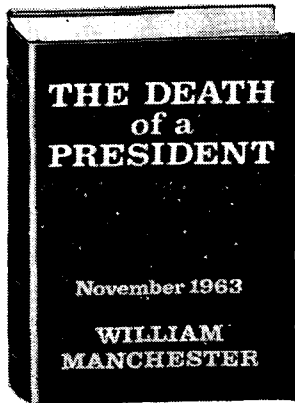
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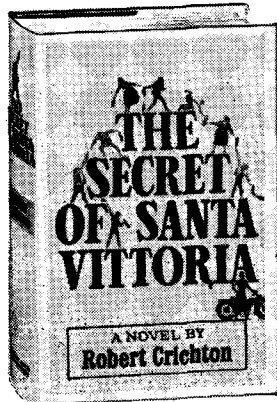
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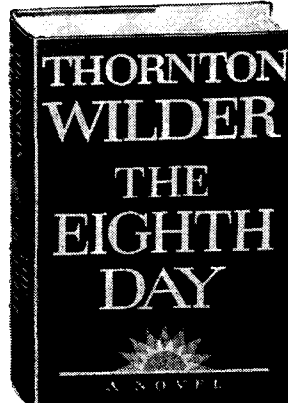
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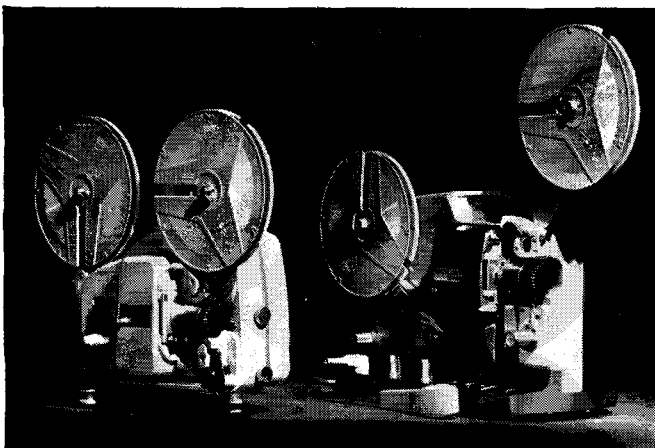
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reports

Washington



After much tense negotiation this spring, Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kennedy finally discovered at least one point on which they could agree. It was that Kennedy did not call the President of the United States of America a son of a bitch to his face.

Gossip as to who said what to whom at that now famous post-Tet confrontation at the White House served to titillate Washington for weeks. There were some who said Kennedy said it, others who said he didn't. The final consensus was that he didn't—but almost did; that Bobby had to bite his tongue he was so mad; and that what he almost called the President to his face was mild compared with what he did call him afterwards.

All of that is largely inconsequential, however, for each of these men knows full well what the other thinks of him. What is more important, and revealing, is that when the stories of such a monumental display of personal rudeness and political

boorishness leaked out, Washington was not especially shocked and was fully prepared to accept every word as truth.

The fact is, the town has been in such an unusually mean and intemperate mood this spring that it would have seemed unnatural for Johnson and Kennedy *not* to have argued.

An air of mutiny

Anyone who has been along on a pleasure cruise knows what happens to good friends when they sail together too long. But what has happened in Washington is more than a temporary falling-out among good friends, and the town is no pleasure yacht these days, either. It is a rusty old freighter, sprung with leaks, carrying precious cargo on a long and increasingly perilous voyage; rough weather lies ahead, and there is an air of mutiny on deck.

The subtleties involved in the Johnson-Kennedy confrontation are worthy of Joseph Conrad. The raw-nerved ship's captain, who has about quit trying to keep up appearances and no longer bothers to shave, accuses the junior officer of leading a plot against him. The JO denies it. The captain's anger increases. He threatens. The JO barely manages to control his temper.

This man is dangerous, the young officer thinks to himself. Should I try to take over command? He communicates his fear to others on board. Maybe I'm mistaken, he thinks next. Perhaps my duty is to sick it out and somehow keep this cursed vessel from destroying itself. Besides, if I try to lead a mutiny and fail, the captain will keel-haul me and string me up by the yardarm.

And so, caught up by his own ambition, trapped in his self-made snare of sophistication, stalled by a

nagging sense of duty, and doubt, delayed by a native sense of caution and a highly developed appreciation of the realities of power, and stunned, perhaps, by the recent discovery that he, too, has his vulnerabilities, he does both too much and too little, and thus ends up contributing to the very tragic end he sought to prevent.

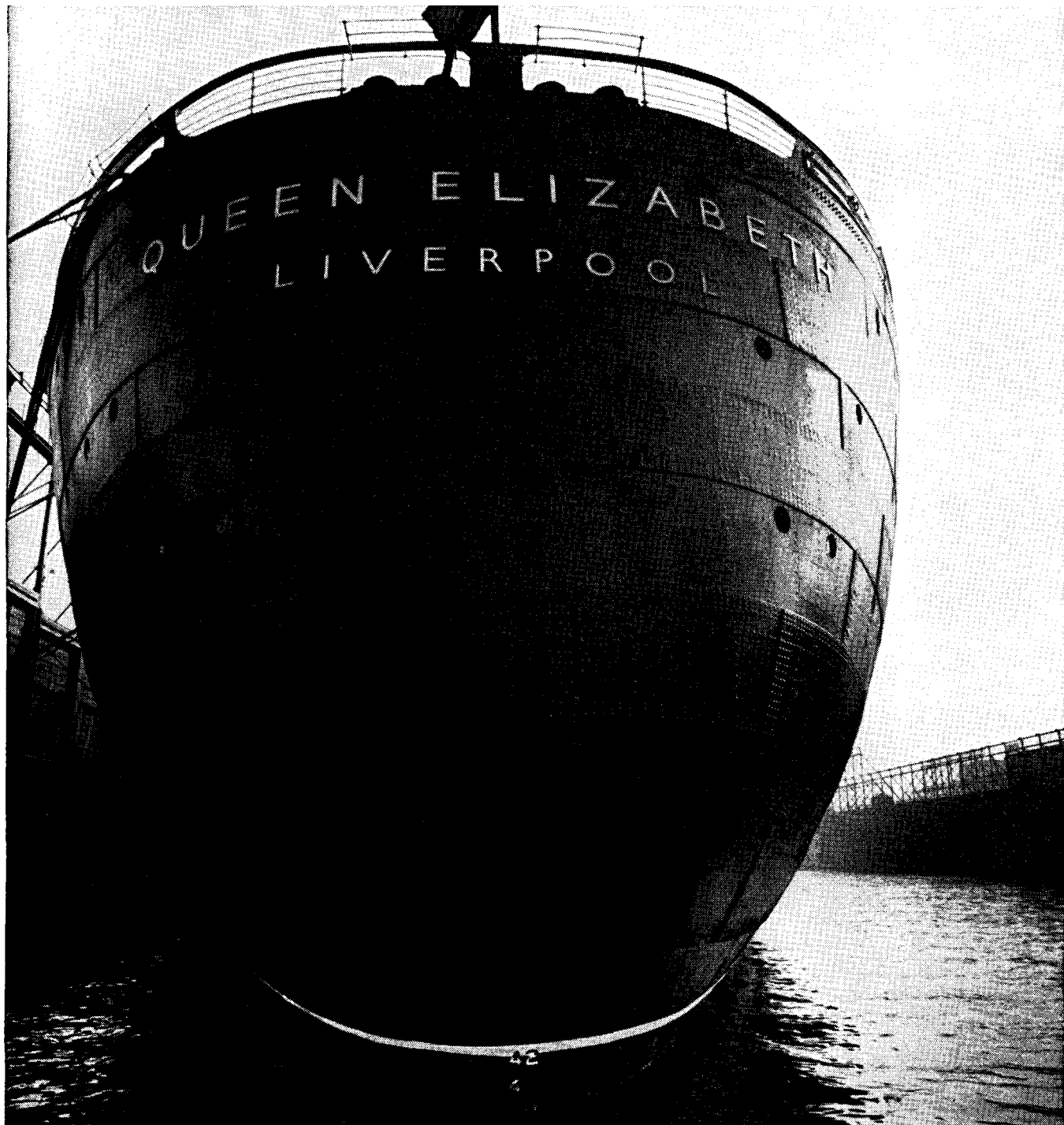
History may prove that, in this instance at least, Robert Kennedy's character belongs neither to Theodore White nor to William Manchester, but to Conrad: the befuddled hero who stands on the forecandle, watching and accepting the inevitable as it looms closer and closer in the fog, muttering to himself, "I tried to tell him."

That meeting in the captain's sea cabin was indeed dramatic and well publicized. But, like most mutinies in the initial stages, Washington's thus far has generally been restrained and guarded. But the boatswain knows. He sees the occasional, purposeful display of disrespect, the slow way in which orders are obeyed. And he knows there is much whispered debate in the crew's quarters by men who sense that tragedy lies ahead but who don't know what they can do about it, who realize only that they don't like what is happening without knowing quite why.

Washington is slogging through a sea of tepid indifference these days. Tempers are short and patience is strained. It is the sort of situation that brings out the worst in everybody.

"Cut 'em down" Congress

As a result of last November's elections, Congress is completely deadlocked, and nobody has the heart for a fight. The Democrats



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Washington

are disheartened because they lost power, the Republicans because they don't have enough. John McCormack is in the very best tradition of politicians who rise above their provincial beginnings to serve the greater interests of the nation, without ever fully comprehending the truly revolutionary aspects of the legislation those bright young men downtown draw up and present for their support; but he is old, an increasingly older man in an increasingly younger Congress, and is not quite with it anymore. The great, final service he could perform, climaxing an honorable and fruitful career, would be to resign his leadership post now, in full dignity, and assume some senior, advisory position. But he never will.

The mood on both sides of the Capitol is made more rancid by the House's shameful handling of the Adam Clayton Powell case, and by the Senate's embarrassment over what the case of Senator Thomas Dodd implies about congressional ethics in general. So the Congress these days ill-humoredly assumes the posture of the lumberjack in the cartoon who stands beside a fallen tree and proclaims, "I may not be able to make 'em, but I can sure as hell cut 'em down." Congress may not be able to pass any new legislative program worthy of the name this year, but it does have the power, within its coalitions, to wreck the Administration's program, and in its sullen willfulness, that, it appears, is exactly what it is out to do.

"If I were the President," Representative Richard Ottinger of New York volunteered this spring, "I'd pass the necessary appropriations bills and adjourn." Numerous senators, Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts among them, privately agreed.

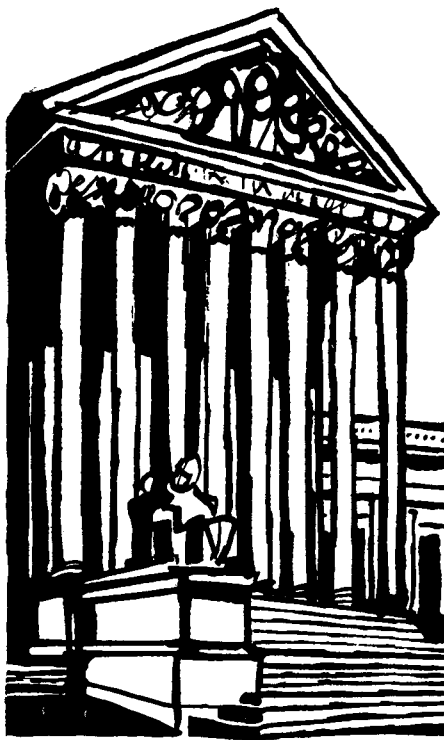
Yo-yo taxes

One presidential request which did receive prompt response from Congress was restoration of the investment tax credit. In fact, the House went beyond the Administration's request and added an amendment of its own which will refund about half the tax money gained through the temporary repeal. And there was a good chance the Senate would act to give it all back.

Johnson's move to restore the in-

vestment credit hurt the chances of passing the income tax surcharge he still says is needed. Representative John Byrnes, the ranking Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee, charged that the Administration has a "yo-yo tax policy," and when Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler attempted to justify the contradiction, he got rough treatment.

Actually, it isn't all that difficult to explain; it's just that some find it difficult to accept the necessity. The President is faced with two problems which are pulling against each other,



and in effect, creating a third. The economy is sagging a little, but without a tax increase the higher budget deficit could have inflationary effects.

The President needs the tax increase to help pay for the cost of the war in Vietnam. It is, in every sense, a war tax. (In 1966, the cost of Vietnam was roughly twice the Pentagon's original \$10 billion estimate for the year.) Johnson is acutely aware that the Federal Reserve Board very likely will impose tougher credit if his budget deficit gets appreciably bigger. Johnson might still get his tax bill, but it is not expected to go into effect until fall, if at all, and any final version acceptable to Congress will be greatly different from the one he proposed.

One perhaps inevitable result of the money squeeze is that most

liberals in Congress are charging that the President is really not pressing for approval of very many of his own domestic spending requests this year. They point as an example to the \$2 billion he is asking for poverty, predict he will be lucky to get three quarters of that amount, and charge that, in fact, this is exactly what he is counting on. The liberals don't like it but don't know what they can do about it.

If dreams came true

They would be the last to admit it, but the Republicans are sick at heart too. Like the young suburban couple glaring across the dinner table at one another, they have come to the slow realization that things just aren't working out for them, and the only real, unanswered question is, Who will first decide to pack up and leave?

Nobody is very happy about George Romney's vagueness. Party moderates are muttering that Charles Percy is "the Nixon of the sixties." Every time Mark Hatfield is invited to give a Washington speech he recites a homemade poem and embarrasses his audience by the performance.

Republican congressional leaders fancied that they might take advantage of their gains and build a vote-catching spun-sugar castle of responsible alternatives. But that sweet dream had been brought to an abrupt end by the time the first daffodil had shown its butter-yellow face along the Rock Creek Parkway.

The one Republican who, at least in his appearances at the annual spring round of political dinners, most impressed Washington was Ronald Reagan. Though a relative newcomer, his performances generally were sharper than those of men who have been in the business of politics far longer. Reagan created the impression that he is now embarking on a low-keyed but serious effort to capture the Republican presidential nomination in 1968. This has shocked other Republican leaders far more than they are admitting publicly because they believe that Reagan would be another Barry Goldwater, who would lead his party to similarly disastrous ends.

The problem is that Republican unity largely is a leaky patch-and-plaster job, and more and more GOP conservatives, persuaded that

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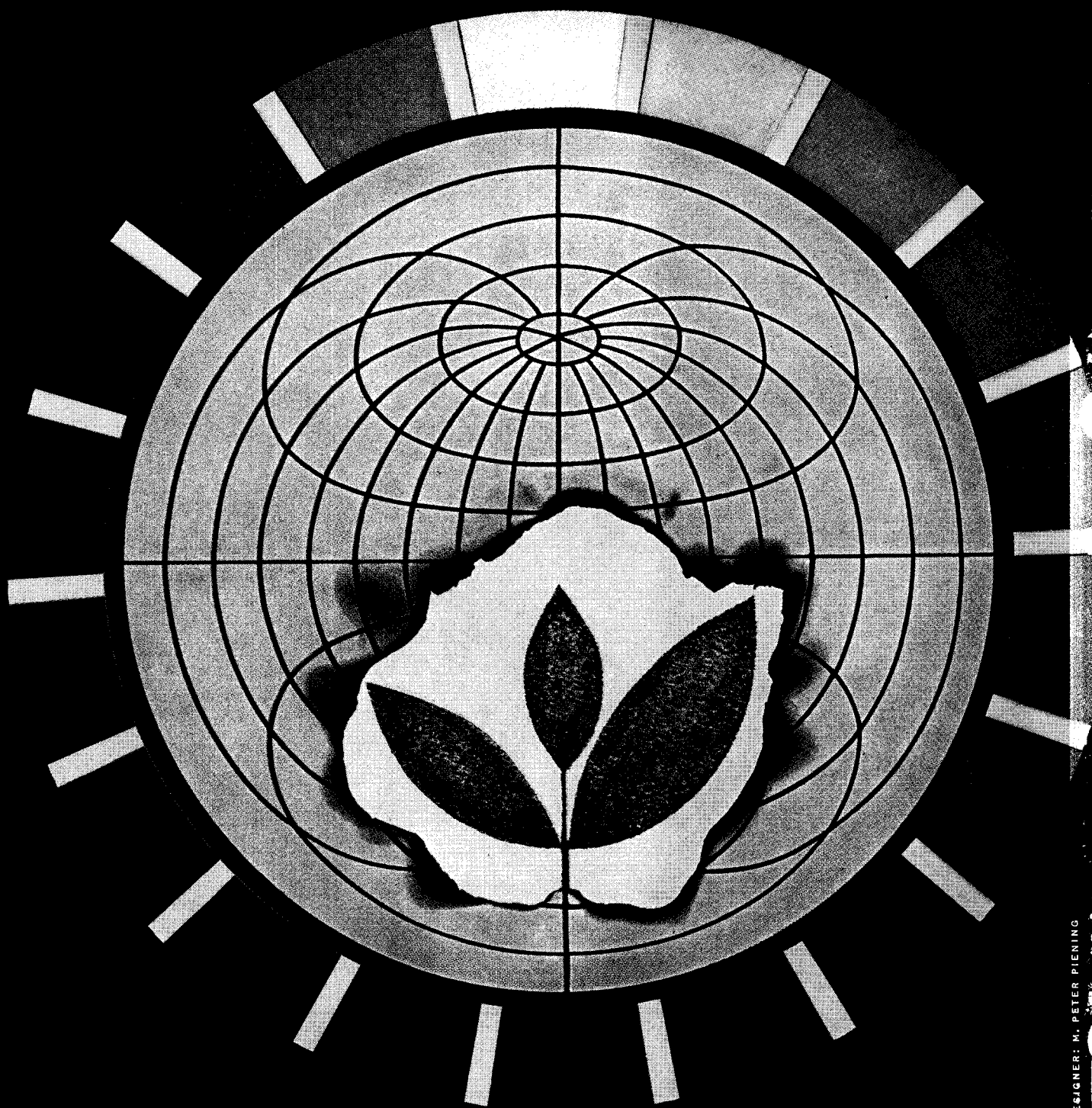
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What Could We Build If We Worked Together?

by U Thant

Secretary General, United Nations



What could we build if we worked together?

This simple but tantalizing question is a sharp reminder of the irony of the present state of mankind. It dramatizes the persistent struggle between our wisdom and our foolishness, our strength and our weakness, our creativeness and our self-destructiveness, our idealism and our baseness. It serves to remind us that the predominant rivalries of our era, political, military, or ideological, are also the most wasteful consumers of our time, spirit, talent, resources and even of life. It reminds us of the strange fact that even now, with an unprecedented range of knowledge at their disposal, men in all parts of the world passively continue to accept policies and programmes of all kinds which not only fritter away their substance and the bountiful legacy of nature, but at times endanger their very existence.

The simplest citizen can grasp the fact that a fraction of the money that will be spent throughout the world on armaments in 1967 could finance economic and social programmes, both national and global, on a scale hitherto undreamed of. It is obvious that a small part of the ingenuity, effort, expertise and resources deployed in building an intercontinental missile system, for example, would almost certainly, if applied to the more immediate problems of human misery or of future human development, produce a series of breakthroughs which might well illuminate and inspire man's whole concept of his own future. It is a commonplace that, if nations could only lay down the sword and live in harmony, the world might, with judicious leadership and management, well become a place which could rival all the utopias of the philosophers—and certainly be far more interesting.

Why do these totally obvious and desirable developments fail to come about—fail, moreover, in an age which prides itself on its new mastery of communications of every kind? Why do we have to live in fear rather than in hope, in antagonism and distrust rather than in harmony and co-operation?

“Human nature” is popularly held to be responsible for this deplorable state of affairs, the assumption being that “human nature” is in some way a force which cannot possibly be controlled or improved. It is high time this comfortable pretext was exploded. Men should aspire to be the masters of their fate, rather than the victims of their own “nature.” If we presume, as we do, to change and improve everything else in nature, why do we leave ourselves out of the process? Improvement and progress should surely begin at home.

If, then, we discard the facile notion that “human nature” is to blame and that nothing can be done about it, what is the real reason for our inability to shape our affairs as reason and self-interest tell us that they should be shaped? How does it come about that greed, prejudice, arrogance, envy, fear, misunderstanding and all the other less desirable human characteristics play such a large part in the affairs of the world, so that the common denominator of international life is fear and lack of mutual confidence? It is perhaps because we think more of our differences than of our opportunities. We are still in a state of mind where the traditional attitudes born of our past wants and conflicts influence us more than the abundant, and so far largely unexploited, opportunities of the hopeful present. The note of hope and idealism in the world is still tremulous at best, and tends all too often to be drowned out by a jangle of qualification, compromise and cynicism. We must sustain that note of hope, which our achievements in many fields so amply justify, until it overpowers the voices of fear, cynicism and reaction. We must gain enough confidence in ourselves and in each other to turn our ideals and our potential into reality.

The opening question—What could we build if we worked together?—certainly provides us with a powerful incentive to solve this basic problem, and it may even provide us with a clue to the problem itself. It is a historic fact that when men have worked together in enthusiasm and loyalty to a commonly held ideal the results have benefited all succeeding ages, and have even on

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occasion—as for example in Athens or Florence in their greatest days—inspired enduring works of genius of an extraordinary quality, vitality and variety. We may not hope to find the conditions of Athens or Florence in large modern states, let alone in the world. But we can at least recognize that working together in the pursuit of practical aims provides men with an unusual solidarity and vitality, an environment in which their differences are a stimulus rather than an obstacle.

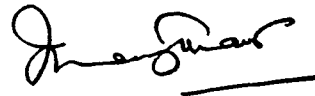
In this century political ideology has taken the place formerly occupied by religion as a main source of strife in the world. We have been, perhaps, too anxious to define and agree, by force if necessary, upon the ideal to be pursued before making a practical start in co-operation on fundamental problems. The world is, mercifully, an infinitely varied place. If we could start pragmatically by working together on the problems which urgently concern all peoples, differences of ideology and other apparently insoluble conflicts might be seen in a new light as wasteful and unnecessary, and may thus work themselves out over a period of time.

If we were to ask ourselves: What could we work on together *now*?, a vast range of fascinating possibilities for enhancing the condition and the quality of human life opens up before us. This range of possibilities will, I

hope, be explored in succeeding articles in this series. We have too often in the past been forced to regret some aspects of scientific progress, and have been driven to act belatedly to mitigate them. We are now in a position, if we work together, to foresee and, to some extent, to determine the future course of human development. We can do this, however, only if we cease to fear and harass each other and if together we accept, welcome and plan the changes that must inevitably come about.

If this really means a change in “human nature,” then it is high time we began to work toward such a change. What is certainly required is a change in some human political attitudes and habits. Intelligent self-interest is reason enough for making this change, already long overdue. In this process, I believe that the United Nations, as a centre for harmonizing the actions of nations, may have a vital role.

I hope that this series, by showing what shining possibilities could be within our reach, and by inspiring people to concentrate on their opportunities for working together rather than on their differences, may contribute to the urgently required improvement of the attitudes of peoples and nations to one another. Then only will we begin to build as we should.



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A WORLD OF EXPERIENCE IN ALUMINUM

Washington

Johnson can be beaten by practically anyone, are beginning to ask, Then why not take a man we *really* want?

So the Republicans are smiling, but with tears in their eyes.

LBJ views the news

President Johnson — well, there's not much new there, except to report that the President's preoccupation with his public relations problems has taken an intriguing new turn. Publicly, the President and various other members of his Administration complained that reporters are chronic critics who never bother to tell about the good side of things. (And no one in this weary town bothered to reply that public officials have a routine responsibility to be honest, of good intent, and to perform as well as they can. It is widely accepted, for example, that the current Secretary of Labor is no crook and the current Postmaster General is not consciously working against the best interests of his country. But the day those facts rate headlines the nation is in big trouble.) Privately, the President charged that "Communist" influence in American communications was much more widespread, and dangerous, than most people realized. He did not offer further detail.

The absence of power

So, everybody's mad at everybody else in Washington this spring. The lack of trust, the amount of back-biting, the incident rate of argument, the lethargy, the lack of drive and enthusiasm, and the increasing degree of cynicism are all appalling.

The cynicism is not spent exclusively on the White House, the misleading claims over Vietnam, or the activities of the Congress; there is plenty left over for the pursuits of that lean and hungry-looking group of Kennedy people whose gusto in attacking Johnson programs and declaiming against policies some of them helped to formulate has marked them as the Restoration Movement. "Power corrupts," one Washington wag was inspired to comment, "and the absence of power corrupts absolutely."

Somewhere deep within the bowels of the west wing of the White House, President Johnson has installed a remarkable Special Con-

gressional Message writing machine, and he has kept it running day and night so far this year. Congress has been barraged with special messages — on crime, on the draft, on the needs of the aged, on poverty, on practically anything you can name — and some of them have been very good indeed. But the President is not going to get anywhere with most of them.

When labor leaders quietly gathered at the White House and killed the proposal to merge the departments of Labor and Commerce, there was not a soul at the potter's field funeral to say a prayer. If you were to mention the possibility of new civil rights legislation this year, nobody would even know what you were talking about.

No little-finger war

Vietnam is, of course, the name of the albatross which hovers over the capital. The leaders of this nation are sick to death of this war, and that includes those who support the President's course of action there. The historically unique fact seems to be that the nation's leaders are more discouraged and distraught

over the way things are going than are the people they serve. After all, the casualty rate — in this increasingly populous nation — has not been that high. There have been no shortages of goods, no rationing, no invocation of emergency powers. As far as most people are concerned, we are fighting this war with the little finger of our left hand. But in Washington, people are far more aware of the true cost. The financial cost is awesome. But the cost in terms of national motivation may be even greater.

John F. Kennedy destroyed the national innocence. There will never be another New Frontier staffed by enthusiasts who really believe they can achieve overnight reforms and advances. But neither does the Great Society lack for men of vision. Just the opposite. There are plenty of people with good ideas about what must be done now to meet those problems of the future that the President is always talking about. But they are all taking long, demoralized lunches at Sans Souci. Some of these people want to blow North Vietnam off the face of the earth, and some of them want to charter

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everything that will fly or float and just get out and leave it all to heaven. But all of them are sick of this war.

It all prompts one to envision some future militant theoretician — an intense fellow wearing round, rimless glasses, who sits writing away furiously for some Communist Party paper in some little country somewhere:

“Take heart as you go into battle, comrades, and be not discouraged by your lack of modern equipment. Remember always the great lesson taught by the experience in Vietnam, where a group of little, malnourished, malaria-ridden men, dressed in black pajamas, wearing sandals made of old auto tires, subsisting on rice, and armed with small caliber, hand-carried weapons, succeeded in disrupting the national budget, altering both the domestic and international policies, demoralizing the leaders, and changing the course of affairs of the greatest, most powerful nation on earth.” — *Douglas Kiker*

Macao

A century has passed since the United States and the other great powers sailed their gunboats up the great rivers of China to enforce their demands on the emperors. The passage of time has not erased this humiliating memory from the minds of the Chinese Communist leaders, who have succeeded the emperors in all but title. In Macao they have displayed a savage skill for waging “gunboat diplomacy” against the miniscule Portuguese enclave, with as much finesse as the Western imperialists themselves ever played the ruthless game. Sailing a flotilla of gray gunboats into Macao’s inner harbor, the Chinese concluded a seventy-five-day war of nerves early this year by forcing the Portuguese governor to surrender most of Macao’s sovereignty to China. It was a humbling public ceremony, which turned Macao into a Chinese sphere of influence in the classic imperialistic sense.

For the Chinese the successful turn of the tables against the Portuguese must have brought a certain satisfaction. The sun sets daily on the dwindling British empire, and the tough French Foreign Legion has been reduced to guarding the wahines of Tahiti; only Portugal has

remained a colonial power of the first rank, tenaciously holding on to a slender string of colonies from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans.

Neutral and polyglot

Macao, “the city of the name of God, most loyal of the colonies,” was founded in 1557 by the Portuguese explorers and has remained in Portuguese hands ever since, the oldest Western settlement in Asia. Perched precariously on the rim of Central China where the Pearl River empties into the sea, Macao occupies the tip of a peninsula across which dozens of trucks with food and merchandise travel to and from the Chinese mainland daily. Macao can also be reached directly from Hong Kong, across the water by hydrofoil. Macao survived for four centuries by means of a policy of neutralism, tempered with timely shifts before political winds. This strategy worked, for until this winter, the only battle the Portuguese had fought for Macao was in the seventeenth century, when they repulsed five Dutch attempts to take the colony, about the same time Captain John Smith was founding Jamestown in America. For the most part, both the Chinese Macanese and Portuguese Macanese have remained studiously nonaligned in order not to stir the sleeping giant next door. “When China breathes,” goes an old Macao saying, “we tremble.”

During World War I the Portuguese did declare themselves on the side of the British. And during World War II the colony reverberated at the convulsion shaking Japan and China, but the conflict left Macao untouched. Refugees doubled the colony’s population; at Macao’s gaming tables bemedaled Japanese generals in full dress uniform rubbed elbows with British merchants who had fled Hong Kong and right-wing Chinese who had either the connections or the money to flee from their Japanese-occupied homeland.

When the war ended, Macao settled back to its quiet old ways. With its solemn cathedral looking down on cobbled streets and baroque green-shuttered houses painted in light pastel tones, Macao often seemed more like a Portuguese seaside town than a teeming Chinese city. Even the shots of Chinese border guards at a naked refugee trying to swim and drift across the Pearl

River did not really make Macao nervous. The refugees could come, and thousands did, at the rate of 150 a month, but Macao was not concerned; it was busy making money.

Although the government tourist brochure takes proud note of Macao’s products — firecrackers, matches, and incense — the Portuguese do not seriously hold that Macao is an industrial city. Nor is it a lucrative holding for the Portuguese: there are no valuable raw materials, no land for agriculture, no deep water to enable the colony to become a trading center like Hong Kong. Macao’s annual trade deficit, in fact, runs at about \$25 million.

“Most wicked city”

Hong Kong businessmen are in the habit of making the seventy-five-minute, forty-mile hydrofoil trip to Macao, but not to buy its firecrackers, any more than tourists are drawn there by the baroque churches. The Portuguese hold on to Macao largely as a matter of face, but what attracts businessmen and tourists alike is the colony’s high rank on everybody’s “most wicked city” list — a land where pursuits forbidden elsewhere in the world can be conducted at leisure under the lenient eyes of Portuguese authorities. Authors like Somerset Maugham and Ian Fleming have invested Macao with a smoky atmosphere of sex and scandal. Opium dens, Eurasian girls, gambling casinos — they were supposed to be waiting in Macao. But as thousands of tourists who have made the journey with such erotic hopes have found, time, along with the numbing pressure of China next door, has eroded Macao’s supply of vices. Opium pipes are difficult to find there nowadays. Along the Rua da Felicidade, where magnificent teenage girls used to bare their breasts to attract customers, there are neither customers nor girls. Even the Central Hotel in downtown Macao, which used to be known throughout the Orient as the world’s tallest and largest brothel, has become a legitimate hostelry.

Some vices still flourish. Each weekend thousands of Chinese from Hong Kong ride in on the modern hydrofoils to gamble at Macao’s two big casinos. From pinstriped Hong Kong merchant barons to black-

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Macao

pajamaed amahs, they jostle for a place at the gaming tables; each month they leave tens of thousands of dollars behind them. But for all the *chemin de fer*, the visitor is unlikely to find any James Bond figures trying their luck: the smoky, fluorescent-lit atmosphere is too dreary and quiet (the Chinese are perhaps the slowest and the quietest gamblers in the world).

Traffic in gold

Macao's gold trade too has boomed in recent years. Technically the gold business in Macao is legal. Macao did not sign the Bretton Woods agreements limiting gold imports and exports, and so a syndicate licensed by the government imports gold into Macao quite legally at the rate of almost \$60 million per year. Every few weeks a hydrofoil from Hong Kong arrives laden with thousands of dollars worth of big gold bars, which are neatly stacked on Macao's wharf. Once the bars have proceeded through customs, the syndicate melts them down into very small ten-ounce strips and ships the gold out again hidden aboard junks and sampans which sail for Hong Kong, ostensibly to sell the fish they catch along the way. All of this is still quite legal. It is only when the junks slip through British customs in Hong Kong that Macao's gold business metamorphoses into smuggling. The British, for their part, have tried to snuff out the smuggling, but they have not succeeded; throughout the Orient, Hong Kong is still known as the central gold distributing point for all of Asia.

Most of Macao's smuggling is in the efficient control of the government-licensed gold syndicate. But the prospect of instant riches entices some Chinese to try their own hand at gold smuggling. Their techniques are ingenious. They slip small eggs of gold into their body orifices. Sometimes they will surgically cut open a chicken, insert a small bar of gold, sew the chicken back up,

and attempt to walk through Hong Kong customs with the squawking bird. These approaches are wily, but they have now become almost routine, and unfortunately for the Chinese involved, it is most often these individual smugglers whom the British pick up as they enter Hong Kong, and not the syndicate.

The pecking order

With all of this money changing hands, the difficulty for the Portuguese in Macao has been to get a piece of the action. Chinese run the gambling casinos, and Communist China's unofficial ambassador in Macao, Mr. Ho Yin, presides with capitalistic ease over the gold syndicate. Even one of the hydrofoil lines is operated by the Communist Chinese. Squeezed out of the business world by the hustling Chinese, the Portuguese have taken refuge in their Byzantine, inefficient bureaucracy. It is a structure in which almost every Portuguese has his place and his cut of the pie.

In next-door Hong Kong, the visitor rarely sees a British face. The British are there, of course, behind the closed doors, but it is a Chinese clerk, a Chinese policeman, a Chinese customs agent who deals with all but the most critical of cases. But in Macao, it almost seems that the Portuguese advertise their colonialism. Portuguese — some of them born in Macao — direct the traffic, Portuguese staff the lowest of the civil servant jobs, and Portuguese stamp your passports when you enter Macao. The government classifies Macao as an overseas province of Portugal, although less than 1000 Chinese and Portuguese can vote in the national elections. Until this winter, the Portuguese, especially the police, did not hesitate to rough up the local Chinese. It was a fairly common sight in Macao to see a Portuguese cop send a street vendor sprawling into the street if the cop wanted the vendor to move.

There was another side to the Portuguese bureaucracy. Almost no major decision could be reached in Macao without some sort of payment

to a government official. Portuguese law was so intricate that almost no building could be built, no monetary transaction completed, no business operated without a license from the Portuguese. And licenses were not issued without money changing hands. Bribes, too, were needed when gold left Macao, when a snake boat of refugees — so called because the refugees hid like snakes beneath false decks — set sail to drop its illegal human cargo in Hong Kong. The Chinese merchants and smugglers paid the money, irritated less at having to bribe the Portuguese than at the manners of the Portuguese. As one old Chinese merchant put it, "A Chinese should be bribed with an expensive but negotiable gift, but the Portuguese just want money. They are tasteless."

In such ways did the Portuguese add to their meager civil service salaries. Some became quite rich: one former police chief is estimated to have saved \$300,000 in his four-year tenure on Macao. But the big money goes to the Chinese — just as resident colonial officialdom opposes a Portuguese pullout because it would stop the flow of bribes into their pockets, so a "don't rock the boat" attitude keeps the Portuguese from cutting themselves into big gold and gambling profits through increased licensing or tax procedures.

Incident at Taipa

Last November, Radio Peking could be heard fulminating that both Hong Kong and Macao occupied the "sacred and inviolable" territory of China. But it was the ineptitude of the Portuguese civil service rather than Communist agitation which triggered trouble in Macao. Only later did the Communists inflame the situation.

Taipa Island is one of the two small rocky islands just south of the main city of Macao, and a part of the six-square-mile province. Early last fall a Communist-controlled school on Taipa applied for permission to raze one of its own old buildings in order to build a new extension. School authorities wrote the Portuguese officials almost thirty times requesting action on the permit, but the torpid Portuguese bureaucracy did nothing. Finally, on November 15, the Communists took matters into their own hands and sent a construction crew to tear the building down.



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Macao

In response the Portuguese sent a squad of police to stop demolition, and a battle broke out. When the dust cleared, twelve policemen and two workmen were injured, according to the Portuguese, or forty workers and two policemen, according to the Chinese. No one has determined a precise count, but it does seem clear that the Portuguese police, never known for their light touch, lustily applied their rubber nightsticks. The local Communists immediately began to beat the drums. In a series of journalistic escalations, the crisis moved from the pages of the *Macao Daily News* to the Canton provincial newspapers and finally to Radio Peking, which charged the Portuguese with "fascist atrocities" and warned that their "unreasonable attitude" could only lead to more trouble.

Into the middle of this situation walked the newly appointed Portuguese governor, Brigadier General Nobre de Carvalho, who arrived in Macao on November 25. His presence gave the Communists an individual on whom to focus their attacks: to their delight, the Communists learned that at one time in his long career as a colonial official, De Carvalho commanded Portuguese Angola's secret police. Overnight the Communist newspapers began to print stories of alleged Portuguese atrocities in Angola. The stories were always spiced with what the Communists claimed was De Carvalho's favorite boast: "In Angola only the dead are exempt from fixed labor."

One spur to the rapidly building crisis was the element of personal confrontation. The governor's previous record seemed to Mr. Ho Yin, the unofficial Communist boss of Macao, to portend an ironhanded regime. As one Chinese put it, "Mr. Ho wanted to make sure that the new governor realized this was Macao, not Angola, and that the Communists, not the Portuguese, ran the show." Mr. Ho was a man accustomed to his prerogatives—he regularly used both his Portuguese and Chinese passports to go to Peking to attend the National People's Congress, and then back to transmit Peking's views in his capacity as the only Chinese on Macao's Legislative Council. Under

Ho, the Communists in Macao controlled all but one labor union, 90 percent of the businessmen, and a majority of the schoolchildren. All of Macao's water and most of its food came through the crumbling Barrier Gate, originally erected to separate Macao from the influence of China. On Chinese holidays the red Communist flag fluttered from almost every door in Macao.

Mao's man under fire

Against such a powerful Communist infrastructure, the Portuguese preserved only the patina of colonial rule. "Their policy," said one Western observer, "is to survive." Many Chinese in Macao used to say that "Mr. Ho is the real governor of Macao."

There had been truth in the saying for many years. From the capitalistic splendor of his hilltop villa filled with precious Chinese porcelains and graced by three concubines, Ho managed to remain Mao Tse-tung's man in Macao by sending huge chunks of the earnings from the gold syndicate off to Peking. In return, Mao ignored Ho's private capitalistic trappings.

But with the coming of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in China, Ho found his position at the top of Macao's Communist hierarchy seriously challenged both by local adolescent Red Guards and by the tougher elements centered in Macao's labor unions. The first group claimed as the source of their inspiration the thoughts of Mao; the second claimed to receive their orders direct from Canton, not from Ho. The opposition to Ho from both groups coalesced around Leung Pui, a native of China who had run Macao's unions for most of the fifteen years he had spent in Macao.

Leung Pui and his two groups of toughs looked askance at Ho's steady accumulation of wealth; even Ho's holy pilgrimage last year to Mao's resistance headquarters in the caves of Yunan Province did not entirely dissuade them from the suspicion that Ho was a revisionist at heart. Thus, Mr. Ho—who, it can be assumed, would welcome Communism to Macao with about as much fervor as Henry Ford would have to Michigan—looked at the Taipa incident and Governor de Carvalho's arrival as a double-edged opportunity. He could show the governor who was in charge, and at the same

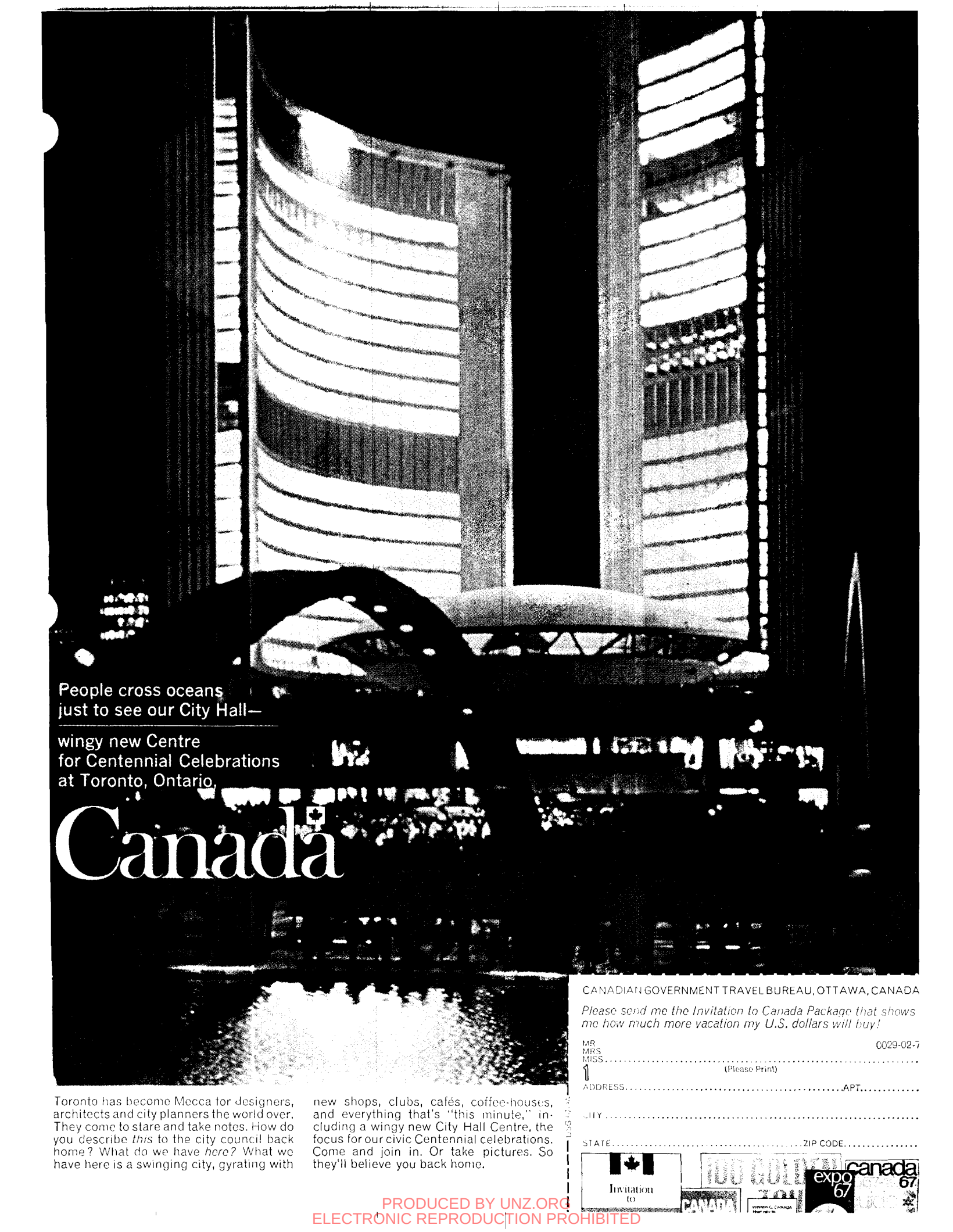
time, show his rival Communists that he was as tough as they. Mr. Ho normally moderates the differences between the Portuguese and the more militant Communists. But this time he decided to let the heat rise, and not to intervene if the Red Guards took to the streets.

Governor de Carvalho thus found himself the victim both of his own civil service's inefficiency and of a Communist intraparty hassle. Only hours after he stepped off the boat in Macao, the Communists handed him a five-point petition on police brutality. The petition demanded that the government acknowledge its guilt in the Taipa incident, that the police publicly burn their nightsticks, that there be no more "attacks" on the Chinese in Macao, and that the families of the injured workmen be given compensation.

"Who is afraid of you?"

De Carvalho would only agree to send the demands to a study committee composed of representatives of both sides. So groups of teen-age Red Guards staged demonstrations on the city hall steps, waving and chanting from red-bound books by Mao and singing the new Red Chinese hymn, "The East Is Red." By Saturday, December 3, with the governor still resisting their demands, the Red Guards took to the streets in force. Thousands of them surged into Macao's city hall, and when Macao's chief of police heaved a flowerpot at them, they beat up workers, dumped file cabinets out fourth-story windows, and taunted the cops. Swinging their billy clubs behind wicker shields, the police successfully managed to restore order and clamped a strict curfew on the town at dusk.

But the worst was still to come. As soon as the curfew lid was lifted Sunday morning, the mobs of Red Guards poured out onto the streets again. Overnight they had armed themselves with meat cleavers, sharpened bamboo poles, clubs, and rocks. They taunted the police with shouts of "Come here and charge, who is afraid of you?" Another group of Red Guard youths tied a rope around the statue of the Macanese hero Mesquita, who had saved Macao from the Chinese in 1846. Hooking the rope to the axle of a truck, they tore the marble statue from its place in the main square with the cry "Kill all the



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Macao

Portuguese devils. The Portuguese must leave Macao." Adding to the tension, a Red Chinese army unit in neighboring Kwangtung Province began mortar practice on a nearby Chinese hill, while six Chinese gunboats pulled up to patrol the bay.

By now the mob, controlled by a Communist cadre which roared from group to group on motorcycles, held the streets of Macao. Portuguese barricaded themselves in their houses or fled on the remaining hydrofoils. One of those barricaded was Governor de Carvalho, who finally called out half of his 800-man army to help restore order. The police managed to keep on bungling. Moving up behind the army's armored cars, they brought out tear gas and high-pressure water hoses, and opened up with sidearms on the crowd. Before they were through, the Portuguese killed eight rioters, a figure which the Communists embellished by accusing the Portuguese of tossing one struggling boy out a second-story window to his death.

Mr. Ho, who had not intended the protest to turn into the worst riot in Macao's history, quickly left Macao via the peninsula in his pale-green Oldsmobile for a speedy conference with Chinese Communist officials in Kwangtung Province. Returning to Macao, Ho slipped into the back door of the governor's palace to arrange a truce in the fighting. A short while later, Governor de Carvalho announced that he had acceded to the Communist's five points. Meanwhile, Ho broadcast an appeal to the Chinese over the government's radio station to go back to their homes.

Calling a Portuguese bluff

But the Communists had no intention of letting the confrontation die away. Encouraged by their success in the streets, they hardened their attitude at the conference table as the Portuguese became more reasonable. Within forty-eight hours after the Portuguese had accepted the original five Communist demands, the Chinese issued a second five points, which demanded that the Portuguese hand over eight Nationalist "spies" they held in jail, prohibit the flying of the Nationalist Chinese flag, and publicly confess in the truce accord that police "mur-

derers" and military "assassins" had killed the eight Chinese rioters.

In the first days of the post-riot negotiations, Governor de Carvalho astutely figured that few of Macao's capitalistic Communists actually wished to live in a Red Chinese province. In addition, the Lisbon government, using the diplomatic offices of the French, asked Peking whether China wanted the Portuguese to pack up and leave. Peking had answered no. Armed with his hunch and this diplomatic news, De Carvalho boldly asked the Committee of Thirteen, as the Communist negotiators were known, for a month in which to evacuate all Portuguese nationals and Macanese Chinese who wished to leave. He underscored his bluff by recalling the Portuguese motor ship *Timor* to Hong Kong to stand by for the evacuation. The bluff might have worked. For a few days the frightened Communist negotiators pondered and made no new charges. But the Portuguese government finally became weak-kneed and ordered De Carvalho to cave in to the Communist demands.

Although it is hard to comprehend the twists of Lisbon's thinking, it is clear that it acted partly out of a fear springing from ignorance. During this crucial time De Carvalho's desperate cables took days to reach Lisbon; in the end the Lisbon government finally flew out a three-man delegation headed by former governor Commodore Pedro Correia Barros to find out what was going on. They brought with them the message to avoid "another Goa at any cost," an obvious reference to the 1961 Indian take-over of another Portuguese coastal enclave in Asia. Portugal's aging dictator, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, who was terrified that the loss of Macao would increase the agitation for independence in Timor, Mozambique, and Angola as well as cause a tremendous sag in home-front morale, clamped a news blackout on Portugal and its colonies, and ordered De Carvalho to find "peace at any price."

Like a condemned man trying to buy off the executioner, the Portuguese acceded to almost any demand the Communists made. In public penance for the killing of the eight Red Guard rioters, the Portuguese flag was lowered to half-mast for their funeral. The eight Nationalist agents were silently handed



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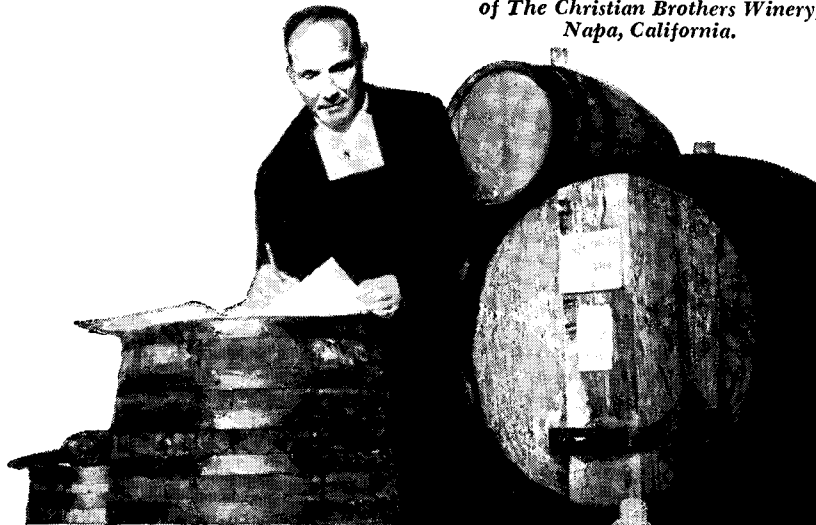
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Macao

over at the Barrier Gate. When a Nationalist union tried to raise the Nationalist flag over its headquarters as it had done for years, two Portuguese policemen hauled it down. Chinese Nationalist refugee centers which had fed and clothed up to 200 refugees a month had their doors locked by the Portuguese authorities. "We were cowards," moaned one Portuguese; "we should have fought and lost, but we just ran. It was awful."

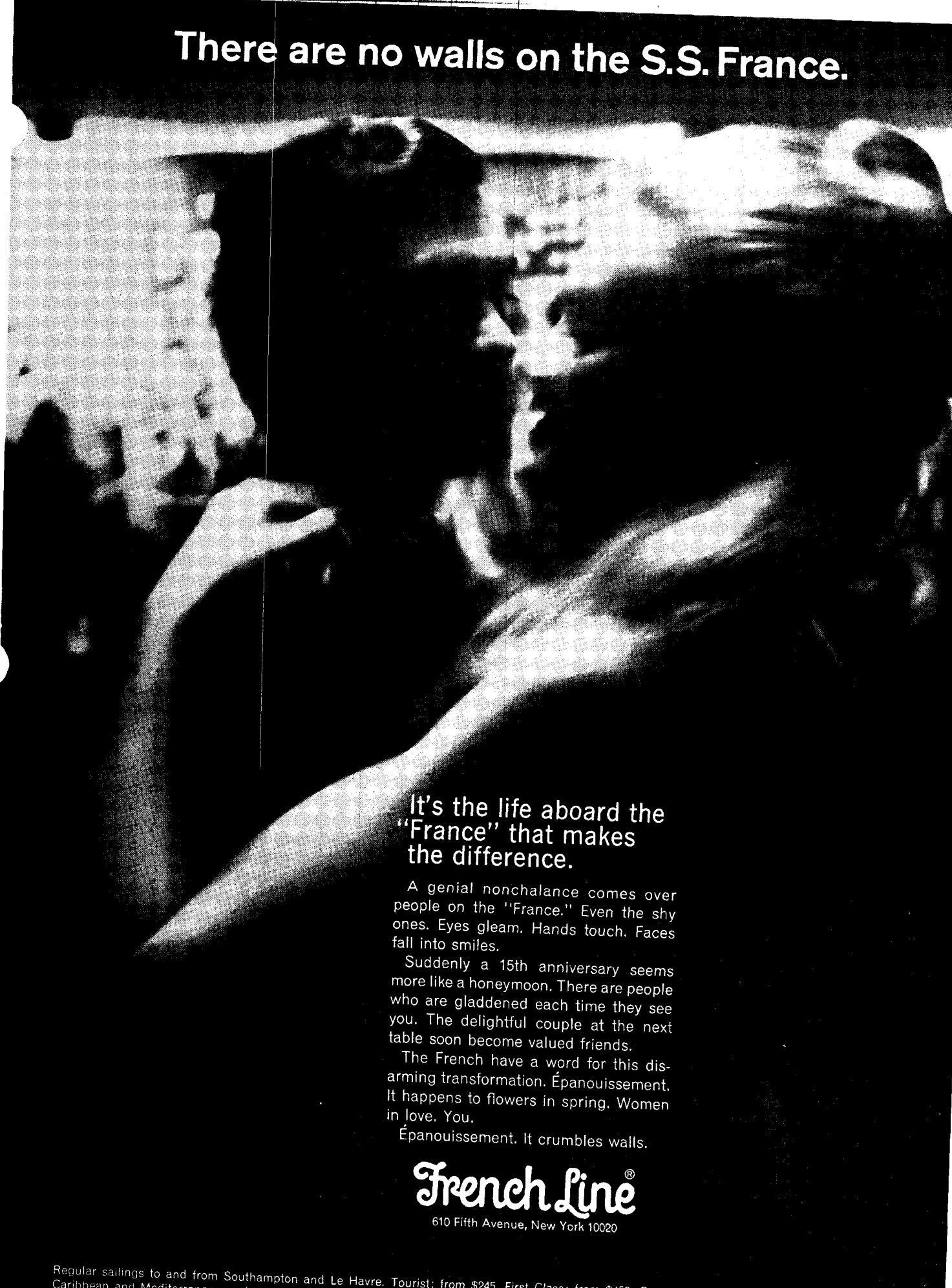
Only in late January when Leung Pui insisted that the Portuguese brand themselves "murderers" and "assassins" did the Portuguese balk. But so fast was the Red tide rolling that instead of a compromise, the Communists called a general strike against the Portuguese. For three days in January, no Portuguese could buy food, ride a bus, take a taxi, or even get a drink of water from his own tap. The Portuguese were under siege in their own city.

But so were the Chinese. The seventy-five days of Communist agitation had paralyzed the city's economy. The gambling casinos were vast wastelands of green felt tables. New construction, including two new hotels, had come to a dead stop. Restaurants and stores which depended on tourism for their income were shuttered, for there were no tourists. And Chinese New Year, traditionally a time for gifts, huge festive tables, and a clearing of the slate for the year ahead, was only a few days off. Moreover, Governor de Carvalho flatly told the Communists that "they could take Macao before we will call ourselves assassins."

Since Peking had not authorized a complete take-over, Leung Pui could go no further. He would agree to a truce if the truce could be signed at the Communist-controlled Chamber of Commerce, not at Macao's city hall.

"Fight again"

On January 29, two and one half months after the confrontation began, Governor de Carvalho, wearing sunglasses, drove in his Bentley through a quiet crowd of 15,000 Chinese. There were no Portuguese policemen on the streets; the governor's safety was provided by teenage youths with red armbands placed



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every few feet along his path. Arriving two minutes early in order not to affront the Communists, De Carvalho sat down across from Leung Pui and the Committee of Thirteen. On one wall was a portrait of Chairman Mao flanked by Communist Chinese flags. On the opposite wall hung a quotation by Mao in Chinese. It read: "Fight, fail, fight again . . . fight again until victory for the people; that is the logic of the people."

Few Portuguese who witnessed the last few months plan to remain in Macao, even those born there. They will flee to Brazil or Portugal as soon as they can scrape together the money; so will many Chinese who have passports enabling them to leave. Watching hundreds of Red Guards unfurl Communist Chinese flags in celebration of "Macao's Capitulation," one Portuguese murmured, "There is no future in Macao for us. Absolutely none at all."

The Common Market



When Prime Minister Harold Wilson wound up his tour of the capitals of the European Common Market and returned to London to ponder his decision on renewal of Britain's old bid to join the Six, an experienced diplomat in Brussels gave this assessment of the mood at the Market's headquarters:

"There is not the same excitement or missionary zeal for British entry among the marketeers as there was five years ago when Macmillan was negotiating. The fact is that the Treaty of Rome is now ten years old, the market is forging steadily ahead and working well, and there is a great deal of other business on the

platter here in Brussels right now. British entry has a relatively low priority of interest. But I think on the whole that this is probably a good thing. The British can count on the fact that a majority of the Market commissioners do indeed favor their joining, just as a majority of the six countries do. But they must know now that the basic decisions which determine whether Britain makes it or not will all be made this time in London — not in Brussels or Paris."

The priority of interest in Brussels, of course, will change rapidly when (there is no longer much "if" about it) Prime Minister Wilson makes his formal move. But in the meantime, there is indeed a great deal of other business which preoccupies the headquarters right now, so much so that the tenth anniversary of the Rome Treaty passed with barely the popping of a few champagne corks.

At the top of the list, the Kennedy Round of talks on cutting tariffs is nearing its feverish climax after three years of ups and downs in Geneva, and because the six Common Market countries negotiate as one, this had involved a great deal of back-and-forth between Brussels and Geneva as well as highly complex studies on the offers which the Six themselves should make.

Along with the Kennedy Round, there is the merger of the three European communities — Common Market, Coal and Steel, and Euratom — into one organization with one integrated staff under one commission. Agreed on in principle two years ago, and then held up when the French staged their Common Market boycott during 1965, this merger is now scheduled for completion in July. The bureaucratic reorganization involving some 5000 civil servants is enormous.

Meanwhile, the single grain price for all the Common Market countries is also scheduled to come into operation in July. This great leap forward will signal the start of complete "Europeanization" of agriculture for the Six, a process which has lagged behind the common market for industry. The common grain price will also increase the work load on the Brussels bureaucracy, involving as it does the promulgation of all kinds of new regulations, the computing and fixing of price and subsidy levels, and the administration of the agricultural levy fund by which

a common grain price will be financed among the six countries.

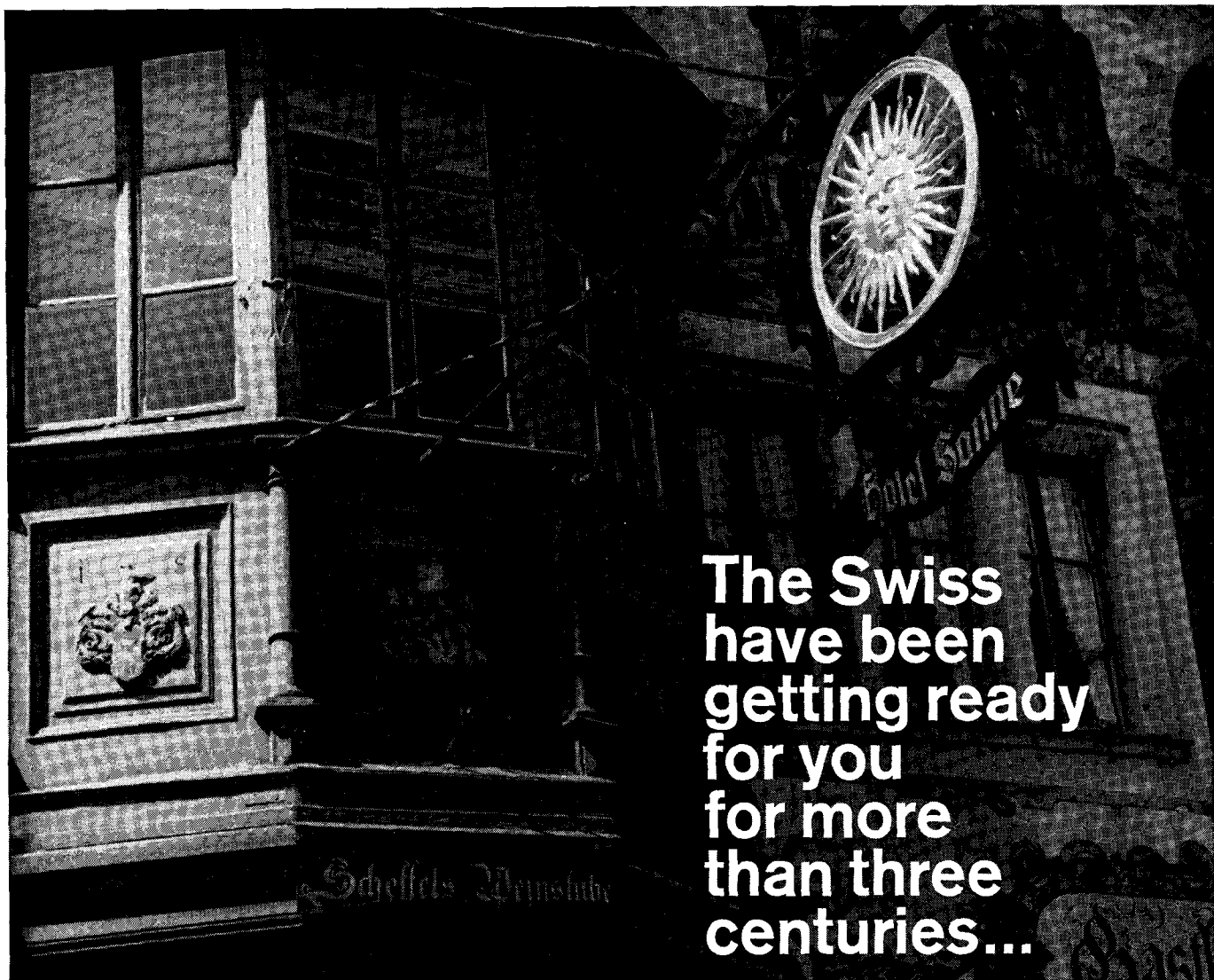
Along with these developments, the Market has just taken its first step toward an integrated tax structure. Finance ministers of the Six have agreed that by 1970, all their national budgets will be based on a French system of "tax value added" in the collection of internal purchase taxes. The French add a percentage of tax at each stage of the turnover on manufactured goods, where other countries simply add a purchase tax percentage at the end of the line. By going to a common system, it will make it easier for manufacturers and governments to figure out export rebates on goods moving in community trade. But in fact, farseeing marketeers regard this as the first step toward a European currency and a common financial structure.

Complacency in Brussels

Nobody in Brussels, therefore, is holding his breath with anticipation over what Harold Wilson is going to do and when he is going to do it. In fact, assuming the best will in the world on the part of the Common Market and the simplest and most straightforward application to join which Britain can devise, it still looks as if it will have to be late this year before a new negotiation can really get under way.

Nevertheless, this lack of zeal or enthusiasm, the absence of any particular momentum or urgency in Brussels, does not connote hostility or opposition to British entry. Any good European can tick off the advantages to having Britain in, and everyone agrees that Harold Wilson has done a good job in his rounds of the six capitals in showing the advantages, particularly in the technological and big business fields, where the British do have top-flight corporate combines, capital, and expertise, which, combined with Europe's, would more than match the corporate structures of the United States.

The problem from the Common Market point of view is simply that whatever the advantages, politically and economically, British entry is going to involve enormous upheaval and change for an organization which, after ten years, finds itself with a gratifying uphill momentum of its own. In the crisis of 1965, the French did their damndest to immobilize and intimidate the Brussels bureaucracy, and before it was over,



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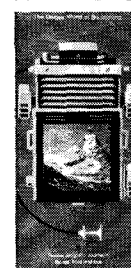
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The Common Market

they did indeed gain certain strategic points, such as tacit agreement not to implement majority voting for the Community's major decisions. But in the end, the French came back to Brussels and the momentum was resumed — perhaps not as flamboyantly as before, but at the same time with more inner self-confidence and assurance. The Market proved bigger than Charles de Gaulle.

To merge Britain into this tested ten-year structure is therefore not a task to send whoops of joy through the corridors of the headquarters. It means adding English as a working language, just for a start, and it means a new influx of English civil servants and commissioners. The paper work to bring Britain under the vast Common Market codification of trade regulations and procedures will fill rooms of files and take months of drafting. The commissioners and the headquarters personnel can be forgiven if they feel a little like a watchmaker who has just put a clock together and got it working when he is told to take it apart and insert chimes that strike, on the hour, an alarm. It will be a fine clock when it's finished, a better clock indeed, but how are you going to tell time in the meantime?

The doubtful courtier

The Wilson visits to Rome, Paris, Brussels, Bonn, The Hague, and Luxembourg have probably been more educative for the British than for their hosts along the way. In fact, it became evident as Wilson made his rounds that the British were really debating with themselves, not with the governments of the Six. In each capital, the British presented pretty much the same exposition of "the problems as we see them" — primarily, agriculture, the effect of joining on Britain's cost of living, transitional arrangements the British feel they need, and above all, Britain's own economic situation, the position of sterling as a reserve currency in the world, and the efforts to end the balance of payments gap and establish long-term stability for the pound.

But the hearings and the responses which the British got around the circuit simply demonstrated that the Common Market is indeed a Common Market and that most of the

questions which Britain is asking, Britain will have to answer itself. Of course there were varying grades of enthusiasm for the idea of a new British bid — at one extreme, the warm handshake and encouraging arm-around-the-shoulder of Foreign Minister Joseph Luns of The Netherlands, and at the other, the cool cynicism of Maurice Couve de Murville of France, who shoved in the stiletto in 1963 at De Gaulle's instruction.

But between these two extremes, the British did manage to talk away at least one basic problem, and that is the matter of a possible French veto. Everywhere they went, they received virtually the same appraisal: the French will not veto you this time, but they are counting on your vetoing yourselves.

Resignation in Paris, suspicion in Bonn

At the final plenary session of French and British ministers at the Elysée Palace, winding up two days of fairly intensive exchange of views, De Gaulle summarized by saying that he now perceived that Britain indeed was prepared to enter Europe. He remarked that the change in British attitude had come about more rapidly than he had expected, and he offered his congratulations to Prime Minister Wilson for the role he had played in bringing this about.

The British delegation gave these remarks a fairly cynical welcome, but at least De Gaulle had said a little bit more than they had expected of him. At best it means that if the British do meet all of the conditions for joining the Market, and do not bog themselves down in trying to negotiate changes or concessions which the Market is not going to give, then De Gaulle knows that he cannot keep Britain out. But it does not mean that the French are going to make things easy. Basically, the French do not want the British in, never have wanted the British in, want to be the big frog in this pond, and will bow only to the inevitable.

In Bonn, partly through their own mismanagement, partly through bad luck of the calendar, the British arrived to discuss their case with the West Germans at about as ill-timed a moment as was possible. First of all, Foreign Secretary George Brown had remarked at a press conference in London after the visit of Soviet Premier Kosygin that Britain was "in a way" moving toward recogni-

tion of the Oder-Neisse line. The fact that General de Gaulle long ago took this line, which is anathema in Bonn, does not make it any easier for anybody else to do the same as far as the Germans are concerned.

Coupled with this, the tired old argument over Germany's contribution to the support of British troops was building up to a new and bitter outburst. And the Germans were in a major flap over the Anglo-American draft for a treaty to halt the spread of nuclear weapons, which in effect found the British lining up behind the United States and against Euratom, which Britain was proposing to join. Was history repeating itself? Was the Geneva nonproliferation treaty going to be for the British a repeat of the 1963 Nassau agreement, when Harold Macmillan swallowed the multilateral nuclear force plan in order to obtain Polaris missiles from President Kennedy? Was this yet another demonstration that Britain will always put relations with Washington ahead of relations with Europe?

To an extent these are pure smoke-screen issues which need not, or certainly should not, affect Britain's bid to join Europe in the slightest. But nevertheless, they do cloud and complicate the atmosphere, the political and diplomatic climate in which Wilson must operate. It was therefore not really very surprising that the Germans remained preoccupied, if not indifferent, to the British exposition. The British made the mistake the last time of consistently overrating Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's support, and it is just as well that they not make a similar miscalculation on German support now.

"What practical purpose?"

And so Wilson wound up his tour to find that things were just about where they were when he started, except, possibly, that the minority opposition to his move in the British Labor Party was growing noisier and more troublesome.

"What practical purpose has all this served?" asked the leftist *New Statesman*. "This Grand Tour has been an authentic Wilsonian package. It commits the country to nothing, resists criticism by its vagueness, and yet gives off an aroma of purposeful — even sleepless — activity."

The answer is, or ought to be, that the Wilson tour has had some practical results, obscure though they

may be until a real decision emerges in London. On the nub issue of accepting the Common Market's agricultural system — dumping the Commonwealth, placing import levies on cheap food coming into Britain, altering the British system of subsidy payments to farmers, and facing a cost-of-living increase of something like 4 percent as a result of this fundamental change — the British now accept unequivocally that they have no choice but to take a deep breath and swallow hard.

They also know that the Common Market itself must renegotiate all of its present agricultural arrangements in 1969-1970, when the levy system comes up for review and new percentages and changes will be worked out on a basis of the first years of operation. It is impossible for Britain to negotiate concessions on agriculture outside the Market, but it is simple logic to get in and negotiate as an equal when the next round of bargaining begins.

As for the question of Britain's role in the world as a reserve currency country, there is in fact nothing in the Rome Treaty to be either negotiated or accepted. There is a clause in the treaty under which a member of the Common Market can appeal for help from other members in short-term balance of payments difficulties, but it has in fact never been invoked. The Italians almost resorted to it three years ago, but the United States and the International Monetary Fund stepped in with help instead. The British are considering a simple declaration of renunciation of this article along with their application to join.

Thus, at the end of the tour, fears of a French veto have virtually disappeared. Sterling and the reserve currency question is, or ought to be, a nonproblem so far as British entry is concerned. Agriculture will involve adjustment and change, but the cost-of-living increment for Britain could easily be spread across seven or eight years at less than half of one percent a year. It is true that the British are friends of the Americans, they speak English, their eyes are blue, and they still have a base in Singapore. It is also true that British entry will cause enormous difficulties and upheaval for the Market; that it will almost certainly be followed by a rush of applications from Denmark, Norway, Ireland, and maybe even Sweden, and the

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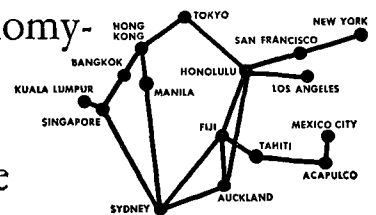
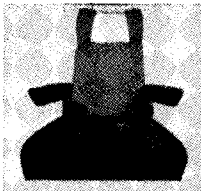
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Market will never be the same cozy six again. The time may not be ripe in 1967, but there will always be reluctance, indifference, or opposition somewhere for somebody.

If Harold Wilson cuts through all of these issues and problems, real or invented, and turns up in Brussels with the barest minimum of requests for only the most obvious and necessary arrangements to join, the odds are that nobody will snatch the treaty away before he can sign.

—Don Cook

Science:

Insects, Animals, and Man

At mating periods a male mosquito vibrates its wings at a specific frequency, analogous to a wolf whistle, while the female (if favorably inclined) whistles back, also at a certain frequency. The pair can hear each other's tiny sounds at distances of 150 feet, and over such conflicting noises as wind, the louder buzzing of other insects, humming power lines, and factory whistles.

This remarkable achievement, an example of what sound experts call "wave form," has interested a number of industrial researchers, including scientists at Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, who think the mosquito can teach us something new and important about "communication," a magic word in the modern universe of applied science.

This is only one example of a rapidly growing body of research based on our realization that insects, as well as snakes and fish, the porpoise and its relatives, and even worms, can perform mysterious acts that even our most intricate electronic machines cannot.

According to a Natural Science Foundation estimate, more than 20,000 biologists are at work in corporate research laboratories. Although not all these studies are centered on insects, there is a special satisfaction for electronic scientists, computer experts, and cyberneticists in this animal class, since the insects have (perhaps mistakenly) been regarded as very close to reflex machines.

Insects are especially expert at sounds and odors. The reaction of houseflies to sounds is a weird case in point. The noise of an exploding firecracker will not faze the fly, but

he is repelled by the almost inaudible sound of a rubber stopper turning in a bottle. Certain moths drop to the ground when they hear the ultrasonic cry of a bat, a natural predator. Insects' reactions to odors are incredibly delicate and discriminating. The aeronautic division of Ford Motor Company is trying to develop chemical imitations of the insect olfactory organs for use as detectors of toxic gases. The antenna nerves and olfactory lobes of green bottle flies are removed and outfitted with electric probes hooked up to oscilloscopes, so that when they react to traces of chemicals in the air, a sharp wave is seen on a screen.

From the standpoint of the entomologist interested in controlling insects, the fact that insects rely on sex-attractant odors is a useful means of experimental exploitation. Having identified the attractant chemical, the entomologist saturates the insects' whole environment with it. The male insect cannot zero in on any female insect since he is apparently surrounded by innumerable but elusive females, and the result is deadly frustration.

Is there anyone inside?

This points up a controversial argument among scientists. Do insects, after all, have emotions, perhaps even Freudian complexes? If so, it would be a great disappointment to the electronics people. Professor Vincent G. Dethier of the University of Pennsylvania has suggested that it is not true that insects are little machines in a deep sleep. Looking at their rigidly armored bodies, their staring compound eyes, and their mute performances, the professor cannot help wondering at times if there is "anyone inside." Sharp rebukes to such musings have come from other professors, who argue that about half a billion years ago the insects went their way and we went ours. No parallel involving such warm-blooded activities as emotions and thinking can be drawn. The insect brain is totally dissimilar, aside from sheer mass. (The brain of the culicid midge, or no-see-um, is about the size of a particle of smoke.) What corresponds to our cerebrum in insects is located ludicrously on the outside, and up to 80 percent of the total brain is occupied by nothing but optic lobes.

Nevertheless it seems certain that insects succumb to frustrations so in-

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tense that they literally commit suicide. If one imprisons a hive-bound honey bee in a glass cage, it will die because of mental stress. Moreover, this frustration occasioned by taking wing and being suddenly stopped is "catching." Small quantities of hemolymph ("blood") from one frustrated bee placed on the stinger of a happy bee will cause the latter to go into spasms and die. Yet the frustrated bees can be quickly pacified by the mere presence of a small piece of empty honeycomb from the bees' home.

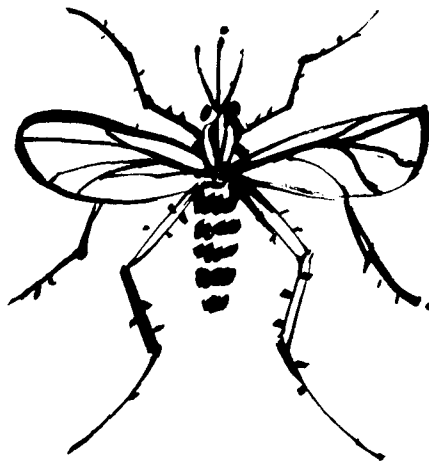
It is because of such suspicious indications of nervous instability that applied scientists are less interested in bees now than in less temperamental flying creatures. They have long since solved the famous problem of how a bumblebee can fly in spite of its tiny wings and swollen fuselage.

What interests many of the electronic engineers are certain incredible abilities of snakes and fish. Air Force scientists have found that the rattlesnake is equipped with a kind of receptor that can distinguish objects differing in temperature by one thousandth of a degree Centigrade. This is better than most of the very expensive man-made thermostatic control devices. When two balls of equal size but distinguished from each other by this small fraction of a degree in temperature are presented to the snake, it will invariably and unhesitatingly strike at the warmer ball. The Air Force would like to know how the snake does this, since our most potent air-to-air missile is the Sidewinder, which is led to its target by heat radiation. The Sidewinder, however, can be fooled by decoys roughly the same temperature as the engine or rocket exhaust and which are launched from the target vehicle. It would presumably be impossible to fool an intelligent flying rattlesnake.

Fish radar

Still more mystifying are the electric receptors of certain fish (such as *gymnarchus*) which can detect obstacles at sunless depths by a sort of low-frequency radar. These fish emit pulses of low voltage with frequencies characteristic of each species, ranging from 50 to 1600 cycles per second. The change of the pat-

tern of the electric field as a result of objects, apertures, or other fish in the surrounding water is detected by *gymnarchus*. So incredibly sensitive is this response that these creatures will respond to the movement of an electrostatic charge produced by waving a comb that has been run through one's hair *outside the aquarium*. They can even tell when someone approaches the aquarium carrying a small stationary magnet in his pocket. It has been calculated that these fish are sensitive to a change in elec-



trical field of the water of three billionths of a volt per millimeter, a fantastically minute alteration very difficult to detect by even the most sensitive man-made instruments.

This business of detection under water is naturally of great concern to the Navy, since one of its most crucial problems is antisubmarine warfare. This is primarily why the Navy is so interested in porpoises and whales, because of their advanced sonar capabilities (the sound equivalent of radar). The public seems a bit bored with the porpoise and other aquatic mammals because they have received so much publicity, but this boredom does not extend to the Navy, which has only recently become aware of an extraordinary Russian program during World War II in which seals were trained to cut underwater cables with clipper mechanisms attached to their heads.

The Navy finds that the porpoise can emit sonar signals ranging from 450 to 190,000 cycles per second and can locate schools of fish up to 8000 yards. The sea lion is another very sophisticated sonar operator. The shark is not far behind, although he operates by a so-called "passive" system, relying on sound sent out by the target rather than on vibrations emitted and reflected, as is the case

with the porpoise and seal. The shark's long-range sensing organs seem to be located along his sides rather than in his ears, which are inside the cranium.

All these marine animals appear to have a sound-sensing capability superior to man's sonar instruments in one critical respect. Submarine detection signals are deflected at the meeting place of warm and cold water layers. An enemy sub lying in the right spot would be "invisible" to us, and there are a lot of such hiding places of warm water surrounded by cold water. The sea animals do not seem to be baffled by these situations.

Another problem of antisubmarine warfare is how to make faster torpedoes. The Navy is not releasing details on its highly classified "Mark 45" torpedo carrying a nuclear warhead, but it has long been admitted that the practical upper limit to a torpedo's speed is about 30 knots, and this limit is set by water resistance rather than motor power. The well-documented speeds of the fastest sea animals include 70 knots for the sailfish and 50 knots for the swordfish. How do they do it?

Hydrodynamic authorities such as those at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station believe that the most important factor is "body participation," which in technical language creates a "propeller race" in exactly the same location as the "hull wake," thus "wiping the wake" (eliminating the water resistance caused by eddies). Marine animals such as the porpoise and whale, with top speeds of 30 knots or more, propel themselves by waving their tails rather than undulating their bodies, as fish do; hence their speed problem is closer to that of the torpedo. It appears that the skin of porpoises and whales is attached to the underlying layer of blubber in such a way that the *living* animal can cause the water to flow by him in streamlines of low resistance. Hydrodynamic experiments show that a dead animal causes only normal friction. But research to duplicate the living skin with the use of silica gel layers and other expedients has so far given doubtful results.

Getting around the bends

This new approach to animals has caused a good deal of fussing among some of the old-style zoologists who are not interested in considering

their pet subjects as patterns for torpedoes and missiles but who have often failed to explain relatively simple phenomena in their closely guarded areas of expertise. The science of whales, for example, is an old one, but for decades the experts in this branch of zoology could not explain why whales fail to get the "bends" when they surface after sounding to great depths.

It took a latter-day mechanical engineer to come up with the solution, which was so absurdly simple, yet so persuasive, that it had to be accepted: when a deep-sea diver is submerged, air is pumped to him at high pressure. Thus his body is exposed to a constantly renewed supply of nitrogen.

When a whale sounds, on the other hand, he has only to dispose of the relatively insignificant amount of nitrogen that he takes down with him in his surprisingly small lungs. If you put a whale in a diving suit and pumped air to him at the ocean depths, he would get the bends too.

In the field of optics, which is hugely important in computers for guided missiles and space flight, we go to the birds or to the frog.

The frog has a peculiar optical system in that it sees only what it has to see. If it is after a deerfly, for example, only the pattern of the fly, its distance, and its detailed movements register on the frog's consciousness. All extraneous visual data are immediately shut from its brain. This is a very instructive kind of behavior for data-processing computers. RCA has recently been able to duplicate the frog's eye in a complex layered array of light-sensitive photocells.

Animal brain trust

Douglas Aircraft's Astropower Laboratory, on the other hand, has specialized on the pigeon's eye. Like most birds, the pigeon has remarkable long-distance vision but combines with this the frog's ability to pre-process certain information in its retina. Both the frog and the pigeon receive, so to speak, a translated version of what their eyes see. This is unlike the more roundabout vision of man, where the brain has to do the translating.

Of special interest is the pigeon's ability to detect within its complicated retina the motion of an object in a single direction, a characteristic called directional movement detec-

tion. Applied to a man-made surveillance radar, this ability would be of incalculable value for automatic defense monitoring systems.

The brains of animals have recently been researched in tremendous detail with the hope of getting some notions for computer designs of greater versatility. At the University of California the biologically crucial discovery has just been made that the brains of mature mice can be encouraged to grow in weight and complexity by training the animals to solve problems.

Some engineers are impatient and suggest the use of animal brains currently as parts of complex operating circuits. It has even been proposed to put a cat's brain in a missile in order to guide it to a target. The ability of birds to discriminate among land patterns (the presence and identity of cities, fortifications, missile launch sites) would be used, in one approach, by training birds to peck at the right button inside a missile, thereby zeroing the weapon in when the correct target is recognized. This was, in fact, suggested to the military by Professor B. F. Skinner as long ago as 1939.

Although a belief in pragmatic, not to say brutal, utilization of the marvelous capabilities of animals, developed by nature through millions of years of evolution, is the predominant trend among the new breed of applied biologists, it is not a solely barbaric point of view. We can expect to retrieve some clear and warm insight into these fascinating lesser creatures with which we share the planet. Through them we may hope to learn more about what we may see someday on other worlds. What we see out there ultimately will, in Aldous Huxley's famous words, "sear the eyeballs."

—Donald E. Carr

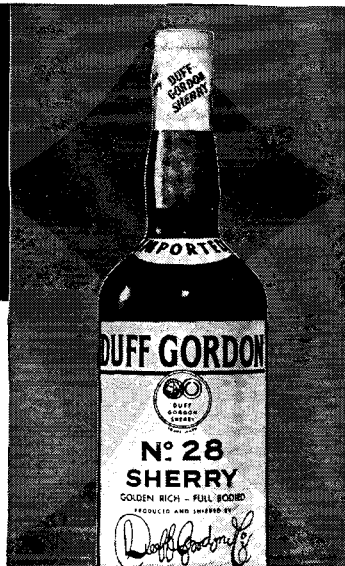
REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Kiker, the ATLANTIC's Washington correspondent, is also on NBC's capital staff. Don Cook is the Paris bureau chief for the Los Angeles TIMES. Donald Carr is a research chemist and author of DEATH OF THE SWEET WATERS, published last year. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.

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letters

That Manchester book

SIR:

After so much editorial nonsense on the Manchester controversy, it was good to read the sound and succinct analysis of that affair by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. ("On the Writing of Contemporary History," March *Atlantic*). Hundreds of readers must have anticipated Mr. Schlesinger in the astonishment he expresses at the great number of editors who have rushed to abuse the Kennedys, as if they had designed some sinister plot infringing upon the sacredness of free speech.

Actually, the kind of restrictive compact Mr. Manchester entered into with the Kennedys was not only the same in kind as that which, as Mr. Schlesinger notes, many historians have entered into, but also the same, essentially, in the restrictions any writer accepts who chooses to collaborate with a second person (frequently another writer, but often not) in producing an article or a book.

W. SILAS VANCE
Edinburg, Tex.

SIR:

In the specific matter of Manchester, I do think the question of propriety is somewhat more obscure than Arthur Schlesinger makes it out to be. If it is not clear whether Manchester understood that he was completing "Mrs. Kennedy's oral history record," it is also not clear whether Mrs. Kennedy understood that she was not only making a record for the twenty-first century but was furnishing information for a book, to be published in 1967, which she herself had appeared to authorize.

If she merely wanted to leave a record for the twenty-first century, there was no reason why she should have authorized the Manchester

book in the first place. Indeed, in view of her understandable qualms about the material, and in view of the insatiable public curiosity about these matters (which was perfectly predictable), there were very good reasons why she should not have authorized it.

The Manchester incident, however, is a trivial illustration of the difficulties of contemporary history. It is a pity that Schlesinger did not address himself to a more relevant and difficult example, more relevant by his own criteria because it bears on public rather than private events: I mean the history of the assassination itself, and specifically, the refusal of the Kennedy family to make available the one piece of evidence which seemingly would put an end to the controversy, the photographs and X rays of the murdered President. Mrs. Kennedy has a perfect right to her privacy, even if she may have made a mistake in authorizing the Manchester book; but in what sense are these far more important documents the personal property of Robert Kennedy?

CHRISTOPHER LASCH
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

SIR:

Can history use Freud? Can history use Manchester, either? It will be no surprise if readers of national commentary are struck with a strange analogy between Freud and Bullitt's *Wilson* ("Can History Use Freud," by Barbara W. Tuchman, February *Atlantic*) and Manchester's *The Death of a President*. Both are possibly the most controversial works of the decade, and again both have raised doubts about their scientific validity.

In the first case, the successes and failures of the Wilsonian international stance could hardly be interpreted as an unfolding of the psychological makeup of one man, Wilson; in the second case, an anecdotal, emotionally charged account may be quite interesting to future historiographers without being serious history.

What is of special significance is the admirable way in which the publication of one was withheld for thirty years in order to respect the feeling of the surviving widow, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, whereas the publication of the other work indicated a grudging accommodation to the

legal threat posed by the other tragic figure, Mrs. John Kennedy.

NARSI PATEL
Terre Haute, Ind.

SIR:

Arthur Schlesinger appropriately states that "along with the acceleration of history has come the intensification of the means and volume of communication." While hinting that factors erosive to history itself may be present in contemporary history, he avoids the most possible reasons. Some historians, along with many of the rest of us, have been caught in the sweep of the magic of commercialism and the idolatry of a mass audience.

To be meaningful, history requires not only documentary evidence but interviews containing both assenting and dissenting views. The real problem that Mr. Manchester faces is that his variety of contemporary history becomes commercial property too soon. Manchester's ground rules were ill laid. There was no room for meaningful assent or dissent — but only censorship, and censorship is nothing more than suppression of facts.

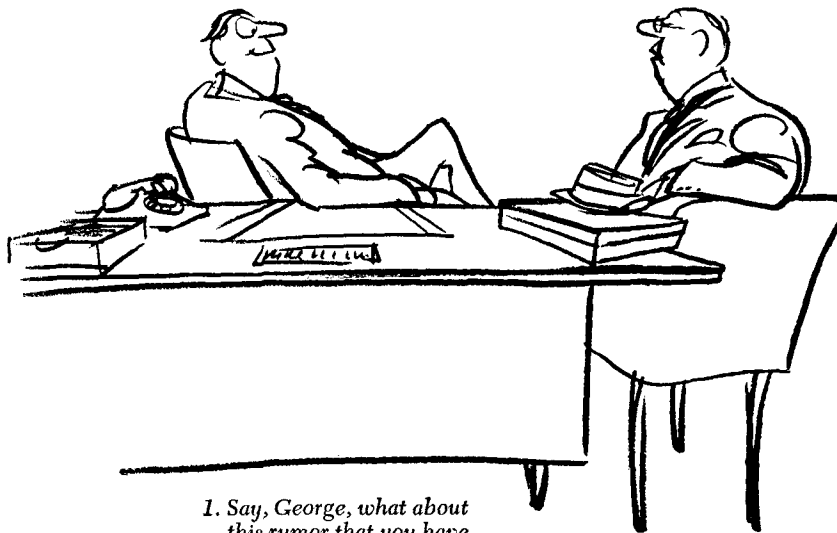
ROBERT A. SMITH III
Huntsville, Ala.

The fight for America's Alps

SIR:

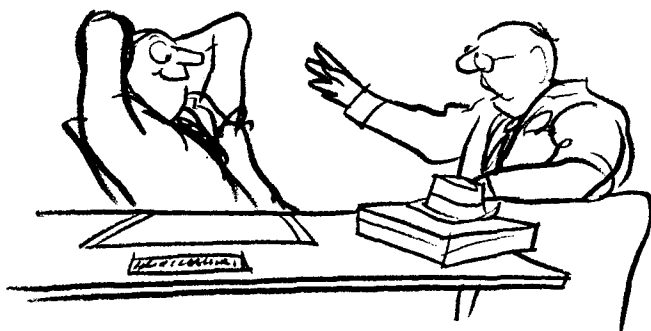
After reading "The Fight for America's Alps" by Paul Brooks in the February *Atlantic*, I am curious to know what he really wants. The article ends with a hope that the National Park Service will end up administering a "true wilderness park." The author, however, cites as a major benefit from and a reason for park creation the great inflow of money from many out-of-state tourists, new businesses in the neighborhood, rising land values (presumably because undeveloped land is converted to business property), and large sums of federal money expended for administration and park development.

My understanding of wilderness, whether administered by the federal Park Service or Forest Service, is that it should be an area of *minimal* development. The only legitimate developments are those designed to minimize the impact of man and to provide safe access through the area. There is hardly any need for restaurants, motels, sporting goods shops, and other similar



1. Say, George, what about this rumor that you have a cow in your garage?

That's no rumor. That's Bossie, my Guernsey.



2. Oh, a gag?

No, sir. She's insurance. I also have some Rhode Island Reds in the tool shed.



3. You do?

Beans where the rosebush used to be. Peas instead of pachysandras. Potatoes instead of petunias.



4. I don't get it.

You would if you were near retirement age. Jane and I sat down and counted up our assets. We figured it's possible for our money to run out before our appetites do. So we're not taking any chances.



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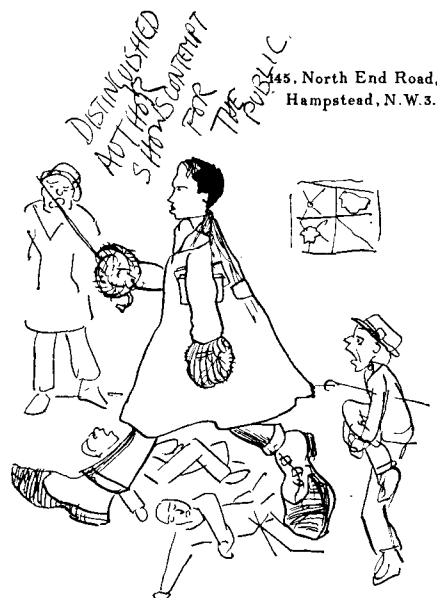
The Minority in Search of a Leader is made up of some 5 million Americans of Mexican descent in five Southwestern states. They are worse off, in every way, than the other disadvantaged people of the country. Until now little has been done to protect their civil rights or to include them in the benefits of the war on poverty, but they are beginning to stir. **Helen Rowan** portrays their problems and their hopes in the *June Atlantic*.

The struggle to save our tidelands is a difficult one. Few Americans know that far more than the whims of conservationists is at issue in the methodical elimination or ruination of the coastal marshlands of America. "The economic value of the estuaries is not yet appreciated," writes **Polly Redford**, "but once we get them all filled in . . . we'll watch our offshore fisheries vanish."

John Kenneth Galbraith completes his three-part examination of *The New Industrial State* with a discussion of the collective authority and power vested in the group of people who manage giant corporations. He takes a fresh look at the premises of the "free enterprise" system, and at the dangers involved in the new marriage of economic and public power.

The critic and novelist **Wilfrid Sheed** discusses the literary work of James Jones. **Douglas Kiker** reports on Washington, **Martin Arnold** on New York.

In *My Brother Evelyn*, British novelist **Alec Waugh** presents an engaging memoir of his more famous brother. It reveals much about Evelyn Waugh, his early days, his time at Oxford, and his first marriage.



Caricature by Evelyn Waugh of his brother, Alec.

From "A Little Learning" by Evelyn Waugh © 1964. Courtesy of Little, Brown and Company.

commercial enterprises near a wilderness area. The wilderness visitor can purchase his equipment and provisions at far less cost in the large cities before leaving home.

Since securing a wilderness is the real objective, and not increasing tourist activity, I believe it would be wiser to leave the high country of the North Cascades under Forest Service management as a designated wilderness area in the national wilderness system.

STEPHEN L. BECK
Forester
Sierraville, Calif.

SIR:

Paul Brooks's generally excellent article on the North Cascades controversy contains a few minor discrepancies and misconceptions which I would like to clarify. First, the map depicting the extent of the proposed "Glacier Peak National Park" contains no indication of whose proposal it represents; this is unfortunate for two reasons: the map actually illustrates only a part of the preliminary National Park Service recommendation (the Service also advocated a second national park and a national recreation area), but this proposal is now of minimal interest because the interdepartmental study team rejected it in favor of a single North Cascades National Park to be established to the north of the area shown on the map.

Second, although some difficult-to-interpret statistics in the North Cascades Study Report *do* suggest that wilderness use of the area "has hitherto been small," the individual testimony of Owen S. Stratton, member of the study team, seems to belie this allegation; noting that overcrowding is already a serious problem in the Glacier Peak wilderness area, Dr. Stratton suggests that the day may not be remote when it will be necessary to ration the use of our remaining wilderness.

Finally, Mr. Brooks's suggestion that conservationists are at last achieving a measure of political influence commensurate with their importance seems rather optimistic; it *may* be that "congressmen who want to be re-elected are forced to listen," but I have yet to hear of the defeat of a congressional candidate because his anti-conservation views provoked the ire of his constituents. Instead, the electorate of the state which possesses 99 percent of the

world's redwoods has chosen a governor who was quoted as saying, "A tree's a tree. How many of them do you need to look at?"

WILLIAM G. FORTNEY
Madison, Wis.

SIR:

Mr. Brooks has a superficial understanding of the conservation controversy in the state of Washington. The state's lumber industry provides full-time jobs for about 42,500 persons per year, with an annual payroll totaling over \$130 million. All forest industries employ over 60,000 people annually, which is about one third of all persons employed in manufacturing in the state. Washington produces about 5 percent of the world output of wood pulp.

The true economic significance of these forests is not recreation but timber products. Nevertheless, Washington has been unselfish about keeping all these "factories" open. Of the state's 43.6 million acres, about 29 percent is in federal ownership. Almost all of these lands are available to the public for recreational use.

Within this vast acreage are some of the finest evergreen forests in the world. Many are ripe or even over-ripe for harvest. Local, state, and federal government will receive the revenue to build such things as schools and roads. In spite of Mr. Brooks's arguments to the contrary, opening up the climax vegetation does stimulate more abundant wildlife because obviously there will be more food. Under scientific logging practices blocks of mature trees are left to provide cover.

I don't think Mr. Brooks really believes that a Cascades Park will be an economic boon to the region. The state of Kentucky recently investigated the economic benefits of its fine state park system and found that they were marginal. Almost all of the benefits went to the "have" group in the area.

ROLLAND DEWING
Morehead State University
Morehead, Ky.

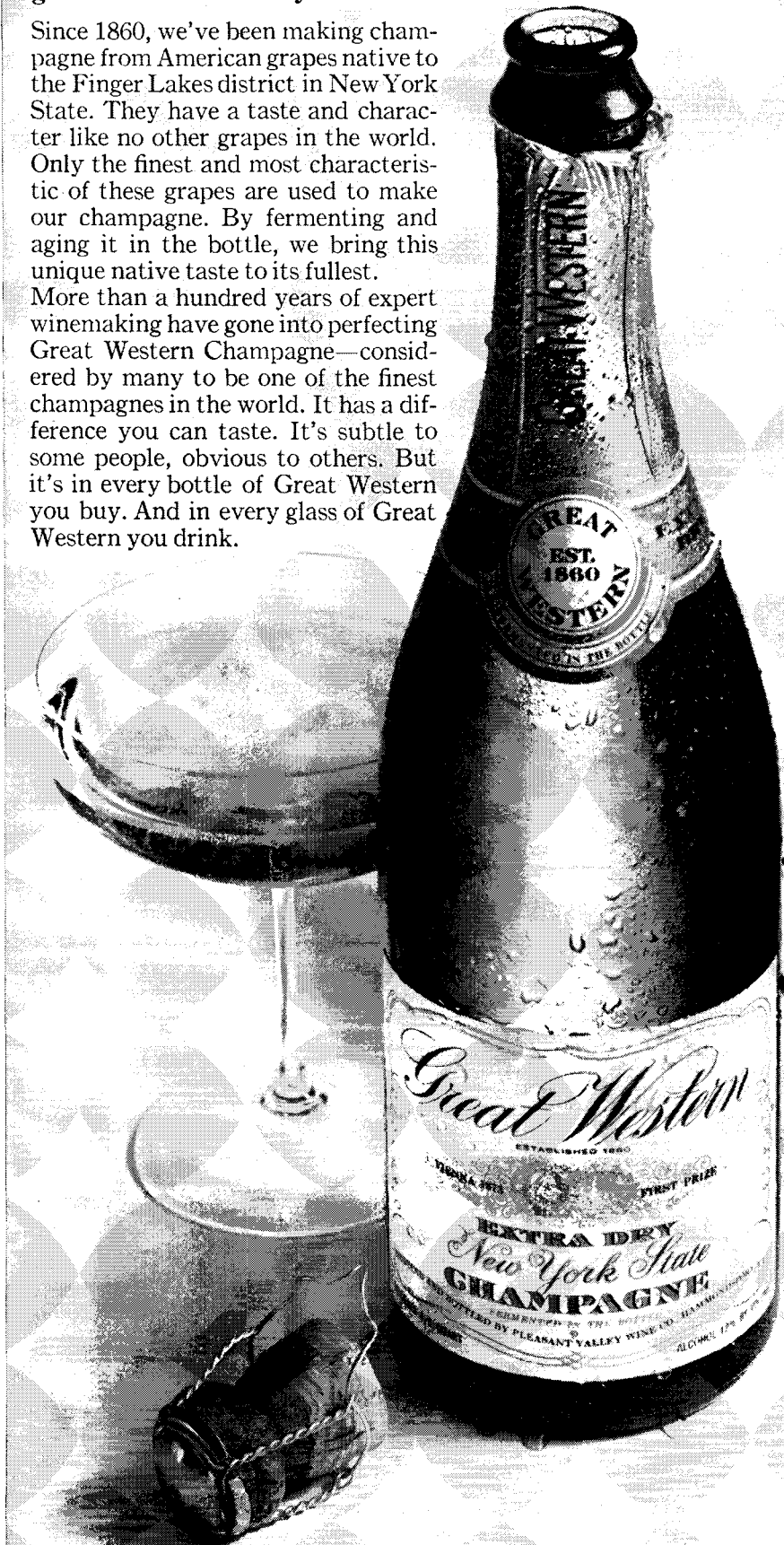
SIR:

As Mr. Brooks points out, those concerned for the protection of the public interest in this scenic climax of the nation are confronted by an ugly dilemma: destruction of essential public values under present

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policies by one or the other of two warring agencies of government. He is quite correct, however, in indicating that the prospective evils under continued Forest Service administration are much worse than anything likely or possible under the Park Service.

As a former resident of the North Cascade heartland and an annual pilgrim there, I can testify that the damage already permitted in the area is serious and much of it permanent. What should be added to Mr. Brooks's remarks is that the standard logging practice in the area is clear cutting. Some recovery in parts of the maltreated areas is possible; second, growth and scrub will appear, but this will not be the magnificent virgin forest that has been destroyed.

Mr. Brooks is also correct in pointing to the economic benefits that will accrue to the state of Washington from establishment of a national park. Since hysterical charges continue to be made that severe economic loss will follow from renunciation of logging in the critical area, however, it is worth indicating the scale of this "loss." If the park recommended by the study team is created, it will include less than one half of one percent of the sawtimber in the entire North Cascades region, itself a fragment of the timbered area of the state.

Mr. Brooks and the *Atlantic* deserve a public vote of gratitude for calling attention to the importance of this critical struggle.

GRANT MCCONNELL
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

Three cheers for Paul Brooks and the *Atlantic* for the article on Washington's North Cascades. The North Cascades offer the most spectacular mountain scenery to be found anywhere in the country south of Alaska, and should have been a national park many years ago.

Not having a national park in the

North Cascades has resulted in a particularly unfortunate situation. During the 1950s, the Kennecott Copper Corporation acquired lands in the North Cascades, and now Kennecott plans an open-pit mine in the scenic heart of the area. The damage to the scenic, wild-land, and water resources of the area will be devastating and irreparable. The amount of copper involved is infinitesimal, less than two day's supply at our current rate of consumption. But the price is right, copper is in short supply, and Kennecott plans to bulldoze (literally) ahead. There's little the Forest Service can do to protect the area. However, we hope we can, and a national park should help.

RODGER W. PEGUES
Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs
Seattle, Wash.

Addendum:

I regret to say that the map you supplied for my article "The Fight for America's Alps" is misleading. It shows only the present Glacier Peak wilderness area. It omits entirely the essential area running northwest from Lake Chelan to the Canadian border, which includes the Eldorado Peaks and the Pickett Range. This constitutes the core of the park as recommended by the North Cascades Study Report.

Incidentally, the correct designation is not Glacier Peak National Park but North Cascades National Park.

PAUL BROOKS
Boston, Mass.

Advice and consent

SIR:

Does the *Atlantic* adjudge that a useful purpose is served by publication of comment on the President of the United States of the character and tone that pervaded the Washington Report in the December issue?

Given our constitutional form, in which the President is not merely the leader of his party, as is the

Prime Minister, for example, in the United Kingdom, but is the closest approximation we have of a personification of the United States itself, it seems questionable whether the holder of that office can be subjected to such innuendo and such condescending criticism without deleterious result throughout the world.

ELLEN D. ELLIS
Tryon, N. C.

SIR:

I would like to call to your attention an error which appeared in your February issue. In the Pleasures and Places article "Stratford-on-Avon," Ngaio Marsh erroneously attributes the etchings on the west window of Coventry Cathedral to John Mutton. The artist's name is John Hutton. Whether this mistake is from typing or misinformation, such a beautiful work deserves proper recognition.

DIANA WRIGGINS
Chevy Chase, Md.

SIR:

Ray Irwin in his note in the February *Atlantic* ("Here We Go Gathering Nichols and May") claims to have noticed something in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* that escaped everyone else.

However, anyone who read the newspaper theatrical pages before the play opened will remember that the song "The Three Little Pigs" was used in early rehearsals but replaced after copyright complaints.

JAMES S. OTTENBERG
New York City

SIR:

Readers of C. P. Snow's piece "G. H. Hardy: The Pure Mathematician" (March *Atlantic*) will be interested to know that Hardy's little book, *A Mathematician's Apology*, which has been out of print for some years, will be reissued, simultaneously in the United Kingdom and the United States, in September with Snow's piece as preface. Hardy's *Apology* has often been bracketed with a comparable personal profession by another Trinity don, *The Name and Nature of Poetry* by A. E. Housman.

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AIRCRAFT WING ASSEMBLIES

GERMANY 1967

Nine American writers and editors, back from a tour to Berlin and major West German cities, give their personal impressions of Germans today.

A poet wrote: Each age is a dream that is dying, Or one that is coming to birth. Twenty-two years have passed since the Hitlerian dream failed and Germany lost its second war of this century. Still, no new dream has come to birth. This is a central truth for Germany today, both West and East, and it helps to explain the heavy suspense surrounding the "German Question." It is the big unsettled question in world affairs, and will still be ticking when Vietnam has been defused. It puzzles Germans at least as much as outsiders, and doubtless bothers them even more. Though a quarter century may be short in the sweep of history, it is a long hiatus between convictions or impulses, or whatever human need it is that when multiplied into the collective becomes the sense of national purpose.

Can the dreamless state continue indefinitely? Is some sense of purpose, of national direction, beginning to take shape in Germany today? If so, will it push outward, to a role in some larger European or international context? Or temporarily inward, to generate a new German nationalism that in the future will demand new adventures? Such questions, so obvious as to be inescapable, preoccupy all who think about Germany today.

They preoccupied all of us when, earlier this year, we traveled to Germany as a small group of American writers and editors to talk with politicians, educators, industrialists, bankers, writers, artists, and university students. Our sponsors were the Ford Foundation and Atlantik-Brücke, a Hamburg-based organization financed by West German businessmen and industrialists to further American-German and Anglo-German relations. Ostensibly we were a homogeneous lot — a Columbia professor and critic and his wife, herself a novelist and critic; two *New Yorker* writers with numerous political books to their credit; two

novelist-critics who teach (at Syracuse and at Sarah Lawrence); an editor's wife who is also a writer; the *New Republic's* critic of the arts; editors of two monthly magazines (*Commentary* and the *Atlantic*); and a former Washington official who now writes and lectures (at MIT and Harvard) about contemporary social problems. Some of us had been to Germany frequently before, some as occupiers, some not at all. We carried with us varied preconceptions and prejudices and came home, as the following pages will show, with impressions that are mixed and yet fall, uncalculatedly, into a certain pattern.

A peculiar sense of movement, motion that did not necessarily mean change, rustled the gray-seeming atmosphere. The new Grand Coalition had just taken office in Bonn. After the long post-war interlude of Federal opposition, the Social Democrats had entered into timid wedlock with the Christian Democrats; and Willy Brandt, the wartime anti-Nazi émigré who became Mayor of Berlin, was the new Foreign Minister, sharing the bed with Chancellor Kurt-Georg Kiesinger, who for twelve years was a member of the Nazi Party. The Rumanian Foreign Minister had come to Bonn to strike up a trade agreement with West Germany, the first wary gesture of limited reconciliation between Eastern Europe and the country the Communist propagandists daily call "revanchist." The National Democratic Party, a far-right organization with neo-Nazi tendencies, had won 7.4 percent of the vote in the Bavarian elections, and the politicians were guessing that the party would collect as much as 15 percent later in the year in Schleswig-Holstein. This state and Lower Saxony — not Bavaria, as the overseas mythology has it — were the real wellsprings of Nazi support in the early thirties.

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In bank boardrooms, art-hung drawing rooms, government conference rooms, and university meeting rooms of Hamburg and West Berlin, Düsseldorf, Bonn, and Munich, Germans of varied ages and persuasions responded to foreigners' questions about these developments with a patient air that suggests: You seem to be more affected by this than we are. And indeed, it became plain during two weeks in Germany that while many Germans may be underestimating the significance of the NPD's emergence and many — though not by any means all — may be making little of the elevation of a former Nazi to Chancellor, the reaction outside, especially in the press, has exaggerated the importance of these events. There is some reason to believe that the NPD may prove less robust than was feared, now that some of its leaders seem to have fallen out. And there is in the widespread acceptance of Kiesinger's political past a justifiable sense of relief, a feeling that a healthy breakthrough has come, and that men may be more measured by what they are and where they seem to be going than by their pasts — a breakthrough for a large number of Germans who reached adulthood in the thirties and who have reasons, good or bad, for resisting the doctrine of mass guilt.

One of the most experienced American correspondents in Bonn asked a politician what kind of man Kiesinger was. "There were several types of us when the Nazis took over," he explained. "There were those who had the guts and talents to leave and make lives elsewhere. There were those with enough guts to leave and who couldn't or wouldn't make it abroad, and returned after the war — like Willy Brandt. There were those with enough guts to face up to the Nazis and die in the concentration camps. There were those with perhaps slightly less guts who chose the army and a hero's death. There were the cowards who 'arranged themselves' in one way or other with the Nazis. There were others who seemed to 'arrange themselves' but somehow maintained their integrity — Kiesinger was one of these."

"And what of yourself?" the correspondent asked the politician.

"I?" he said matter-of-factly. "I was a coward."

The politicians, businessmen, and diplomats of West Germany seem less concerned with these actions of and by Germany than with actions of others that may be affecting them. There is little public discussion, little show of hostility to the American involvement in Vietnam. "We may disagree with some of the modalities of your action there," a young, intelligent commentator on foreign affairs remarked, "but we cannot object to a principle that we'd hope and expect to be applied here if the Russians went for West Berlin." There is concern, though, that Washington, in concen-

trating so much of its energies and emotions on Vietnam, is drifting away from proper attention to the politics of Europe; and that in pressing for more bilateral agreements with the Russians and in pushing such projects as the nuclear nonproliferation negotiations, the United States is helping to bring true General de Gaulle's repeated warning that the American commitment to Western Europe cannot be trusted.

The strong sense of reliance on the outside world, the sensation of being the creature of fate, and as one German diplomat put it, "no more the master of it than we have been masters of our past," seems to run deep in West Germany. It is particularly striking when one reflects that even in its truncated state, West Germany today is greater in population and industrial power than any other state in Western Europe, and though lacking nuclear weapons (and insisting that it never wants them), it fields the most effective conventional military force west of the Iron Curtain. When the time comes, as it obviously will, for these heavy factors to be thrown decisively onto the international scales, the present generation of German leaders will not be around. The direction will be determined by the younger generation, the 25 million Germans who make up 45 percent of the population and were born after 1937. What they know of Hitler and Nazism, they know only from what their elders and their conquerors have told them. If younger Germans have at the moment any strong interest in world affairs — something that was little suggested in our talks with good-sized groups of university students in Hamburg, West Berlin, and Munich — it tends in the right direction. Those who care at all care mostly in the direction of integration with the rest of Western Europe; some of Konrad Adenauer's commitment to the European movement has rubbed off on the younger generation. Few of them, as George Elliott suggests on another page, seem to project their country as a great world power again.

If the European movement stalls or falls apart before the adamancy of General de Gaulle, the hesitancy of the British, and the dishevelment of the Western alliance, the coming generation of Germans will be tempted (my word) or forced (their word) to consider other directions. If there are the beginnings of any other dream, this is not evident to the foreign traveler through West Germany today — not, at least, to this traveler nor to most of those whose impressions follow. Each paper is a response to a simple invitation: write about what happened to your preconceptions of Germans and Germany today. What surprised you? What did you find most interesting, most encouraging, most disappointing or disturbing?

Robert Manning



Daniel P. Moynihan

Mr. Moynihan is a former Assistant Secretary of Labor, who now directs the Joint Center for Urban Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University.

I am not, I think, different from some others in this respect: what I bring back from Europe are impressions, for the most part, of restaurants and churches — a habit acquired from guidebooks, but by now a matter also of taste. It is possible to like that sort of thing, and over the years to get better at it, or at least more complex. We have little by way of either restaurants or churches in America, and those we do have are, in the main, imitations: capable of telling much, but pleasing little; at best “worth seeing, but not worth going to see.”

The north of Germany is, I would think, more like America in this respect than any part of Europe I have come to know. The food is plentiful and plain. And the women. And the churches. Especially the churches. Built like factories before factories: gray light seeping through gray windows, cold, unadorned, repetitive: places to get out of.

This can hardly ever have been more so than in the avenging winter of 1950–1951, when I was first there. The old war was scarcely over and a new one seemingly determined to begin. I had been called back into the Navy, part of an abortive effort to set up, as we later gathered, some kind of united North Sea command. Complications arose, and Bremerhaven sent us on tour: to Hamburg to stay at the Vier Jahreszeiten and prowl the Reeperbahn, to Berlin to drink at the Kempinski and to wander about gazing at the emptiness of the Eastern sector. (One recalls an Englishman summing up: “Nothing here but the handwriting on the wall.”)

This must be the route for Americans on tour. It is just the one we followed this time. That, and the times being somehow alike, made the differences come through more insistently than they might.

Mankind counts heavily on the permanence of things, and is rewarded for doing so. In north Germany in 1950, however, it was hard. Impermanence was everywhere. The churches were empty and the restaurants filled. After dark both Hamburg and Berlin lurched into a kind of frenzied Brechtian caricature: the drinking brutal, the human beings damaged, spoiled, the mass dancing a form of immolation. And in the midst of it all at three thirty in the morning, heavy men and their

heavy wives and small children sat around in night-clubs watching with sad intent the juggling and the striptease. As dawn came on, the fighting and vomiting began in streets too cold for it.

This is over. Life is in working order again. People stay home, save their money, and take vacations. The restaurants and cafés are busy, but in an unanxious way. Dutch oysters and French cheese have improved the menus, but rather as they do at the Hilton Wherever: without rousing the least sense of wonder, much less gratitude.

And so one’s mind kept insistently going back to the question that is always there, What do they think about what happened?

Not what do they say? And certainly not what do they say to an American? But what do they themselves think?

There are no clues in Hamburg. They aren’t in that business, really, and perhaps shouldn’t be asked to be. But then Berlin, and the first indication; a deeply troubling one.

Somehow, from the outset, the symbol of Berlin in ruins was not the Reichstag, or the bunker, or the Brandenburg Gate, but the wreckage of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche on the Kurfürstendamm at the center of the life of the free city. Everything came together here. “High Hohenzollern” — a great stuffed building, belted, sabred, and bemedaled. Built as a memorial to the great King of Prussia, Caesar of Germany. The place for a Prussian officer to be married, surrounded by Junkerdom and gazed upon by golden mosaics of decent grenadiers killing Frenchmen, and ironclad knights exalted in a mystic union of violence and virtue. At the end of the war only the tower and a few ruined walls were still standing. It was perfect.

They have spoiled it. All but the tower has been cleared away, and on the one side, they have placed a campanile about two thirds the remaining height of the older steeple, and on the other, a flat pentagonal building that serves as the missing nave. In the ruin of the old church a statue of Christ (apparently salvaged from the statuary of the original edifice) has been set up at street level in a kind of grotto-shrine arrangement. Spotlit at night, with a few flowers at the base, and with one arm missing, it is infinitely sad and helpless. In any event religious. The new buildings are neither. They are merely pretty: international airport style, a pleasant, undemanding gathering point for persons on a long journey, that will be equally undemanding and painless. Soft blue light inside. On a Saturday afternoon, immensely fashionable young persons are joined in matrimony, with coach and four awaiting. Too eager by half, Berliners tell you the new structures are known as “the lipstick and the compact,” but it is not at all clear how far they have thought through that image.

All the more then the shock to find that several miles away, in a surpassingly ordinary housing development named for a local politician, the Catholics have built what may well be the great church of this age, Maria Regina Martyrum.

The banality of evil. There is little to note about the Paul Hertz *Siedlung* (settlement project) save that it is a few blocks from the similarly unprepossessing Plotzensee prison where the victims of the Nazi regime were executed, and the leaders of the 1944 plot were hung with piano wire from meat hooks while moving pictures were taken for the Führer. At a meeting of German Catholics in 1952, the Bishop of Berlin proposed that a church be built there in witness to those who perished "for the rights of God and of conscience."

The church, finished in 1961, evokes a concentration camp in the presence of grace. One enters, through a single iron gate, onto a large prison yard. The bell tower is a guard tower. There is no possibility of intimacy within the enclosure; the yard is large and empty; one is alone. Across the expanse, huddled against the dark wall like prisoners awaiting roll call, are the Stations of the Cross, gathered into seven groups, cast of fiercely striated, encrusted black bronze from which somehow faces and gestures emerge. Golgotha appears as a slight rise in the stone floor of the yard. Nearby there is an outdoor altar, with a crown of thorns for a base.

The church proper is a large rectangular box set down on a pair of upright slabs within the yard. This rectangle is at right angles to that of the prison yard itself, and at one end rests on and extends slightly beyond the wall against which the Stations of the Cross are located. Above the entrance formed by the two slabs is a great golden abstraction, *The Woman of the Apocalypse*. One passes through a plain foyer and directly up a stairway to the empty nave. Le Corbusier wrote of his chapel at Ronchamp that "the key is light and light illuminates shapes and shapes have an emotional power." Just so here, save that there are no shapes, no emotions. Only concrete walls, thrown up hurriedly, the lines of the rough board forms very much present: a place for persons of little consequence and less permanence. The dim gray light seeps in with neither interest nor comprehension. Behind the altar is a vast, brilliantly colored painting from which the eye of heaven peers out. "I wouldn't," a friend said, "want to get married here."

Below, in the crypt, there is no light at all, seemingly, only the glow given off the dull gold walls and the all but unbearable *Pietà*. Done in the manner of Henry Moore, it is all the more rending for just that reason: something the age has learned to do well is here brought to the point of timelessness. Mary utterly alone; Christ broken and failed.

In the crypt are three graves, representing those

in whose memory the church is built. Prelate Bernhard Lichtenberg, who, in St. Hedwig's Cathedral in Berlin, publicly prayed for the Jews and other prisoners of the regime, and who died on the way to Dachau; a layman, Erich Klausener, who was murdered early in the regime; and a Jesuit, Alfred Delp, who died with Von Moltke at Plotzensee. Only Klausener's remains are present. With their unfailing talent for the contemptible, the authorities in the Eastern sector refuse to release Lichtenberg's body; Delp's ashes were scattered by the Nazis. Banality will not be stayed; in a setting of ineffable simplicity, a French pilgrimage has placed one of those hideous black and gold plaques: "*À nos camarades . . .*"

Perhaps the final triumph is that of the individual in this setting of annihilation. The church and all its embellishments are unmistakably the work of individual and very different human beings. The building is by the architects Hans Schädel and Friedrich Ebert, the Stations of the Cross by Herbert Hajek, *The Woman of the Apocalypse* and the *Pietà* by Fritz Koenig, and so through a series of triumphant artifacts. Only two things are not new. In a confessional chapel at the back of the nave there is a small wooden statue, *The Suffering Lord*, of the fifteenth century, and on the main altar a carved *Madonna and Child* from the fourteenth century, south of France. To see either is to know that we have lost something.

It is a place of implacable understanding, but also of hope. The church is a memorial to martyrs. But surely also it is an act of atonement by the Church itself, which did not fail them, but failed the great masses it ought to have led, and failed itself. And Him. This thought is not to be found in the guidebook, but it is there, inscribed on the Ambrose bell, "Yet I have to act and to prefer God to the Emperor."

As I write, one learns that by mistake yet another village has been destroyed in Vietnam.



Richard Rovere

Critic and staff writer on the NEW YORKER, Mr. Rovere is the author of books on President Eisenhower, Senator Joseph McCarthy, and Barry Goldwater.

I was much struck by the fact, or what seemed to me to be the fact, that even the most thoughtful of Germans show little concern about, and even little

interest in, their own institutions and the present condition of their society. To be sure, they talk endlessly and morbidly and guiltily about the past, but when they speak of the present, they speak not of what has been done and left undone in the Federal Republic but of what is happening elsewhere that may affect Germany. Their attitude seems in many ways the reverse of ours. As American power in the world increases and is increasingly used for good ends and bad, the American intellectual looks inward. He is today primarily concerned with the failure of his own society to fulfill its own promises to its own people. He is likely even to insist that our involvement in Vietnam has its origins in certain defects in American society and in the American character. But the German intellectual, whose country has little effective power in the world, looks outward. The anxieties he experiences all have to do with what other countries are doing and not doing. De Gaulle is thwarting German hopes for a united Europe. The Americans and the Russians are creating more difficulties for the Federal Republic by making bilateral deals that may serve to damage the German economy. And so on.

A good many Germans are, of course, disturbed by the possibility of a rapid growth of neo-Nazism — the alarm was far greater than I had expected it to be — and the Kiesinger government has assigned the highest priority to electoral reforms that will, it is hoped, lessen the danger. But most of the people I saw treated neo-Nazism not as a problem of German society but rather as a problem of diplomacy and foreign policy. When one inquired about it, one heard a good deal of talk about De Gaulle, about the need to get the British into the Common Market, about the responsibility of Americans not to go so far with the Soviet Union as to lead Germans to think that reunification will never come or that it will come only on Soviet-American terms.

Though I heard no one put it quite this way, the common view seemed to be that it was up to the West to curb the growth of German nationalism by helping the Federal Republic implement its foreign policies.

One heard, though, little about the role of the German press, about the educational system, or about any other aspect of German life. Yet surely such matters are relevant, and at least a few Germans know it. The educational system, some think, is terribly implicated, not so much because of what goes on inside it as because of what does not. The worst thing is that it offers education to so few. The Federal Republic lags behind most of Europe and even behind East Germany in education beyond the primary level. Only eight years of school are required, and the majority satisfies the require-

ment and quits. Of this mass, a Bundestag deputy said twelve years ago, "This is the material from which you carve dictatorships. And we know how." Nothing has changed, nor, I was told, has the matter ever been regarded as suitable for serious public debate.

But there are other circumstances — largely unconnected with De Gaulle, with the United States, or with any foreign power — conducive to the growth of nationalism. Nationalism is, after all, an ideal of sorts, and as far as I could tell, it is about the only ideal around these days. The Federal Republic has managed to create two decades of affluence and political stability, but in a society that seems to have no aspirations beyond greater affluence and continued stability. Its political life is even less stimulating than its intellectual life, which does not begin to compare in richness with that of the Weimar Republic. "Consensus" is the dominant principle, and the people seem to think it an admirable one. Nationalism seems to be about the only form of dissent there can be.

It is, of course, impossible to speak of anything in Germany today as having no connection with the policies of other countries. Other countries decreed that there should be two Germanys, and both Germanys are still occupied powers. In the Federal Republic, there can scarcely be an aspect of life unaffected by the influence of the United States. Those few Germans who are critical of their own society begin with the complaint that it allowed itself to become Americanized. And it has indeed been Americanized, with a vengeance. One sees it in the rebuilt cities, and one hears it in the rhetoric of a politician like Chancellor Kiesinger, who struck me as having, in style at any rate, less in common with German leaders from Bismarck to Erhard than he has with someone like, say, George Romney.

And the intellectual and ideological penetration has likewise been great. The shibboleths of democracy and the welfare state heard in Washington are also heard in Bonn, and the same American trash that dominates our best-seller lists dominates the German ones as well. But the kind of self-criticism that flourishes here along with the trash hardly seems to exist in Germany. In part this may be because so much critical energy has been preoccupied with the past. But I suspect it is also largely because the educational system does not produce an audience ready for self-examination and equipped to undertake it. The German daily press, when it is not being combatively nationalistic, is as complacent about German life today as the *New York Daily News* is about life in New York City.

And this kind of complacency has a certain amount of justification. By the standards nowa-

days applied by critical Americans, there is not much to complain about in the Federal Republic. There is no poverty worth mentioning. There are no slums; we leveled them with bombs and thus enabled German city planners to go about their business without having to agonize over what to preserve and what to demolish. And the race problem was, of course, settled long ago. The educational system may seem to stand in need of improvement and enlargement, but the Germans lack the same stimulus we had — education for participation in an industrial economy. Their industrial economy seems to work quite nicely with its large number of grammar school graduates. It is doubtful if any country could get increased educational budgets passed simply by arguing that it might be a way to curb backward political dogmas.

A handful of German intellectuals seem almost desperate about the future and think it not at all impossible that fascism could return. Others think that unless the West is more understanding and helpful than it presently is, there will be a certain increase of neo-Nazi nationalism and that this will have the effect of making the consensus politicians bid a little higher for nationalist votes. They do not see all this as heading Germany back to 1933 but as a major obstacle to rational accommodations with both Eastern and Western Europe. I hardly see how this analysis could be wrong. And if it is right, then the future does look rather grim, for increased nationalism in Germany would stir up anti-German sentiment in both the East and West, which in turn would further inflame the nationalists, which in turn . . .

The Grand Coalition may find a way out or may even *be* the way out. Its existence is an acknowledgment of the failure of parliamentary democracy. But it has been obvious for some time that parliamentary democracy is in trouble throughout most of Europe, and Germany is not alone in seeking alternatives.

The Kiesinger-Brandt government is at present showing a flexibility that was lacking in the Adenauer years. I am inclined to think that not much can come of its policy of “building bridges” to the East, but the policy at least represents a break with the Hallstein doctrine, which decreed that the Federal Republic should have no truck with governments that recognized the regime in East Germany, and which was as self-defeating as some of our doctrines relating to Cuba and North Vietnam and China.

But if there is to be a way out for Germany, I think it will have to come not through “building bridges” or any other changes in German foreign policy, but through a confrontation with the realities of German society.



Diana Trilling

Editor of the Viking Portable D. H. Lawrence and of his selected letters, Mrs. Trilling also is author of the CLAREMONT ESSAYS.

Such were my own prejudices that it was only because I was being sent to Germany in a group, on a “mission,” that the trip seemed possible to me. But it was soon clear that it was not I alone in our company who had prejudged Germany and the Germans. Everywhere we went and whomever we talked to, students or government officials, publishers, bankers, or industrialists, the questions we asked were unchanging, as if forced from us by some unyielding inner compulsion: what did it mean that the National Democratic Party (NPD) had gained such notable strength in the recent elections? What did it mean that Kiesinger could be permitted his Nazi past but Willy Brandt not permitted his emigration? However disparate our temperaments or our political emphases, we were plainly a group made coherent by our shared suspicions of Germany’s capacity for political health. While we might consciously undertake to be rid of the fears that had been bred in us in the Hitler years — for, after all, the premise of forgiveness is mandatory — we had not forgotten, nor could we forget, that we were in the country which had been able to devise, and implement, Nazism.

The direction of our inquiries, polite as we might make them, could scarcely be lost on our hosts. Nor did it seem to surprise them. Indeed, it was to become for me a most painful aspect of our tour that the Germans were quite prepared to be put on the defensive by their visitors, that they expected to be looked upon with suspicion, and had in consequence developed a personality which would contain it. How to describe this personality? I thought of it as a kind of layer cake — plausibility on top of denial (in the psychoanalytical meaning) on top of guilt on top of carefully masked anger — impossible, obviously, not to be angry when one is constantly called to moral account even by people to whom one is offering friendship. At any rate, I came to feel of the Germans that, victims of the complicated game of concealments which they play even with themselves, they are the least resonating of people; it may be that they somehow know this of themselves and wish they could change it. In their cities, too, there is this awful core of deadness. Hamburg, Berlin, Munich — despite their energy,

enterprise, prosperity, these are wholly unreverberant cities, their streets and buildings seem not to breathe. The modern architecture of Germany rises, to my view, like a monument to extinction: denying the past, it already memorializes the future.

The exceptions, whether architectural or human, were bound to be momentous. Bonn is as if transfused with the blood of new peoples, all the foreigners who make up the international center; yet curiously enough, it was only in Bonn, itself so cosmopolitan, that I was able to re-create for myself any sense of a pre-Hitler Germany. If the hotel we stayed at in the capital was well below the best German standards, I could find it a relief to be outside the usual circuit of propitiation; there was something reassuringly overt in the fact that one of our party found a charge of two marks on the bill because his wife had accidentally broken a ten-cent ashtray on the reception desk.

Or again, it was overtness that made the peculiar genius of the Church of St. Mary of the Martyrs in Berlin. Situated in a working-class residential section of the city, this monument to the Catholic martyrs of Hitlerism tells its story with pitiless clarity: its courtyard reproduces the approach to a concentration camp; its interior is stark and terrible in its modernity, the eternal Church symbolized in a single piece of traditional sculpture, a fourteenth-century wooden Virgin standing quietly at peace near the bare altar. Here, because there was no attempt to disguise, only the wish to confront, the full awful truth of the recent past, one might indeed feel fortified for the future.

And among the people one met, there was at least, if all too briefly, Günter Grass to promise a continuing German life of natural awareness and conscience. Until this encounter and again after it, except when we were among the very young, I had always the impression that the people we met were engaged in a sub-hysterical effort to demonstrate their courtesy, virtue, civilization — and perhaps not merely to their questioning guests but also to themselves.

How much my uneasy — in fact, my quite unhappy — impression of the national character had to do with the official, or institutional, nature of our social arrangements, it is hard for me to tell. By and large I don't know the American opposite numbers of the kind of people we were introduced to in Germany. I have tried to keep it in mind that it is not to congressmen or to the top industrialists and bankers of my own country that I look for confirmation of our political well-being — I never meet them.

This would imply, of course, that my most trustworthy judgment of German life would rest upon my response to the students in the various universities, for here I could make direct reference to my

American experience. The differences between the students we talked with in Hamburg, Berlin, Munich were extraordinary. Hamburg constituted an almost embarrassingly elementary lesson in the hierarchical structure of German life, including the cultural life; it was here that my husband's explanation that yes, he was a professor of English at Columbia, but only one among a couple of dozen full, associate, and assistant professors of English there was received as if it were a rather tasteless joke. The Free University in Berlin, on the other hand, was not only marvelously familiar itself, down to the last Maoist accent, but also the only place we went where our anonymity was successfully surmounted, no doubt because we had been identified and vouched for by a member of the faculty who had taught for several years in the United States. Everywhere else, coming as we did as representatives of the free American life of intellectual speculation, we had manifestly baffled our hosts; since a parallel class seems scarcely to exist in their country, they never knew if and why we were actually worth their efforts of self-validation. With touching confidence, the left-wing students in Berlin turned to us for help with their problems in civil liberties (not that they use the term): their most recent, wholly peaceful marches of academic protest had been broken up and their leaders arrested; the offices of their student clubs had been raided and their membership lists confiscated by the police. Suddenly, for me, the smallest gesture of solidarity which we might offer these students in the defense of their right of protest took on historical dimensions. In Munich it was the sad, sweet profundity of student feeling that most strongly communicated itself, what seemed to be an almost tragic awareness of the uncertain moral foundations of present-day German society.

From this varied if limited sampling of German youth — even from the Hamburg group, behind whose intensity about academic achievement one could perceive the need for ballast in their rough sea of political bafflement and disappointment — I took great heart for the German future. Surely the young people of Germany carry an emotional and moral burden unmatched in history: they have to live with the knowledge that their parent generation, and often their own parents, perpetrated the worst atrocities on the record of mankind; they have the responsibility of correcting a past they had no part in creating. It seemed to me they carried this heavy weight with dignity and fortitude. They were never ugly; they were concerned neither to defend nor castigate themselves; they were grave and self-respecting; except for a few Berlin politicians, they had no easy answers. As a democratic nation among other democratic nations, Germany must finally count on them. I hope, I think, it can.



Irving Kristol

Mr. Kristol is co-editor of THE PUBLIC INTEREST and executive vice president of Basic Books, Inc.

My overwhelming impression of Germany today is that it is close to impossible for anyone, American or German, to get a true impression of what this country is like and where it is going. It's not that things are moving so fast. On the contrary, they are, on the surface at least, hardly moving at all. What creates so much difficulty is the inescapable tendency to look at everything in terms of "the German problem." And this itself, I suspect, means that one is starting not with a problem, but with an answer, or set of answers. That such answers might disagree with one another is less important than that they proceed from the same assumption.

The assumption is plausible enough: that the German future can only be read in terms of the German past. This proposition imposes itself upon us almost automatically, as one of those universal truths that the human mind cannot do without: a nation's destiny, like an individual's, is rooted in the past. As someone who once had aspirations to be a historian, I cannot bring myself to doubt this. And yet, when I look at Germany today, neither can I bring myself to affirm it without qualification.

For if ever there was a nation that is *déraciné*, uprooted from its traditional ties and anchorages, it is post-war Germany. This is a *floating* national entity, ever so gently swaying and bobbing on the river of time, so that the visitor, relaxing amidst the excellent food, fine wine, and genial company, is astonished to discover himself suddenly dizzy with seasickness. Landing at London Airport after a flight from Munich, one's overwhelming sensation was relief at setting foot upon firm ground again.

Whither is Germany drifting? Maybe the Good Lord knows. The Germans certainly don't; and neither do I.

I had last visited Germany, for about a week, seven years ago. Returning now, I found it even more "American" than before — and then Germany was by far the most American country in Europe — but also somewhat more "German." Let me explain.

Over these past two decades, the style of German life has been "Americanized" to an almost incredible degree. People read American books, go to American plays, listen to American music, dress in

American fashions, eat American foods, speak and understand the American language, follow and comprehend American affairs, are eager to visit the United States, all to an extent without parallel anywhere else in Europe — including, I should say, Britain. It's almost as if, literally taking the date 1945 as "the year zero" (a common expression), the Germans decided there was no longer any point in being German and opted for being something else: being "Western," or "European," or simply "modern."

And in a way, that is what did happen. I have no doubt that if, during this period, Western statesmanship had been able to create some kind of larger political community, the Germans would have promptly merged into it, happy to be disburdened of a past they find even more incomprehensible than shameful, relieved to be committed to a future that, whatever its shape, would *not* be German. But no such larger political community emerged; and the Gaullist "European union" now being grudgingly fabricated, precisely because it is a union of nations, is of no real help in this respect. The Germans are left with their history and their identity; and they have no idea what to do with them.

It is this quite new concern with, and attentiveness to, the problem of being German that I found particularly striking. Thus, among many of the young, there is a new and passionate determination to come candidly to terms with a subject they used to prefer not to think about: the Nazi past. Many observers regard this as a good and healthy enterprise. Maybe it is, if it can be successfully done. (How does a human being "come to terms" with the fact that his father was a soulless murderer, or an accomplice to soulless murder?) But, healthy or not, it does represent a turning inward of the German mind and eye and conscience.

And such a turning inward can, of course, take less commendable forms. I am not one of those who are violently agitated by the rise of the NPD, with its neo-Nazi flavor. History rarely repeats itself so neatly — and, in any case, as Karl Marx observed long ago, when history does go in for reenactments, it tends to convert what once was tragedy into lugubrious farce. On the other hand, the fact remains that it has never been easy to be German without being, in a very special way, intensely nationalistic. Such nationalism needn't be Nazi — and the memories of the Nazi catastrophe are still so vivid that it is most unlikely to be. But it is nevertheless depressing even to contemplate having to cope with the phenomenon of German nationalism, any kind of German nationalism, all over again.

I suspect that a great many Germans, perhaps a majority, find it depressing too. Which is why

one is so hard put to give any kind of confident interpretation of German happenings today. What superficially seems a "revival" or a "resurgence" or a "reawakening" turns out, upon investigation, to be little more than a making do with shreds and tatters of the past to cover an embarrassing nudity. The new, vociferous anti-Nazi and the new brazen apologist for Nazism are neither of them "natural" responses to a historical condition. They are both symptoms of, and reactions to, a failure: the failure of Western statesmanship to rid Europe and the world of the possibility of the Germans ever again being German — bad German, good German, indifferent German — at a time when the Germans themselves wished most fervently to deny this possibility to themselves.

This failure, of course, is not yet permanent and definitive. But it becomes a little more so every day, as a true European political union becomes an ever more distant goal, and as the United States becomes more preoccupied with Asia, less interested in Europe. With what consequences? It would be presumptuous to surmise. The continued existence of a German nation, with its own power and policy, need not be the certain disaster that many, looking backward, are ready to predict. It may not even turn out to be a disaster at all. But I feel strongly that whatever happens, future generations will see the twenty-year interregnum, 1945–1965, as having presented a golden opportunity to move beyond nationalism, an opportunity that was thoughtlessly frittered away.



Harvey Swados

Mr. Swados teaches literature at Sarah Lawrence College and is the author of eight books.

If I mistrust most writing about the relation between one's preconceptions and one's actual experience of a country, it is because I mistrust myself, no matter whether I feel that my own preconceptions have been fortified or shattered. The only time I was ever in Germany prior to 1967, I was passing through en route to the Salzburg Festival of 1961: I stayed, as I usually must, in cheap hotels and pensions; my memories are of people who were often either subservient or surly.

On this more formal occasion I was a guest in hotels which, if they were not always the finest, were certainly among the most expensive; and

never once did I encounter overdeference or rudeness from their personnel (who were in any case often foreigners, imported to relieve a labor shortage as obvious in East Berlin as in West). I take this to mean that I was living better, and not that German manners had changed in five years. Perhaps they have, but I am in no position to know.

It is necessary to be clear that there were entire segments of the German populace that the invited group of which I was a member never got to meet, or even observe. I refer to workers: iron workers, steel workers, auto workers, coal miners. I refer to labor officials (save for one union attorney, engulfed in a sea of Düsseldorf tycoons), I refer to pensioners and schoolchildren, peasants and refugees, and the adherents of the unrepentant Right.

This was only natural. Aside from the fact that our hosts were for the most part members of the affluent and the educated classes, we gravitated toward those with whom language would not be a barrier. In consequence we often found ourselves chatting with people whose English was more elegant than ours; and it was not at all unusual for our new acquaintances to introduce us to their English or American spouses. In this part of the world, and in this milieu, you cannot always be sure, even by glancing at his name tag, whether the gentleman with whom you are discussing the German character is himself a German or an American. Or a Jew — Or all three —

Given such an atmosphere, I discover in retrospect that I have been reflecting more and more on the image of the German not as it seems to him at home or to those who visit him in his homeland, but rather as it seems to those other nationalities that encounter him as he ranges the world — or more accurately, all the world but East Germany. Perhaps this is because we Americans are obsessively concerned with how we appear not only to visiting English and French novelists, but to those among whom we travel as tourists and traders, soldiers and scientists. And all of us who have spent any time in Europe in recent years are aware, maybe with a secret sense of relief, of how the vulgar American has been supplanted, whether in France, Italy, Spain, or Yugoslavia, by the vulgar German. The prime object of contempt is no longer decked out in loud shirt, sunglasses, and cigar; now he comes on the scene in lederhosen, bearing a Baedeker — or in a Mercedes, bearing a Leica.

I was not unaware that Germans, particularly of the younger generation, were sensitive about this. When last I lived in France, one of my village neighbors was a young German woman, an artist, who was in constant dread of the periodic visits of her parents. The news of their impending arrival from Düsseldorf in the chauffeur-driven Mercedes, its trunk stuffed with goodies for their bo-

hemian daughter, was enough to throw her into a fit of depression and shame — and understandably.

So I was not too surprised to observe that several of the skits of a good Hamburg political cabaret focused on tourism and the often ludicrous or loathsome image of the German abroad, even though I was somewhat surprised at the unremitting self-ridicule, every bit as “anti-German” as the sketches one finds in such English theatrical entertainments as *Stop The World—I Want to Get Off*. But I was profoundly moved by the experiences abroad of young Germans as they recounted them to me in a number of different cities, and in differing circumstances. I should like to set them down here with a brief comment in conclusion.

The first was a strikingly good-looking young woman, quite reserved, who had recently been a student in New York City (as essential a port of call for German intellectuals nowadays as Paris used to be for young Americans). After a time, she had started going out with a Jewish boy; they had a good deal in common, they were strongly attracted to each other, and they began to take each other very seriously. “Then one day someone, on purpose, left a clipping on his desk. It was about the death camps and the crematoria, with all the details, and about how Germans were trying to pretend that it had never happened. He wanted to put it aside, but he couldn’t — and since it changed things for him, it did for me too. We stopped seeing each other . . .”

The second was also a young woman, but very different, extremely outgoing and gay. Her long blond hair was still bleached, she explained, from exposure to the desert sun. “I got back not long ago from Elath, on the Gulf of Aqaba. I went out to Israel from curiosity, to spend a couple of months on an engineering project, and stayed two years. If I could have gotten a scholarship to Technion, I’d be there still, but they’re giving me a stipend here to earn my architecture degree. Afterwards, after I’ve visited New York, I’ll be going back to Israel — I figure I’ll stay there four or five years. I can’t think of a freer or more exciting place. Sure, I bumped into quite a few young Germans there. Too many of them come on with this guilty expression, you know, repenting for their parents’ sins, and the Israeli kids take advantage of that, riding them. It’s only natural. But I’m not like that. When I got there I said, I’m no damn German pilgrim, I’m Hedda, I came here to work hard and have some fun. If you like me, fine. If you don’t, too bad.” She threw back her head and laughed. “They liked me, all right — a lot better than they do those UJA-niks who fly over for a week to see where their money is going.”

The third was a somewhat older, but still youthful social psychologist. He had been sent on a trip

to seventeen different countries by a slick magazine to do a series of articles on the German image abroad. “Would you like to know what really took me aback, particularly in the Middle East and the Far East? It was that in one country after another they really *preferred* the negative stereotype of the German as brute, militarist, and sadist. They reacted to both American and Soviet propaganda exactly counter to the intent of the propagandists. In an Arab country the Americans ran off a film on May Day in the two Berlins, showing the West Berliners relaxing on their holiday, gardening, boating, strolling, and the East Berliners grimly marching in uniform ranks, flags flying, bands playing, orators shouting. It was the East Berlin scene that the Arabs preferred, all too obviously. In Southeast Asia, the Communists ran off a film purporting to expose the continuing strength of Nazism in West Germany; it was the old newsreel clips of the faceless goose-steppers and the marauding storm troopers that brought the Asians up in their seats, laughing and applauding. . . .”

The new generation of Germans, pondering and weighing these matters, are enormously attractive. To me they are as appealing as the best of the young Americans, whom I love very dearly. But it would be too easy to conclude that the future is theirs, and that we and our children need only attend the attrition and inevitable disappearance of the guilty generation, whose very existence must make us uneasy, if not ill, until the last of them has passed from the face of the earth. For Germany of the 1960s may be physically new, but its wounds were not merely subcutaneous hemorrhages to be erased with the prick of a pin or even the passage of time. Its soul too has been bruised, and this is a damage which will not be readily overcome by the new generation, who ought not to be envied either their affluence or their passage through a mistrustful and uncomprehending world.



Midge Decter

A writer and critic whose work has appeared in HARPER'S, the PARTISAN REVIEW, and other periodicals, Midge Decter is the wife of Norman Podhoretz, editor of COMMENTARY.

With what expectations does someone like me go for the first time to Germany? I am a Jew, an American — and old enough to have spent my

adolescence on the passions of World War II. During the war and after, I was a member of that now all but vanished collectivity called the Zionist youth movement. Thus, confronted by issues of life and death, even from so shadowy a distance as the American Middle West, I was a Jew foremost. I still am.

What, then, did I expect? And what did I want? To see a country full of once frenzied and now lobotomized madmen held in check only by the gluttonies of a great prosperity that one would not resent so much if it were indeed serving *that* purpose? Probably there was something of this, some small corner of an earlier primitive vision, still left at the bottom of consciousness. But I was too old, too subtilized by the turning of questions this way and that in too many arguments, to believe the satisfactions derived from the refinement of hatred.

Was it, therefore, to “discover” on the other hand that Germans are merely ordinary human beings? In other words, to “forgive” them? Probably there was something of this as well. One wants to forgive, not because it is virtuous to do so but because it is convenient, the lifting of a great burden. Forgiveness is the policy of my government, the habit of my friends, the unspoken assumption of the world all around me. And how tiresome to be forever resisting everything, to walk around with a purity of grievance to which I am not even, strictly speaking, entitled; in short, to be so predictably and so eternally this troublesome, boring, nagging Jew.

But whether these people were monsters or human beings, I had a fear of them, the kind of fear that one wrong word, one previously encountered intonation, one automatically set signal could turn to quivering, blood-pounding rage. The question, before I set out, was quite simply, would I (and *should* I?) go through my entire first two weeks on German soil without making some scandalous gesture of retribution?

As it turned out, during most of the time we spent in Germany, our feelings about the country rarely came into play. The word had gone ahead to Hamburg; we were “somebodies” and to be treated as a most dignified delegation. We were trotted around, welcomed at hotel luncheons, greeted at rathouses, given tickets to opera, concerts, theater, introduced to mayors, municipal senators, professors and students, Bundestag members, and even Chancellor Kiesinger. We were left to no chance encounters, no accidental, untidy experiences.

Thus no gestures of retribution, no assertions of any kind, rose to one’s impulses. One’s purpose got located, so to speak, outside oneself: in the struggle against fatigue and the violent stomach disorder that afflicted each of us in turn; and in the need to make some preliminary sense out of the incredible

muddle that is current German speech and thought, public and private. For after all, if you cannot understand what a man is saying, you cannot even arrive at the point of testing your reaction to him. And the Germans I found to be in a muddle about themselves that made my own muddle about them seem as nothing. Their confusion seems to cover everything from the future of German foreign policy (which, as enunciated, seems to me to be based on a theory that one overcomes contradictions by multiplying them) and the meaning of democracy, to the nature of individual, personal aspirations. Germans, even the most sophisticated and clever of them, seem to be drowning one another beneath outpourings of moral, social, and political language whose terms have no precise referents in any conceivable experience. If Nazi Germany was, as they used to say, the land of Wagner, Fichte, and Nietzsche, then present-day Germany is the land of Hegel-turned-sour. To hear sincere and responsible people maintaining sincerely and responsibly that the elevation of a Nazi Party member of twelve years’ standing to the office of Chancellor in effect constitutes proof of Germany’s repudiation of Nazism because people did not then take Nazism seriously and do not do so now; or to hear, as we did more than once, an earnest and educated young person attempting to make a distinction between Nazism in the thirties and Nazism in the forties for the purpose of reflecting some sort of credit on the former; these are experiences so baffling that they take hold of one at a place far below the level of judgment or even of emotion. I found myself thinking, What is the *matter* with these people? quite forgetting who they were, or who I was, or the possible meaning of the relation between us.

One thing, at least, was made clear about “these people” from the first moment: they are obsessed with Nazism. Some few Germans that I met would agree. Most would, and did, respond to mention of the Nazis with extreme irritation, self-pity, claims of innocence, attacks on the sins of others, references to their sufferings during the war; and the young, of course, by announcing the year of their birth. But what they say they feel does not matter. Only two things can liven up a truly boring conversation in Germany, make the silent voluble and the phlegmatic lively — a question about reunification or a reference to Nazism.

There was, what with the perpetual round of polite occasions and the effort involved in just pinning down the denotative meanings of words, no time to get further with this obsession of the Germans than merely note it. In fact, I did not want to go further, because it occurred to me that this must be a very complicated matter, and I was *not* seeking a sense of complication.

Nothing, as I was to learn only two days before

leaving the country, could have been further from the case. Nazism all of a sudden became a simple phenomenon to understand, and the Germans' inability to cope with it even simpler. This is what I learned, or let us say, relearned, during a one-hour visit to Dachau concentration camp, which is a twenty-minute drive from Munich.

We had planned to go to Dachau, my husband and I, from the first. Before we left New York, our German hosts had thoughtfully and methodically provided us with a checklist on which to make known our particular interests among things to do and see; and at the bottom, where the blank was left for "Other — Please Specify," we had, with a slightly unpleasant feeling of triumph and more than a little aggression, scrawled "Dachau and Buchenwald" (the flourish in the act revealing itself through our failure to remember the fact that Buchenwald is in East Germany). You wish to know what kind of people we are so that you may more appropriately entertain us? Very well, then: we are concentration-camp visitors.

Gestures of this kind define one only abstractly. When it came to it, I was not pleased to be making the visit. For where can one go after one has visited a concentration camp (not the worst, we were told, not really a killing camp, not really gassing, mostly shooting, and only, so far as we know, around a hundred thousand killed there)? How does one make conversation with the Germans one has yet to meet? Or perhaps one would feel nothing and so have to confront the problem of whether one was not oneself "dehumanized."

But the visit turned out to be easy. You could feel nothing (and in truth one felt very little) and still get the message. Let me describe the place, what is left of it. Dachau, like, I suppose, all the other camps in West Germany, has been "cleaned up"; its barracks taken down; a chapel of each of the three major faiths constructed on the grounds; its mass graves marked with tasteful memorial plaques, planted with good lawn, and bordered with neat flower beds; its gallows replaced with a marker; its administration building converted into a modern, well-lighted museum of horrors; and everywhere the memorial wreaths with ribbons identifying their donors.

The camp abuts a highway, not a main artery, to be sure, but not a backwoods dirt road either. Your car goes along the road, and right there, just beyond the shoulder, are the barbed wire, the watchtowers, and the ditch, now drained of its water. Beyond the neatly graveled enclosure in which once stood thirty barracks housing some eight thousand men, a pathway takes one across a little footbridge (over a second canal of water) and into the killing area. Here there are two one-story structures, one tiny, one about the size of a well-

equipped stable (the size is crucial). The tiny structure houses only a single oven, Dachau's first crematorium, later superseded by three ovens in the other, clearly newer building. This building contains three small gas chambers, one larger one, the three aforementioned ovens, and a small ante-chamber to same.

My first reaction was disappointment. The other members of our party, there were six of us in all, were offended by the way the camp had been fixed up, prettified. I was far more taken aback by how unimpressive it was, really, to be there. The camps, I realized then, had come to loom in my imagination as vast, seemingly endless places, commensurate in some way with the amount of eternity they had brought to pass in those few short years. (I am told that Auschwitz does, topographically and architecturally, somewhat approximate its own nature.) But Dachau is small, one might almost say cozy — in any case, completely and terribly accessible, traversible, at a brisk pace, in ten to fifteen minutes. Driven by that urge that has something about it of the pornographic and certainly a great deal of the obscene, I was in a hurry to see the gas chambers and the furnaces. These, too, I imagined to be vast, my mind pulled out of proportion by a jumble of figures once at my command: so many hundreds, thousands, in a day, a week, a month. But with all the talk of German efficiency and order, I had not reckoned on German efficiency and order. No space or elaborate equipment was needed, not even for the dispatch of millions. The gas chambers are not great halls into which thousands marched, expecting to take showers: ceilings at most seven feet high, the smaller ones less wide than the spread of a man's arms, the larger one — I had to think it — about the size of my own kitchen. Passive or resisting, people had to be *pushed* into those chambers — in order to fit. To be sure, Dachau was not a major killing center; it is said the gas chambers were not even used. But they were designed to be used. Clearly, if it is done properly, killing need not take up more than a minimum time or space. And the ovens are just exactly that, about the size of old-fashioned bread ovens. The real point about these ovens is that each body incinerated in them had to be placed, by a pair of human hands, onto a sort of cradle and then slid through a very small door.

All of this is something I was quite capable of imagining about murder Nazi-style when I was twelve years old, and no longer capable of imagining by the time I had reached the age of "reason." It is also something the Germans know, no matter what they did then or say now. They were there. Or their mothers and fathers were there, which is more than good enough. And there is nothing incomprehensible about it: under the Nazis a great number

of Germans were beastly people who murdered millions of their fellow humans and took some kind of pleasure in doing so. They also tortured them, and took some kind of pleasure in doing so. And for so much murder and so much torture there had to have been a great lust for hatred.

Which is to say that Dachau was not the product, as our theories of totalitarianism have so persuasively had it, of a monstrously rational "system" in which those obedient to the "system" set out to "exterminate" classes of abstract "unpersons." It was the penal institution of a society given up to the blackest urges of mankind, in which men were permitted to starve, torture, shoot, gas, and incinerate other men who had fallen under their power — and in which they did so, *had* to have done so, with gusto.

The proof of this lies in Dachau itself, in its intimacy and personalness. The machinery of Nazi killing is a machinery devised for men to use on others like themselves, and not, as the special explicators of twentieth-century terror have maintained, for the riddance of a pest, the establishment of a "new order." Nowhere in the process was there a provision for the distance, the detachment, necessary to create even so much of physical euphemism as can be found in an ordinary hospital.

Nazism, then, was not some shudder in the great march of history, not even, as the usage is properly applied, a real ism. It was, exactly as we were told by the most lurid movies and nonfiction best sellers of our childhood, an outbreak of madness. *Walgisnacht*.

Perversely enough, I left Dachau feeling easier than at any time during our trip about the future of Germany. My rage at the Germans was now direct, and in an answering way, of human proportion. With a madman one knows how to deal. He is to be restrained, and then one day he will die, leaving those after him concerned for the health and happiness of his children.



George P. Elliott

Critic and novelist, Mr. Elliott has taught creative writing at Cornell, Barnard, Iowa, and St. Mary's in California, and is now at Syracuse University.

Before accepting the invitation to take this trip, I had not appreciated the depth of my prejudice against Germany and non-Jewish Germans (yes, my best friend was one). National Socialism was so

self-evidently vile that my detestation of it could spread to most things German without disturbing my conscience. To be sure, if the crimes of Hitler and the Nazis could justify my anti-Germanism, then the crimes of Stalin and the Communists or of Mussolini and the Fascists would have justified an anti-Russianism or an anti-Italianism which I never felt; but this contradiction I had left unnoticed, indeed unnoticed.

Likewise, I did not appreciate the extent of anti-German prejudice among my acquaintances, who think of themselves as alert against prejudice wherever they find it, until I observed their reactions to the news of my forthcoming trip. Some, to be sure, congratulated me on the chance to have a good time and see the world, and others unintentionally troubled me by congratulating me for being a "cultural observer," part of a "cultural interchange," the way it says in the *Times*, stuffy. But there were also plenty of hecklings and knowing leers: "So, you like the gravy train so much you'll ride it even to Germany, will you?" There was the friend who had declined the invitation to be of this party and who vigorously insisted that I would hate Germany. There were those who did not respond at all when I told them I was going. Especially there was the lovely woman, intelligent, very liberal, Jewish, though none of her family had been persecuted by the Nazis, as decent a person as I know, who said that two years ago when traveling with her husband and children they had driven into Germany one fine day to see what it looked like, nothing happened, only the map told them this pleasant countryside they were driving through was German, she felt acutely uncomfortable, almost panicky, they managed to eat lunch, but then they turned around and drove out fast. I knew and know little about the birth and nurture of present-day American anti-Germanism, though I am sure there is more to it than the Nazis' crimes. But that it is of some consequence I have no doubt.

When I arrived in the Hamburg airport, my natural state of expectancy was heightened by an intense consciousness of the prejudices I was smuggling in. From airport to hotel, nothing confirmed them. Within a couple of days they were confused; and two weeks later when I flew from Munich they were in a desperate tangle, those that had not died or gone into hiding. I am not sure how many have survived; but those that have are no longer as they were, can never again be as they were.

Maybe I was bought? We went first class. We ate well, and two or three times better than that. I learned in considerable detail, what I had heard in general, that there are many superb German white wines, especially the Mosels. Arrangements were managed excellently: for example, one of us had said he would like to meet Kiesinger, and

Kiesinger we met. Our hotel in Hamburg, the Vier Jahreszeiten, was near perfection. But I think I am harder to buy than that. I once was sent to Hollywood for a week first class, and because of that trip I thought less well of Hollywood, of those who paid my way, and of myself for having gone.

Insofar as I was a tourist in Germany, I had a splendid time. It was a pleasure to be a member of the group, which took on a happy life of its own for the two weeks. I went to three great museums I had not known before, and looked till my back ached. For a conventionally staged grand opera, Hamburg's *Don Giovanni* was excellent. At the Kammerspiele in East Berlin I saw incomparably the best-staged opera of my experience, a work I had not heard of before, Monteverdi's *The Homecoming of Odysseus*. Perhaps, opera productions being what they usually are, this sounds like faint praise: this performance was as imaginative a theatrical production as I have ever seen on stage. At the other end of the scale, in Munich we saw an empty, pretty-pretty performance of *Hansel and Gretel*, and at the Reeperbahn in Hamburg a girly show which is to striptease as striptease is to the Rockettes. We listened to fire-breathing Maoist students, to smooth-talking legislators and cabinet ministers, to mayors in rathouses, to bankers and publishers, to former SS men, to the Chancellor; it wasn't exactly fun, but now I've done it. The Fasching ball in Munich was like The Cheetah in Times Square, only bigger and with wild costumes and makeup. Going to a nightclub in East Berlin was like stepping into a time machine: in palm beach suits the band played fox-trots and waltzes, the ballroom-dance dancers were corseted with respectability, and a Rumanian torch singer belted out "Stormy Weather." (No beer was served: the joint was much too tony for beer.)

Well, naturally I am grateful to those who made such experiences possible, and these experiences and that gratitude did their share to change my view of Germany. But they were not the main things. The main things were thinking about Kiesinger's membership in the Nazi Party and listening to Professor Carl-Friedrich von Weizsäcker.

It is easy to understand how Kiesinger as an ambitious young man, Catholic and therefore anti-Communist and at least latently anti-Semitic, joined the Nazi Party when it came to power, and it is not hard to believe that, when he realized he had thrown in with criminals, he withdrew from active politics into what he calls internal exile. Moreover, practical democratic politics being as they are, it is quite possible that this winter he was the best compromise candidate available as coalition Chancellor. But head of state is also a highly symbolic position, as President Kennedy's assassination reminded the world. On our trip we were

told — how accurately I do not know — that Willy Brandt had been unacceptable as Chancellor because he had gone into literal exile during Hitler's regime and of course that no former Communist could ever make it. From America, it had seemed to me sinister that the new Chancellor was a former Nazi; in Germany, it seemed only corrupt and corrupting. But I thought there and I think here that it is important symbolically that the chosen head of state should be a man who had ignobly compromised with blatant social evil. If nothing else, this fact must surely breed cynicism among young Germans. Of the ills afflicting the young these days in the West, none seems to me more corrosive than the cynicism which they evidence in a thousand ways. Knowingly to feed this cynicism, much less in so profoundly symbolic a way as Germany is now doing, seems to me inexcusable. Then I reflect on the highest models for political behavior and aspiration that we in the United States afford our young people . . .

Weizsäcker has been a physicist of the first rank and is now a professor of philosophy at Hamburg University. His father was the Nazi ambassador to the Vatican and after the war was sentenced by an American tribunal to imprisonment as a war criminal. Professor Weizsäcker, an active member of the Lutheran Church, was primarily responsible for the declaration which eighteen leading German physicists made in 1957, that they would refuse ever to turn their knowledge of nuclear physics to military use. In my view this is the best possible political action physicists can take as physicists; it has not been taken by any sizable group of eminent physicists in our country, whose government honors Wernher von Braun and Edward Teller. For an hour and a half on our third day in Germany, Weizsäcker addressed us and answered our questions. He spoke to our occasion, and since he was not only intelligent in the highest degree but also morally clear, since he knew what he was talking about and believed what he said was true, his words became my guide for thinking about Germany. The crux of what he said was an opinion; everywhere I went I listened for it to be confirmed or opposed; in one form or another it was confirmed without exception by students, teachers, literary people, high officials, bankers, businessmen. *Germany has given up all thought of being a great power again.* I came to realize that the secret core of my anti-Germanism had been fear of its aggressive power. I hope it is true that it has abandoned that evil dream, and in this hope I view the again resurgent neo-Nazi nationalism as archaic, a vicious but leftover stupidity. I fear it less than I fear our own nationalist extremism, for, however uneasily, the United States is the greatest power now. If we go mad, we will wreck the world.

The feel of Hamburg I found to be more American than the feel of any other European city I have been in, as to a lesser degree Germany felt quite American to me. Germany dreams our dreams, especially our dream of wealth. To graduate from a Gymnasium Germans must study our language for nine years. A book that does well here frequently does well there, apparently in considerable part because it did well here first. They dance to our tunes: I saw two little chambermaids who could not speak English skipping hand in hand down a hall singing a waltz from *My Fair Lady*. To make his mark, a young German intellectual must pay his visit to the United States, just as before the war a young American physicist who intended to make his mark had to have "studied in Germany." Now I understand how it could have been that so many American soldiers right after the war, having chafed in alien England and alien France, immediately felt at home when they occupied Germany.

To think about present-day Germany is, for me, to think about present-day America, and my refusing to think about Germany was also a refusal to think about America. I know of nothing more interesting to think about than this America which I am part of and which is part of me, and few things more scary. The Germans were the most dangerous a generation ago, and we are dangerous now in many of those same ways. I'm glad I went.



Stanley Kauffmann

Mr. Kauffmann, a playwright and novelist, is associate editor of the NEW REPUBLIC.

I dream quite a lot about Germany. I have spent much longer periods in other countries than the two weeks I spent in Germany without a comparable effect on my night life. The difference cannot be solely because of Germany's political past; I visited Austria in 1960, a country that had been more densely Nazi than Germany, without a similar result. There is obviously something special between me and Germany. Another indication of this is that during this visit (my first), I often had the feeling that our party were the first outsiders in Germany since World War II, and even at times that I was making the trip alone.

In these dreams of mine, I am German: not German-Jewish, which my immigrant grandfather

was, but a non-Jewish German in Germany today. Most of these dreams are nightmares.

I suppose that these self-dramatizations, during the trip and now nocturnally, come from several sources. First is my early inheritance of admiration for things German. (For an illumination of this state of mind in German Jews, see Gershom Scholem's article in *Commentary*, November, 1966.) Blanketing that admiration is the subsequent Hitler history. I suppose further that I took this visit so personally because I remembered that early admiration; and I knew what had happened to my German relatives in the thirties and what would have happened to me if I had been there; and because I expected to find in Germany what in fact I found.

What intelligent American, of any background, would not find his preconceptions of Germany substantiated? — that Germans talk a good deal about democracy; that the talk seems rooted less in political reality than in misapprehension, fantasy, a desire to ingratiate, and also a desire to cover up less democratic realities in their present political life; that there is a large residuum of former Nazis in important posts of every kind; that there is a group, particularly of the rather old and rather young, who resent Germany's loss of position; and that there are a number of artists and intellectuals who are bitter about the insufficient change in post-war Germany. All these assumptions proved true, of course. This supported my recurrent illusion of a voyage of private confirmation. What gives me the bad dreams is the fact that many of the preconceptions are now embodied, personified. Now they are not ideas to me but individuals, many of whom I liked very much. They speak, they have lives. They have, out of personal and political history, their sides of the question. *Not* justification, but their sides of the question. And the totality of the experience persuades me that as in nineteenth-century Russia it was a kind of fate to be Russian, so today it is a fate to be German. It is to be both a legatee and a condemned man, an inheritor of past high achievements, past horrors, and present discouragements, unwilling (unless you are ready to commit suicide or renounce self completely) to divest yourself utterly of pride, of love for the best in German tradition, yet tied to your countrymen more by community than by confidence.

This sense of fatedness, of contradiction, of being a member of a body that one cannot leave although there is much in it to detest, was epitomized for me in the best German intellect I met on this trip, Carl-Friedrich von Weizsäcker.

After meeting von Weizsäcker I read his book *The Relevance of Science*, which he wrote in English. (It consists of the Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1959-1960.) In it he says:

I lived under a dictatorship for twelve years. I did not behave like a hero, but I studied the functioning of the system. . . . Weapons are useless if people are not prepared to use them; propaganda is one of the main methods to prepare them for their use. Perhaps one may dare to go a step further. An integrated personality may be able to resist propaganda.

In conversation it becomes clear that he has small faith in the existence of that integrated personality in West Germany. We may doubt that Germany has the disruptive power in the world that it used to have; still for a German of troubled conscience and mind, this lack of faith is part of the German fate.

Von Weizsäcker was the first to mention a matter that was later mentioned by many others. Asked to explain the low level of German intellectual-artistic achievement after World War II as against the high level after World War I, he attributed it chiefly to the "loss of intellectual substance" even before 1939. He estimated that half the outstanding German artists and intellectuals of his youth were Jews. The same reason, sometimes with a higher percentage, was given by educators, political figures, film and theater people to explain the post-1945 slump in their respective fields. A visitor immediately suspects a desire in many of these people to impress with penitence. Still the facts of certain pre-Hitler names and of the post-war results lend credibility to the contention. The irony is that a small percentage of the population — half a million Jews in a pre-war Germany of 70 million — were persecuted as disproportionately influential, and now they are lamented, at least publicly, because their influence is lacking.

To turn to some of the arts in which I am specially interested, it is indisputable, whether because of the absence of Jews or not, that the theatrical arts (in which Jews were once prominent) have not flourished since the war. In the German film there has been a good deal of activity but not much work of merit. On this trip I kept asking what German films I ought to see. Only one was recommended: Alexander Kluge's *Abschied von Gestern*, which shows some gifts but is a slavish imitation of Godard. Every German city has at least one theater — Munich has twenty-four — but no one I spoke to (including an experienced critic) was greatly excited about any one theater or director, and there has been no post-war dramatist of consequence, possibly excepting Rolf Hochhuth. The one West German production I saw, *A Streetcar Named Desire* at the Hamburg Schauspielhaus, was about as good as a competent American resident theater production.

There are large regional studios that prepare TV films. I visited two, in Hamburg and Munich, and was astonished by their size and equipment.

Yet the people whom I asked said that most TV drama is uninteresting. While I was being shown around Studio Hamburg, my young escort told me that the spirit of Lessing, who lived in Hamburg for two years, prevails there. "His 'moral view' of drama is still with us," said my TV guide, as we watched the filming of episodes from a domestic comedy and a private-eye serial.

Still the factor of the loss of Jewish artists is obviously an incomplete explanation. The immediate, puzzling anomaly is that, unlike the theatrical arts, post-war German literature has been important in several ways. German novelists, poets, essayists, and serious journalists have not only been both prolific and distinguished, they have become the focus of the best progressive spirit in the country. Such different writers as Grass, Walser, Eich, Enzensberger, Böll, Schnurre, Bachmann, Dönhoff, Leonhardt — none of them Jewish, I think — form a collective voice: candid, critical, compassionate, and angry about Germany today.

But for me, their anger and love and strong doubts set the seal on the antinomy of the German fate. Germany, whose Nazi period is usually explained by the country's previous history, cannot escape the consequences — the German consequences — of that Hitler history. Some of those consequences, it seems to me, are its very economic success, single-minded and somewhat stupefying and aggrandizing, and, following from this success, further resentment by many Germans of their lowered position in the world hierarchy. Germany may (as von Weizsäcker said) have abandoned its dream of becoming a Great Power, but there is still plenty of trouble that can come from the afflatus of wealth. And the atmosphere of self-satisfaction must inevitably increase the bitterness and despair of the best German spirits. (Imagine how Grass and others like him must have reacted to the recent censorship, by the German film industry, of the British thriller *The Quiller Memorandum*, set in Berlin today. Originally the villains were neo-Nazis. Now they are nondescript, and the German audience is free to assume they are Communists.)

Need an American add that — particularly at this moment in our country's history — he does not speak from a moral Olympus? But not a very high hill is required to survey German morality, recent and present. That moral conspectus is shared by many German artists and intellectuals, some of whom I met, famous and obscure.

At the last it is they, the dissatisfied, whom I remember most vividly, not the dislikable Germans or the likable but bland. It is the dissatisfied who bear the chief burden of the German fate. It is they who (I guess this is what's happening) are probing my long-buried sympathetic ties with Germany and are plaguing my dreams.

BOBBY

A Story by Joseph Whitehill



A weekend at the lake with his young nephew seemed innocuous enough, but this Samaritan did not know a simple fact about Bobby: he is an unforgettable monster. Mr. Whitehill's most recent novel, PRECIOUS LITTLE, has just been published by Scribner's.

YOU'VE drowned your minnow again," John Dimit said kindly. His nephew was only a beginner, but minnows, nevertheless, were fifty cents a dozen.

Bobby Sands, a golden twelve, pouted at the whitening bait he dangled before his eyes. "Is that just a figure of speech, or do they really drown? I mean, how can they drown if they *live* in water? Uncle John, how?"

John watched the parcel of ripples from the boy's lurching in the boat wash over his red and white float, making it lift and nod. After the ripples it lay dead in the flat water; his big and wary crappie had gone again, cautioned away by the wrongness of the bait's motion. "When you snatch your line up like that every two minutes to look at it, you make water go the wrong way through its gills. And it swallows water, too. That's what we call drowning the minnow."

Bobby leaned over the transom and hauled up the floating minnow bucket. Another parcel of ripples tossed John's float. The bang of the bucket echoed in the hot oak forest on the shore of the cove. Water spewed from the holes of the bucket onto the seat. Happily, the boy chased the fluttering stranded minnows about the bottom of the bucket with his urgent hand. John closed his eyes, saying, "If you weren't quite so rough with them, they'd live longer. I've had this one on for almost an hour." The minnow bucket plunged to the

water in free fall and struck with a bruising shock. John opened his eyes. "Now, ease it through back of the dorsal fin, just above the spine. If you go through the spine, that kills them too."

"I think you simply know how to pick stronger minnows than I do." ("No, no," whispered John.) "What does a minnow become if it's allowed to grow up?"

"A shiner. Like a little carp."

"Can I take one home for a pet tomorrow night?"

"If there's any left alive by then."

"Well, we could buy a new one, of course. I'll give you the money myself. How much does one cost?"

"They're fifty cents a dozen. Suppose you tell me."

"Well, of course. That's a little over four cents apiece. A nickel ought to buy a strong one."

"You ought to put on your hat."

"I don't burn. I tan."

"I've heard that one before."

Bobby did not put on his hat, nor, after brief hesitation, did his uncle insist.

Last night in Tulsa, after an uncomfortable half hour in his sister Francy's hot little house, John had invited the boy to come to the lake with him for the weekend, had invited him inevitably, without picking his words, when he had found that things there were now so bad that Sam Sands, his

brother-in-law, was sleeping on the couch in the living room. All that half hour he had inwardly squirmed under the deep and separate attentions of Sam and Francy, the searching inspection that befalls an outsider in a house where divorce is gathering itself. In his numb discomfort his only commentary response was to invite their boy away.

This morning, dressing in the predawn darkness, he had considered calling Kathy Breen at the Grand Lake Lodge to warn her he was bringing the boy, to ask her please to make space for him in their weekend. Because it was so early, and she would have worked late in the tavern downstairs, he had decided against it. Let her make the space when she saw him.

John Dimit was a bachelor of forty-five, a production engineer in a handsome brick geophysical plant that stood alone on a meadowed hill southeast of Tulsa. Not aggressive or ambitious or willfully charming, he accepted that his eleven-thousand-dollar salary would not grow much in the years to his retirement, and that he would not likely become one of the small good breed upstairs, the smiling, tanned, well-tailored six, the tough young men who ran the company. Further, he knew he was too old, as age counts among electronics men, to be like the brilliant young tigers, all with master's degrees, who wore Hathaway Aertex shirts in Development. He filled his place well; his job and he were the same size, and he was endlessly secure in it. He owned a Chevrolet three years old, and a fiber glass boat with a twenty-five horsepower engine on it, and every year he took a trip to Michigan to see his mother.

He had first met Kathy Breen twelve years ago, when she and her drunkard husband had bought the old wooden Grand Lake Lodge that sat like a wrecked crate on the limestone shore, and had begun sleeping with her the next year. After the timely death of her husband, he and Kathy had considered marriage, but when her two grown children heard of it, they laughed with alarm and laughed her out of it. Half of the lodge, under intestate proceedings, was theirs, and they had lively hopes for the other half in time. Their mother's marriage would dilute both principal and income, since they would probably have to hire the management they now got for nothing. Their dissuasion had all the sincerity of true, bright greed, and was in the end successful. John Dimit had accepted the refusal without argument, since argument of any kind exhausted him and made his stomach burn. He spent every weekend at the lodge as a favored, but paying, guest.

At sunrise this morning he had knocked on his sister's door and had stood in the hall stupid with sleep while she, pale in robe and curlers, recited explicit instructions to him about the supervision

of Bobby's diet, bowels, manners, and bedtime. He accepted from the mute Sam a little case containing Bobby's pajamas and toilet articles and his asthma pills. Sam looked wrecked. Bobby sat resting on his knees in the tangled sheets of his father's couch. When the instruction and admonishment were over, he rose and left the house looking straight ahead, mumbling his good-byes. His reciprocally besieged parents stood on opposite sides of the doorway, ignoring each other, to watch John and Bobby leave.

During the two-hour bore of the turnpike, John had volunteered no conversation, preoccupied as he was with the metabolic mysteries of the cooling and stilling of his sister's marriage. He had watched the grim maturing of a divorce before, when decent people with no practice at it must inventory everything they hold in common — things and haunts, friends and children — for division, assignment, and sometimes throwing away. People like Francy and Sam, with orderly minds and no taste for the sharings of cold compromise, would never rest until everything had been taken out of commonage. John liked Sam, and was depressed at this choiceless prospect of losing him.

"What's that, Uncle John?" In a pasture off the turnpike a black machine nodded silently, swinging its counterweights.

"An oil well."

"Why doesn't it have a big tower on top of it like the ones in books? Like the ones over in Oklahoma City?"

"This is a shallow well. They use a portable derrick on a truck to pull the tubing and the rods. In the deep wells, where there's a lot of pipe and rods and they're heavy, it's cheaper to leave the drilling derrick in place for when they have to clean it out and replace the pump."

"Is everything in business done a certain way because it's cheaper than some other way?"

"Yes."

"Pretty stingy, boy."

AT THE end of their good large breakfast in the sway-floored restaurant of the lodge, Kathy Breen had come down from her rooms dressed for the day, seeking John and finding John and Bobby. "Hello. Where'd you get him?"

"This is my sister's boy, Bobby Sands."

"Well, now."

"Bobby, time to go have a bowel movement. In the lobby, around by the stairs."

"But I don't need to."

"Go on anyway and try."

"That gives you hemorrhoids."

"Oh, God," Kathy said, laughing.

"Listen, buddy, we're not going to sit around here discussing it in front of a lady. Go on."

Bobby lifted his fair fine eyebrows and said, "Lady?" Then he left.

"I apologize," John said.

"No need, dear. Is he going to stay tonight?"

"Yes. His parents are fighting."

"With you?"

"No, with each other."

"I mean, is he going to stay with you?"

John smiled at her. She was gray-haired and plain and somewhat thick across the back of her shoulders. He believed she was several years older than he, but had never inquired how many. "I thought you might give him the connecting room to mine, Fifteen to my Seventeen."

"All right." She seemed satisfied.

John's fishing was not the obsessed kind of many of her customers. He never stayed out all night, or motored miles up and down the lake, or spent a great deal of money for equipment. Later in the morning in the boat, therefore, he was not offended when Bobby sighed loudly and said he was bored. They had been anchored here for several hours over one of the three crappie holes — brush piles sunk deep with concrete blocks — that the lodge kept baited for private gain, and had taken only four fish, all too small to be interesting. The eleven o'clock sun shone down with great force into the windless cove; the boy was flushed under his squinting eyes, and sweat made runnels in the white down of his jaw.

John slowly lifted his long cane pole. His minnow was still twitching. "How about a swim?"

"I don't have my suit."

"You don't need a suit. Nobody can see you."

"Oh, no. I could never swim without my suit. And that water looks dirty."

John considered his reply while he hauled up the little cast-iron mushroom anchor by its clothes-line rope. "Swim in your underwear, then. But the water's not dirty; that's very fine clay that hasn't settled out yet. Down near the dam the water's clear." He surged the anchor up and down below the surface to wash off black mud that had come up with it, then he lifted it in and pushed it under a seat. He rowed with short strokes, facing forward, until the stem of the boat rasped lightly on the gravel shore. "Better not to dive around here. There's lots of stumps." He followed the boy out over the bow, and turned to pull the lightened boat farther up. He undressed without looking at Bobby, laid his clothes on the little foredeck, and waded out into the warm water. At thigh depth he stopped and sat down to float, looking out to the sparkling lake. He heard Bobby, after several minutes of a deciding silence, wade in splashing and humming. In the side of

his eye he saw that the boy was wearing his little white underwear.

"How far is it across the cove here, Uncle John?"

John paddled himself backward into the shallows where he could rest on his elbows and look across the cove. "I guess a couple hundred feet."

"Let's swim over."

"Not me. I'm lazy." In the very shallows the water was almost hot, like a bath.

Bobby said, "I think I will."

"Are you a good swimmer?"

"Good swimmer? I'm excellent!"

But when John saw him fall stomach-first, with his face to the sky, and begin a flailing, swivel-headed stroke into deep water, he knew at once that the boy would not make it. John let him struggle ten feet more, then, when he still kept on, pushed off in a breaststroke to catch him. The boy's blue eyes were walling with fear when John reached him and aimed him back toward the shore. He reached safe footing without help, and when he had finished panting and gagging, said angrily, "This is a perfectly filthy place to swim!" He waded out to put on his clothes. Neither mentioned the incident afterward.

KATHY BREEN ate her lunch with them in the restaurant of the lodge. Patiently, she worked all through the hamburgers and French fries to reach Bobby with a matter that might interest him; she recalled last week's hydroplane races, and an eighty-pound catfish that had got pooled below the dam when the penstocks were shut, and the hailstorm last year when the stones were so large they would not go into a highball glass. Bobby answered with skeptical monosyllables and an occasional private smile, not looking at her. He spoke only to his uncle, and during the length of the meal, asked him the following questions: If, in the old days, it took two horses to pull a one-share plow, why does a tractor need a thirty-horsepower engine to pull only four blades? Why are ministers' children so often failures? Does a cash register actually *count* money, or just keep it? If all the sparkles of sunlight on the lake there were brought together in one place, would they sum up to one reflection equal in strength to the reflection of one sun in still water, or more, or less? How does an ovum know to harden itself against further penetration after one viable sperm has entered it?

John made answers to each, more or less complete as the subjects were near or far from his province, and then suggested that it was time for Bobby's nap.

"I'm really not sleepy."

John finished his beer with a long sloping swallow. "I promised your mother."

"Even Mother can't make me sleep if I'm not sleepy."

"Look, I've got to get a little nap myself. Why can't you just rest on your bed and read?"

Bobby grinned and leaned forward with his palms up ingratiatingly. "Look, I'm learning so much up here . . . I'll go down to the dock and look at the boats while you nap, all right? All right." He was out of his chair and through the door and skip-running down the long wooden stairs all in one fluid movement.

"Just a little spoiled," Kathy commented, leaning back to light a cigarette.

John shook his head shortly, and got up saying, "Excuse me a second. How many rings for the dock?"

"Three long."

John cranked the wall telephone, and when the dockmaster answered faintly, said, "Chris, this is John Dimit. My little nephew just started down there. Would you keep an eye on him for an hour or so? He can't swim for sour apples. Thanks. Just keep him out of trouble."

He went back to the table to stand so that his hip touched Kathy's shoulder lightly, a gesture neatly concealed from the other customers and the waitress. "He's not spoiled so much as precocious. Will I see you in a little while?"

"You'll be asleep in two minutes. I know you."

"Then wake me up."

"I'll see."

Half an hour later in his room, John was awakened not by Kathy but by the dockmaster's telephone call. He sat on the edge of the bed until reality tumbled back together, then answered, "Yes?"

"This is Chris down to the dock. I had to run the boy off, Mr. Dimit. He was out floating around in your boat trying to start the motor."

"All right. Thanks."

Just as John replaced the handset, Bobby fell in through the door from the balcony, panting and indignant and laughing. "That man on the dock is a brute!"

"He just called me."

"Oh. Well. Well, if I hadn't been so slow figuring out the pressure system on your gas tank, I'd be long gone by now!"

"It's against the law up here for boys under sixteen—" John Dimit followed the boy's stare to the other door, the one that gave on the hall. It opened quietly and slowly, and Kathy backed in, watching the hall, wearing her kimono.

She closed the door softly, holding the knob to prevent the click, then turned and said a small

"Oh," with her hand at her throat. She gazed at Bobby with her head lifted and her mouth pursed as if to sip from a high glass. Bobby looked only at his uncle, wearing a popeyed solemnity and surprise that John, even in his fluster, sensed was largely affected. In the brief triangular episode that followed, sentences were begun one way and finished another, glances were given and averted, and gestures were lifted and dropped, until John, under the heavy pressure of Christian sense, solved it to Kathy's loss and Bobby's gain. Kathy went smoking to her own rooms, and John took Bobby down to the dock.

There they fueled the boat full and embarked on a long fast trip down the thirty miles of glaring lake to the dam. Bobby drove all the way down and back, bouncing on the seat, wrenching the wheel to make shallow, spraying turns, and yelling into the warm wind. John hung on glumly and thought about his sister's marriage, Kathy's great white thighs, and a double bourbon.

It was past five o'clock and still hot when John wearily climbed the stairs after Bobby. He was much dried and his eyes hurt and the backs of his hands and neck suffered at a thought. Bobby's energy seemed undiminished; the only evident effects of the day's sun on him were the high pink of his skin and the slight snarl in his voice.

In the lobby, John paused to buy a large jar of Noxzema from Kathy; she said nothing as she rang up the sale, but looked several times from the man to the boy. John started toward the hall and the cool shower and the big drink waiting in his room, but Bobby called him back. He had found the Coke machine and needed a dime. John hooked his pants pocket open with the forefinger of his left hand to ease the pain when he put in his right. He felt a dime and brought it out between straight fingers.

In the pause between the dropping of the dime in the slot and the rumbling delivery of the bottle, Bobby looked, saw, and screeched, "Hey, Uncle John! I haven't *seen* that one!" He was jabbing his finger at an easel poster advertising a Three Stooges movie at the little theater in Grove.

"Oh, Jesus," John whispered, and smiled faintly. "I was hoping you wouldn't notice that."

Bobby hung hard on his uncle's sleeve. "But you're not supposed to miss *any* of them!"

"I've managed to miss all but one. All but half of that one, too."

"Please."

"We'll talk about it after dinner."

In his room, Bobby flopped on the bed to read from a much-rolled comic book of violence, and refused to take a shower. Bemused with pouring whiskey into a tumbler, John said before he reasoned his strategy, "No shower, no movie." The

boy yelled as he ran to the bathroom, and yelled all the way through his shower. John bit his tongue.

By efficiently carrying his glass about with him in his room and into his own shower, John finished three strong highballs before dinner. By the time he followed Bobby into the dining room his sunburned hands and neck had quieted well. He waved about the room to the customers who recognized him, and sat where Kathy showed him to. While Bobby disappeared into the menu, John said to her, "I guess I've got to take him to that movie tonight."

Kathy did not look up from her pad, but her pencil twitched. "You could drop him there and pick him up afterward. What would you like for dinner?"

"Yes, I could, couldn't I?" Bobby's eyes rose above the menu and watched him. "No, no, it wouldn't do. Better not." Bobby's eyes dropped again. "Ah — fried chicken, Roquefort, and a Bud. Bobby, what looks good to you?"

The menu came down at once, and Bobby said, blinking rapidly, "I think I'll have the shrimp cocktail, and this sixteen-ounce T-bone steak with mushrooms, and the baked potato with chives and sour cream, and the tossed salad with Italian dressing. That steak is medium rare."

"My God," John said. He flinched at five dollars' worth of dinner for a twelve-year-old boy, flinched even through the normal before-dinner mist of menu generosity he got from fatigue and whiskey.

Kathy looked disapproving. "You want him to have all that?"

"Anything you order you eat," John told him. "Or no movie."

Calmly, avoiding the quarrel he could rightly have picked, Bobby said, "Really, Uncle John, I'm starved. All this fresh air and sunshine and swimming."

John nodded to Kathy, who left to give the pad to one of the waitresses and take her place again behind the cash register. Frequently during dinner John found her eyes on him, and could give her back nothing more meaningful than an apologetic wink or shrug.

While the boy ate, cleverly and rapidly, he asked the following questions: Why do some fluorescent lights start instantly, while others flicker and delay? Where is the safest place in the house during a nuclear attack? What is Kathy Breen's background? Why don't you have a bigger boat, with a cabin on it for shade? Can Kathy Breen go into any room in the lodge, just because she owns it? Why don't you like the Three Stooges? What do you get out of all that whiskey and beer you drink?

John gave the best answers he could.

Though he slowed toward the end, Bobby ate

all his dinner, leaving only the radish slices in his salad. He ate apple pie with ice cream on it for dessert, and pushed back from the table with a gasp of accomplishment.

At the cash register, John told Kathy they would return right after the movie, and he would see her then. She took his money with a little smile.

In the deep chill of the theater, John sat with his hand protecting the burned nape of his neck, blinking at every shriek of the audience, feeling his small headache and his thirst wax together. Twice he disliked himself for laughing at the crude and hostile humor on the screen. Bobby ate a bag and a half of popcorn, a box of jujubes, and drank two orange sodas during the movie.

On the way back to the lodge, Bobby did not comment on the heat lightning that pulsed silently below the southern horizon, or on the two blinding white clouds of moths they met. It was as if Bobby's hectic fires had at last consumed everything inside him.

Back at their rooms, John mixed himself a drink, and in a turn of pity for the boy, offered to rub Noxzema on his sunburn to help him get to sleep. Dreary-eyed and swaying to stand, Bobby was still game. "It doesn't hurt at all, really, just sort of dry. Crinkly. And I'm not sleepy a bit. I think I'll just stay up." Nevertheless, he submitted at once to the anointment of his radiating skin, and lay still in his bed after John was finished. John quietly left the room and went to sit on the dark balcony before his open door to watch the moonstruck lake and wait for Kathy to come to him. He put his feet up on the railing and sipped his drink.

Not long later, Kathy slipped into the chair beside him without greeting. Their hands found each other's at once.

"I think he went right to sleep," John whispered.

"He had a big day."

They talked in low voices for some time, watching the blinking neon broadside of the *Cherokee Queen*, a stern-wheel dance barge, approach in the lake and pass going north along the shore in its muff of shouts and thumping music.

The barge was returning south along the far bank three miles over, when Bobby said from the open door behind them, "I can't sleep if you're going to keep talking."

John took his hand from Kathy's and replied, "We'll keep it down."

Later, John was standing behind Kathy at the railing, holding her from behind, when Bobby came to the door hitching at his pajama bottoms to say, "Is *she* still here? Could I have some more Noxzema?"

Obedying the curl of pain in the boy's voice, John let go of Kathy and followed him to his bed, where he spread the white stuff freely on his hot

back. As he capped the jar, he asked Bobby plainly for no more interruptions. Bobby moaned his answer into the pillow.

Sometime after midnight, when dew began to form on the balcony, John and Kathy moved into his room to lie in the dark, propped on pillows on his bed, and have another drink. He did his whispering in the curve of her shoulder, and she replied by small, expressive movements of her body against him. He had just asked her if she would like one more drink, and she had just signaled *yes*, when Bobby's bed made a sound, and he loomed small in the doorway. "I'm going to vomit," he said.

John half rose, then checked himself and lay back. "Do it in the toilet," he said.

Bobby disappeared, and there were sounds of coughing and crying from his bathroom. Then water ran for a time and stopped. He reappeared in the doorway. "Really, Uncle John, I'm very ill." His voice was furred and broken. "I'd better have a doctor come."

"You don't need a doctor."

"Maybe he does need a doctor," Kathy said.

"Lord, is she *still* here?" Bobby said.

John was up and to the boy at once. Guiding him firmly by his thin hot arm, John moved him to his bed and forced him down on it. "Here's the Noxzema. Use it yourself. And don't open this door again, hear?" Bobby screamed into his pillow, and shook the bed with his trembling.

John closed the connecting door loudly enough for the boy to hear it over his screaming, and met Kathy standing concerned at the foot of the bed. He kissed her hard, and she inhaled through her nose in surprise. Then he gave her a fresh highball and sat her on the bed beside him. "Hush a minute," he said. The boy's keening and sobbing came plainly through the door. John took up the telephone and gave the operator a Tulsa number. While it rang many times, John rubbed Kathy between her shoulder blades. "Hello? Hello, Francy? John. You awake? Yes, I know it's late. Goddamnit, I know it better than you do. No, he's all right . . . Listen, Francy. Listen. I know what's wrong with your marriage. . ."

FLY

by W. S. MERWIN

I have been cruel to a fat pigeon
Because he would not fly
All he wanted was to live like a friendly old man

He had let himself become a wreck filthy and confiding
Wild for his food beating the cat off the garbage
Ignoring his mate perpetually snotty at the beak
Smelling waddling having to be
Carried up the ladder at night content

Fly I said to him throwing him into the air
But he would drop and run back expecting to be fed
I said it again and again throwing him up
As he got worse
He let himself be picked up every time
Until I found him in the dovecote dead
Of the needless efforts

So that is what I am

Pondering his eye that could not
Conceive that I was a creature to run from

I that have always believed too much in words



A TIME FOR COMEDY

by Louis Kronenberger

What we need in America, says ATLANTIC critic Louis Kronenberger, is not simply better social drama or vivid documentaries, but our own successful form of serious comedy — “dark,” philosophical, intellectual, what you will.

WHETHER or not our theater is a fabulous invalid, I know of no other artistic medium half so given to skin grafts and blood transfusions, to diagnoses and consultations and prescriptions for every type of doctoring and surgery. In one form or another, and in book form certainly not least, the invalid is constantly gone at, pounded and punched, wheeled into the operating room or placed in an oxygen tent. There are moments, indeed, when the American theater might be supposed a mere adjunct of articles on what is wrong with it — or not wrong with it, since almost as much is written by faith healers as by qualified M.D.'s.

As against a great pile of books which examine the recent or current American theater, there now appears a work called *The Death of Tinker Bell*, which bears the solid subtitle *The American Theatre in the 20th Century*. This, to be sure, is a title or subtitle one has often met with before; one, moreover, with overtones somehow suggesting that our twentieth-century theater is still at a formative stage, youthfully groping and errant and not nearly ready for definitive judgment. But this time the subtitle brought me up short with the realization that we are now a full two thirds through the century, as far removed from *Beyond the Horizon* as it was from *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl*. Our twentieth-century theater has turned elderly, whether or not

it has come of age; and a mildly historical peregrination of it seems much more in order than yet another promenading of the sixties.

The author of *Tinker Bell*, Joseph Golden, is a former professor of drama at Syracuse University (whose Press has published the book). He has gone at the century perhaps more as a setting or emerging theme for the American theater than as a chronology, providing an often genial unacademic text, and given to brisk lamentation for a theater that he feels has doomed the essentially pleasurable, fanciful, theatrical. Mr. Golden's style and unscholarliness can prove very trying — a riot of adverbs clinging to adjectives; barbarous misusages (“acquiesce to,” “infused to,” “both . . . as well as”); misquotation blithely conjoined to wrong authorship (Thomas Hardy's “to see the world steadily and see it whole”); contradictory authorship (*Margaret Fleming* first rightly ascribed to James A. Herne, soon after to Edward Sheldon). That all this could be passed by a university press together with constant misspellings — from Euripedes to George Kelley, and Gaugin to Alexander Wolcott — seems strange indeed. There are also statements as startling as “A poet is one of the great anachronisms of the 20th century”; and Mr. Golden skates right over some of the century's most rewarding territory. But his book furnishes a fair amount of the long-

term scrutiny it professes, it can be sensible and serviceable, and it does inspire the reader to create his own "retrospective," from *Ben Hur* to *Virginia Woolf*, and to assemble some of his own reflections.

FROM *Ben Hur* we ourselves can skate fairly fast through the Age of Belasco, of David Warfield as Peter Grimm, Richard Mansfield as Monsieur Beaucaire, William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes, Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharp — an age of stars and vehicles. If it was also an age of operetta advancing toward musical comedy, it was more valuably one of vaudeville and burlesque, of notable comedy routines, and of such great comedians-to-come as W. C. Fields, Fanny Brice, the Marx Brothers, Ed Wynn, Bobby Clark, Bert Lahr. The "serious" American drama of the period is full of virtual ghost names today, of Clyde Fitch and *The Climbers*, Augustus Thomas and *The Witching Hour*, Eugene Walter and *The Easiest Way*, and, more impressively, William Vaughn Moody and *The Great Divide*.

For the American theater itself, the great divide of course is Eugene O'Neill. If culturally he was part of a new American ferment in all the arts, in the theater he stood alone. He is as notable, indeed, for single-handedness as for stature; almost half a century later, he remains a pounding waterfall whereby a brackish stream became a stirred-up if muddy river. That there was much wrong with O'Neill only stresses how tremendously much more was wrong with the theater he came upon; to the man himself I shall return a little later.

After O'Neill there *was* a "serious" drama: a drama most often naturalistic in method, first influenced by Freud and later by Marx; as grazed by Expressionism as it could be grounded in photography; a drama suggesting now the headlines, now the editorial page. From Elmer Rice and Maxwell Anderson in the twenties, to the thirties of Lillian Hellman and Clifford Odets, and then to Arthur Miller and beyond him, it offers a kind of main-avenue continuity; standing in different degrees away from it were such playwrights as George Kelly, Thornton Wilder, William Saroyan, Tennessee Williams, and Edward Albee.

Two thirds through the century our achievement in drama seems insubstantial as a whole and short on fine single plays. Even a play so famous, so immensely relevant and, indeed, significant as *Death of a Salesman* lacks a commensurate stature and distinction. I agree with Mr. Golden that our two foremost talents have been O'Neill and Tennessee Williams. Yet O'Neill, we know, crucially lacked a gift for language (it is not just that he stammered; his dialogue could be all too poetical, or at once flabby and stagy), and Williams used language, as

so much else, with little restraint. The one could grope in a blur of Freud and the Greeks and the grandiose; the other so assault the audiences' emotions while running amuck with his own as to seem both lurid and lush. It is a great pity that Williams, dowered with both a dramatic gift — for want of which most stage poets go slack — and a lyrical gift — for want of which most playwrights lack resonance — should have abused both talents, overheating tension, overdecorating corruption, flinging away the bridle while bringing down the whip. (Conversely, his "affirmative" plays have a sun-lamp appearance of health.) Yet beyond the real merits of his best plays, Williams brought new things to playwriting — for one example, what might be called the sustained dramatic aria.

For all his borrowings, perhaps O'Neill alone went it alone, suffering in later years, as much through faults as changing fashions, a kind of cruel defeat, only after his death to give the American theater, in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, its greatest play. O'Neill's achievement here is fairly ironic: coming from a playwright infatuated with tom-toms and masks, trilogies and myths, Expressionism and psychoanalysis, *Long Day's Journey* triumphs in the simple form of almost straight autobiography. Remote from all the small virtues of the theater, the play constitutes a long, slow, redundant climb to greatness, with what so long had haunted O'Neill in turn made fiercely haunting.

But our drama as a whole seems less drama than theater. As Mr. Golden remarks, America before O'Neill offered a "theatre of great moments"; one thinks of old-fashioned unmaskings, of flamboyant recognition and retaliation and confrontation scenes. But American drama since O'Neill has not made any vast *artistic* progress. It has mated the melodramatic or the sentimental with the tentative, instead of with each other; it has replaced the all-too-high-pitched with the outwardly hard-boiled. In method (and skill) it has passed from stacking the cards to palming them; in substance (and seriousness) it has joined sensational effects to humanitarian causes. As against a few superior exceptions, there is a steady procession of such work from *Street Scene* on — *The Last Mile*, *They Shall Not Die*, *Waiting for Lefty*, *Dead End*, *There Shall Be No Night*, *Native Son*, *Deep Are the Roots*, *Take a Giant Step*, *The Miracle Worker*. Even when successful, these are no more than topically or theatrically so.

Mr. Golden, as it happens, passes clean over the one twentieth-century era that promised rather handsomely for the future — roughly, the 1920s, when poetry and the novel came roaring to life, and the stage, made to breathe by O'Neill, felt the tingle of many young playwrights: George Kelly, Sidney Howard, Maxwell Anderson, Philip Barry, Elmer Rice, S. N. Behrman, Robert Sherwood,

Edwin Justus Mayer, Paul Green, Marc Connelly, George Kaufman. If today these playwrights suggest one of those dazzling college groups who fall short of their promise, their promise *was* undeniable, their performance often very exhilarating. And their talent, whatever its limitations, proved varied enough to give us in several forms what no one since has bettered. After each name we must, no doubt, add *hélas*, but our best comedy-of-manners playwright has been Philip Barry, our best comedy-of-ideas playwright has been S. N. Behrman, our best playwright of sardonic artificial comedy has been Edwin Justus Mayer, and our most independent writer of comedy has been, I think, George Kelly. None of these men, to be sure, came close to an *Importance of Being Earnest*, a *Caesar and Cleopatra*, a *Playboy of the Western World*; had the comic vigor of an O'Casey at his best, the ironic sensibility and elegance of a Giraudoux. The one type of 1920s comedy that flourished and grew fat came from George Kaufman. A really witty man with a satiric eye, Kaufman, as I have said elsewhere, showed no concern for his targets, but only for his marksmanship. Totally lacking serious values, constantly working with various collaborators, Kaufman, in striving for box-office successes, fathered the gag comedy, his wit degenerating into other men's wisecracks, the road carrying us past the Lindsay & Crouses to the Chodorovs and Kurnitzes — the most traveled road, with some of the tinniest traffic, in the American theater. There have been pleasant offsets: a Saroyan's *Time of Your Life*, a Wilder's *Skin of Our Teeth*, a Paul Osborn's *Morning's at Seven*. But urbane or even carriage-trade comedy has virtually shared the fate of the carriage; a fate hardly different has overtaken any satire that went beyond spoofing, or that wasn't sick humor, which, reversing satire's therapeutic function, offers the insect's sting and not the disinfectant's.

THE last fifteen years have brought a great deal to the American theater scene, but little born of the American theater. What has most interested us has come overwhelmingly from abroad — the work, besides a belated boom in Brecht, of Sartre, Camus, Beckett, Genêt, Ionesco, Dürrenmatt, Frisch, and Weiss, of Osborne, Behan, Wesker, Pinter. This has been a pretty formidable invasion, against which we, in any avant-garde way, can offer far less — an Albee, a Gelber, a Le Roi Jones. The foreign invasion has greatly assisted domestic expansion, in helping to initiate a kind of country-wide “experimental” theater, whether through the civic repertory or the university workshop. Despite a good deal of faddism and chic triviality, much of this, much decidedly of Beckett and Genêt, has

had real value. But just so, for anything impressive we are almost totally dependent on imports, and almost as much in trends as in talent.

This is not accidental or temporary: much more than other artistic mediums, the American theater reflects the virtues and vices of America itself. It displays the same practical ingenuity, quick-change adaptability, wide-eyed corruptness; the same concern for gimmicks, for pace, for packaging. This, in theater terms, means slick gag comedy, lavish musical comedy, sex without subtlety, fast farce. It means the chorus line for both its mechanical precision and its physical lure; it often means mere novelty posing as experiment, the ersatz parading as the real thing. It has very happily given us the Ziegfeld Follies, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter; George Abbott, Jed Harris, Jerome Robbins; *The Green Pastures* and *Our Town*, *Guys and Dolls* and *Kiss Me Kate*; very particularly, the libretto of *Pal Joey*, the score of *Candide*, the Mack Sennett ballet of *High Button Shoes*. At its best, it constitutes a truly engaging lightweight culture, an impressive expertise. But little about it shows any real relation to art, any vision of life.

Shaped for Broadway and box office, most of it has paid off, as it should have, splendidly. Where the box office has proved corrupting isn't where, as here, Broadway traded in the things that were Broadway's, but where they weren't or needn't have been. The lure of Broadway is understandably hard to resist. Thus, there are people who don't primarily write for money but who, just because they don't, feel they should be rewarded with a great deal of it. In the theater such people want, with reason, to be produced on Broadway, where success and reputation are best made and productions are most professional. Broadway, moreover, is our one true showcase for visitors: we have no Old Vic, no Comédie Française, only a Lincoln Off-Center. But Broadway is where playwrights without reputation (or with it) face all kinds of pressures and perils, from 2 A.M. hotel-room creativity to producers' curt ultimatums. This scarcely enriches a writer's talent or strengthens his character. Furthermore, the Broadway “situation” keeps getting worse because of an increasingly spineless acceptance of it: a “theater of hits or flops” is no longer, if it ever was, a Broadway dirge; it is a Broadway theme song. Higher and higher costs induce lower and more limited aims; and the glib optimism about the fabulous invalid whom nothing can kill fosters the cynicism of not even trying to restore him to health.

One factor in all this is how the “serious” theater is financed. Mr. Golden rightly remarks that “our painting, music and sculpture are taken seriously, and the theater is not.” But if this is in part be-

cause the theater offers little to be serious about, it is also because the theater stresses money even where seriousness enters in. Painting, music, opera go forthrightly, even grandly, to art-minded supporters for patronage; the theater chases after backers, crying up profit. If Broadway has become too expensive for art, even more menacing than its economics are its tactics. It is painfully uncivilized, generally displaying a minimum of ethics, urbanity, cultivation. On all sides, moreover, Broadway is less and less a playwright's theater and more and more a director's, a play doctor's, perhaps worst of all, a hack adapter's — even original junk keeps getting rarer. In the 1960s, Edward Albee's is the only solid new American name with a Broadway address.

Probably the wisest thing is to accept Broadway, straight out, as show business (which on occasion offers something impressive, or shapes up something stylish and bright). As for how expensive Broadway productions are, or Broadway seats, this is almost part of the act. For multitudes of people, Broadway signifies status entertainment or a social event. Its *social* character, indeed, is what greatly helps keep it going. Broadway is part of being on the town, it is what fetches crowds from out of town; it is a form of splurging, a form of celebrating — a birthday, a graduation, a business promotion; it is dressing up, it is dining out before the show, being “in” at dinner parties afterwards.

There has been opposition to its scheme of things, of course, and something of an offset. Off-Broadway comes first to mind, but more significant are the repertory theaters in cities across the country, with increasingly higher standards in their choice of plays, and more professional efforts in production. Civic pride is sometimes abetted by Foundation money, so that the superior repertory theater has begun to acquire some of the standing of the city's symphony orchestra or art museum. Meanwhile, notable theater activity, often serving the community, has developed on the university campus. This two-fold advance is what seems most salutary in the American theater since the Second World War.

Yet a tremendous weak spot in the American theater persists. Off Broadway and nowhere near Broadway, quite as much as on Broadway, there is little new gifted American playwriting. A more adult aim, an essentially nonprofit approach decidedly count; as does decentralization, since the center, Broadway, is culturally just the hole in the doughnut. Yet for the talented, fairly established playwright the civic playhouse, with its limited audience and purely local press, has drawbacks as unwelcome as Broadway's. As a possible solution, I wonder whether six or eight cities could not eventually form leagues for rotating their

top productions, thus combining a more substantial form of repertory with a less seedy version of The Road. This sharing of costs and multiplying of audiences, this creating a full season's run for a play, *could* attract our soundest playwrights, and most flourishing ones. In any case, it seems vital to create a generation of playwrights for whom Broadway does not have to be a goal, or its methods a necessity.

YET more, perhaps, than just Broadway makes for artistic difficulty. Perhaps the state of the world does, and in our theater, the whole *immediate*, raw, uncathartic subject matter of war, crime, drugs, delinquency, racial conflict, violence, psychosis, so often both strident and cynical, embattled and nihilistic. All this, along with disgust for Broadway's shallow laughter and garish escapism, has forged a gospel in American writing identifying truth with insistent unpleasantness, while from Europe come grim surrealist fantasies, existential visions, allegories of evil, often accessible to our imaginations but remote from our experience. I cite this not to register critical dissent, for besides having intrinsic value, it clears the air, if only with a fine fresh breath of carbon monoxide. But though the best of the European plays may endure, so much in our own is mere raw material, unchanneled emotion, unfocused enactment, as to add to the confusion rather than clarify it; as to seem done, not cleanly with a scalpel, but clumsily with a blunt instrument — something obstructive to the true ends of art for being much more painful than powerful.

What it seems to me we need in America is not simply better social drama or vivid documentaries. We need something we have never really had — our own successful form of serious comedy: “dark,” philosophical, intellectual, what you will, but something that rests, however spikily, on adult exhilaration and articulateness. Mr. Golden repeats the saying that a society gets the kind of theater it deserves; and our theater does predominantly mirror our ambitions, our preoccupations, our taste. Still, “the kind of theater it deserves” can be read in two ways. It can mean a Molière, a Chekhov, a Shaw, someone who proceeds to open our eyes, slap down our pretenses, strip bare our self-deceptions, but at the same time enchant our ears, rouse our minds, incite us to laughter. Molières and Shaws, to be sure, we had better not count on; but even in a time like ours we can hope for someone with their kind of good sense, their realistic insight, their witty, worldly knowledge of mankind. We can envisage someone who would make us a little less narrowly topical in our pursuit of truth, along with being much more selective in our taste for make-believe.

viewpoint

Minutes of a White House Meeting, Summer 1967

by James C. Thomson, Jr.

The following record of a meeting yet to be held is printed here to advance public understanding of the great issues of our time. Mr. Thomson, who now teaches history at Harvard, writes this projection out of a background of experience in the White House and Department of State during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations.

Scene: Situation Room

Cast: National Security Council Staff

Hon. Herman Melville Breslau, Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs

Hon. Charles Homer, Special Assistant to the President for Peaceful Reconstruction in Vietnam

Hon. Frederick Ulan, Deputy Special Assistant to the President for European and International Economic Affairs

Hon. Charles Rentner, Special Assistant to the President for Public Image Affairs

Mr. Brown (South Asia)

Colonel Black (Pentagon)

Mr. Blue (Latin America)

Mr. White (Africa)

Mr. Gray (Miscellany)

Mr. Rose (Far East)

Mr. Gold (China Watcher)

Mr. Green (White House Fellow)

Mr. Breslau opened the meeting with a commentary on the latest reports from Vietnam. In general, he felt, the events of the previous day were a wholesome and not unexpected phase in South Vietnam's growth toward political maturity and economic viability. The fall of Saigon to the Viet Cong meant that the enemy was now confronted with a challenge of unprecedented proportions for which it was totally unprepared: the administration of a major city. If we could dump rice and airlift pigs at Hué and Danang, he was pretty sure that the other side would soon cave. He cautioned, however, that this was merely a hunch. "It is not the kind of smell you can hang your hat on."

Mr. Homer said that Mr. Breslau was full of crap; Mr. Breslau had never understood Vietnam and should stop trying. Things were very, very bad, but they would get infinitely worse if we dumped rice and pigs.

Mr. Breslau suggested that we move around the table rapidly so that we could all get back to work. Did Mr. Ulan have business to raise?

(The white telephone rang, and Mr. Breslau answered it. It was a test ring.)

Mr. Ulan said that he had spent the previous day with the German financial mission, and of course could not go into detail, but might shorthand some of the considerations which involved, on the one hand, a reading of what the electoral situation would be after Braunschweig

(which was itself quite sticky), and on the other hand, a close calculation of the odds if we didn't (or, conversely, if they didn't), and on the third hand, a pretty shrewd look at the long-term consequences of any action at all when you factor out the balance of payments curve.

Mr. Breslau commented that the Germans were a fascinating bunch. He hoped that Mr. Ulan had taken a good hard look at the real numbers involved. He had always felt that numbers were important. Mr. Ulan said yes.

Mr. Rentner hoped that Mr. Breslau wouldn't mind his reporting to the staff the President's deep pleasure and pride in Mr. Breslau's performance the previous Sunday on the *What's My Line?* show. The President's regard for Mr. Breslau and the entire staff had never been higher. The President was also very pleased with the new Harris poll, due out on Monday, which indicated that 86 percent of the people approved his recently announced decision to make foreign policy decisions on the basis of Harris poll findings.

Mr. Brown said that the reports of imminent mass starvation in India were more serious than we had expected; a presidential decision might be required this week.

Mr. Rentner said that it would take a good three weeks to set up and test-run a Harris poll on that kind of question.

Mr. Breslau said he hoped the Indians would take a good hard

look at the development of chemical fertilizers. He asked Mr. Brown to ride herd on this one.

Mr. Homer noted that neither Mr. Breslau nor Mr. Brown knew a goddamn thing about Indian agriculture.

Colonel Black explained the previous night's raids on North Vietnam. We had knocked out 78 percent of North Vietnam's petroleum reserves; since we had knocked out 86 percent three days ago, and 92 percent last week, we were doing exceptionally well.

Mr. Breslau asked about the weather over North Vietnam. His Air Force experience in World War II had taught him, he said, the importance of weather.

Colonel Black said that it didn't look good for the next few days.

Mr. Breslau said this was too bad since some people might think we were having a pause.

Mr. Ulan wondered if maybe it wasn't time for another pause.

Mr. Breslau said that a pause was clearly out of the question now that the 12,000 student leaders and 3 million housewives had once again called for a pause. The President did not like to be crowded, especially now that Hanoi was hurting.

Mr. Ulan wondered if Hanoi was really hurting.

Mr. Breslau suggested that we move along since he had another meeting coming up.

Mr. Blue reported the execution by the new Brazilian government of all the nation's university rectors.

Mr. Breslau commented that the new government had, nonetheless, really done its homework in the

economic field; the overall curve was very promising.

Mr. White reported that the Rhodesia thing might come unstuck over the weekend. The Zambians were wobbly and could use some massaging. The President might call in their ambassador and pump up his tires.

Mr. Breslau said we should probably lie low on this until the new task force report on Africa was completed. In any event, the President didn't like to be crowded by foreigners. Perhaps the Potomac River *Sequoia* cruise for black African ambassadors would take care of the problem.

Mr. Homer said that if the African *Sequoia* trip was anything like the Middle Eastern one, we were due to lose another thirty countries and 200 million people. The Turkish ambassador had had to sit through the film *A President's Country* seven times now and was requesting transfer to another post.

Mr. Rentner expressed doubt that such reactions were widespread. The President was very fond of that film. Furthermore, USIA audience surveys in Korea, Taiwan, and South Vietnam had shown overwhelmingly favorable response to it.

Mr. Gray said that the inter-agency nuclear desalinization package was moving forward and might go for a decision this week if we could get the AEC, the ICC, the IFC, AID, State, DOD, BOB, and NASA aboard. Agriculture, he added, was playing it cool and might need a needle.

Mr. Breslau asked Mr. Gray to ride herd on this one. He hoped that they would take a good hard look at the real numbers involved.

Mr. Breslau announced that the ban on having NSC staff members talk to the press was causing some

serious problems since the press had decided that the staff was no longer significant. The President would now like all staff members to talk to the press as much as possible, stressing the significance of the staff. They must be careful, however, to avoid talking substance to the press.

Mr. Rentner agreed that this was a good move and the staff should increase its visibility. He added that staff members should scrupulously avoid contacts, however, with Joseph Kraft, Joseph Alsop, Walter Lippmann, Max Frankel, Douglas Kiker, the New York *Times* people, and the Washington *Post* people. These contacts would be handled by Mr. Breslau and himself.

Mr. Rose said that he was quite worried about the public relations aspect of the fall of Saigon.

Mr. Breslau said he thought we could live with that one. He was very much reminded, he added, of one of his favorite scenes from *Hellzapoppin'*. What fascinated him more than Saigon was the reported purge of the assistant managing editor of the *Hankow People's Daily*; in writing his book on Communist China in 1953, he had concluded that the assistant managing editors of river-port newspapers were often the key indicators of policy shifts. Did Mr. Gold have a comment?

Mr. Gold said he would certainly look into this.

Mr. Breslau said that he had received Mr. Green's long study of the Vatican's relations with San Marino; he only wished the entire staff could read it. Mr. Green said thank you.

Mr. Homer noted that neither Mr. Breslau nor Mr. Green knew a goddamn thing about Italian politics.

(The white telephone rang, and Mr. Breslau answered it. It was Mrs. Breslau. The meeting was adjourned.)

MARKET PLANNING and the ROLE of GOVERNMENT

The New Industrial State II by JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Does the United States government tailor its military procurement to what private industry wants to sell? Is our foreign policy, or Russia's, or Western Europe's, shaped by the needs and desires of industries? These are stark questions, and even to raise them may smack of doctrinal heresy. But they are raised here in this second of three papers based on Professor Galbraith's trail-breaking book THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE, to be published in June by Houghton Mifflin.



IN FACT since Adam and as a matter of settled doctrine since Adam Smith, the businessman has been assumed to be subordinate to the market. In last month's article I showed that modern highly technical processes and products and associated requirements of capital and time lead inevitably to planning — to the management of markets by those who supply them. It is technology, not ideology, that brings this result. The market serves admirably to supply simple things. But excellent as it may be on muskets, it is very bad on missiles. And not even the supply of components for the modern automobile can be trusted to the market; neither is it safe to assume that the market will absorb the necessary production at a remunerative price. There must be planning here as well.

The principal planning instrument in the modern economy is the large corporation. Within broad limits, it determines what the consumer shall have and at what price he shall have it. And it foresees the need for and arranges the necessary supply of capital, machinery, and materials.

The modern corporation is the direct descendant of the entrepreneur. This has kept us from seeing it in its new role. Had the corporation been an outgrowth of the state, which we readily associate with planning, we would not be in doubt. The modern corporation has, in fact, moved into a much closer

association with the state than most of us imagine. And its planning activities are extensively and systematically supplemented by those of the state.

Let us consider first the regulation of prices in the modern economy and the means by which public behavior is accommodated to plan. Here, I should warn, we encounter some of the more deeply entrenched folk myths of our time, including a certain vested interest in error on the part of both economists and businessmen. If one takes faith in the market away from the economist, he is perilously barren of belief. So, he defends the market to defend his stock of knowledge. And the large corporate enterprise needs the concept of the market as a cover for the authority it exercises. It has great influence over our material existence and also our beliefs. But accepted doctrine holds that in all of its behavior it is subordinate to the market. It is merely an automaton responding to instructions therefrom. Any complaint as to the use or misuse of power can be met by the answer that there is none.

Control of prices is an intrinsic feature of all planning. And it is made urgent by the special vagaries of the market for highly technical products. In the formally planned economies — that of the Soviet Union, for example — price control is a forthright function of the state, although there

has been some tendency in recent times to allow some of the power over prices to devolve on the socialist firm. In the Western-type economies, comprehensive systems of price control have come about by evolution and adaptation. Nobody willed them. They were simply required by circumstance.

The power to set minimum industrial prices exists whenever a small number of firms share a market. The innocent at the universities have long been taught that small numbers of firms in the market — oligopoly, as it is known — accord to sellers the same power in imperfect form that has anciently been associated with monopoly. The principal difference is the imperfect nature of this monopoly power. It does not permit the exploitation of the consumer in quite such efficient fashion as was possible under the patents of monopoly accorded by the first Elizabeth to her favorites or by John D. Rockefeller to himself.

But in fact, the modern market shared by a few large firms is combined, in one of the more disconcerting contradictions of economic theory, with efficient production, expansive output, and prices that are generally thought rather favorable to the public. The consequences of oligopoly (few sellers) are greatly condemned in principle as being like those of monopoly but greatly approved in practice. Professor Paul Samuelson, the most distinguished of contemporary economists, warns in his famous textbook on economics that “to reduce the imperfections of competition” (by which he means markets consisting of a small number of large firms or oligopoly) “a nation must struggle perpetually and must ever maintain vigilance.” Since American markets are now dominated by a very small number of very large firms, the struggle, obviously, has been a losing one and is now lost. But the result is that the economy functions very well. Samuelson himself concludes that man-hour efficiency in the United States “can hardly help but grow at the rate of three per cent or more, even if we do not rouse ourselves.” A similar conflict between the inefficiency of oligopoly and the efficiency of an economy composed thereof is present in every well-regarded economic textbook. Samuelson agrees that technology and associated capital use are what improve efficiency. But these are precisely what require that there be planning and price control.

And here we have the answer. Prices in the modern economy are controlled not for the purposes of monopolistic exploitation. They are controlled for purposes of planning. This comes about as an effortless consequence of the development of that economy. Modern industrial planning both requires and rewards great size. This means, in turn, that a comparatively small number of large firms will divide the production of most (though not all) products. Each, as a matter of ordinary prudence,

will act with full consideration of its own needs and of the common need. Each must have control of its own prices. Each will recognize this to be a requirement of others. Each will foreswear any action, and notably any sanguinary or competitive price-cutting, which would be prejudicial to the common interest in price control. This control is not difficult either to achieve or to maintain. Additionally, one firm's prices are another firm's costs. So, stability in prices means stability in costs.

THE fact of control is far more important than the precise level at which prices are established. In 1964 in the United States, the big automobile companies had profits on their sales ranging from 5 percent to over 10 percent. There was security against collapse of prices and earnings for firms at either level. Planning was possible at either level of return. All firms could function satisfactorily. But none could have functioned had the price of a standard model fluctuated, depending on whim and reaction to the current novelties, from, say, \$1800 to \$3600, with steel, glass, chrome, plastics, paint, tires, stereo music, and labor moving over a similar range.

However, the level of prices is not unimportant. And from time to time, in response to major changes in cost — often when the renegotiation of a wage contract provides a common signal to all firms in the industry — prices must be changed. The prices so established will reflect generally the goals of those who guide the enterprise, not of the owners but of those who make the decisions. Security of earnings will be a prime objective. This is necessary for autonomy — for freedom from interference by shareholders and creditors. The next most important goal will be the growth of the firm. This is almost certainly more important than maximum profits. The professional managers and technicians who direct and guide the modern firm do not themselves get the profits. These accrue mainly to the shareholders. But the managers and technicians do get the benefits of expansion. This brings the prestige which is associated with a larger firm and which is associated with growth as such. And as a very practical matter, it opens up new executive jobs, new opportunities for promotion, and better excuses for higher pay.

Prices, accordingly, will be set with a view to attracting customers and expanding sales. When price control is put in the context of planning, the contradiction between expectation of monopolistic exploitation and expectation of efficiency, which pervades all textbook discussion, disappears. Planning calls for stability of prices and costs, security of return, and expansion. With none of these is the

consumer at odds. Reality has, by its nature, advantages of internal consistency.

I must mention here one practical consequence of this argument, namely, its bearing on legal action against monopoly. There is a remarkable discrimination in the way such measures, notably the antitrust laws, are now applied. A great corporation wielding vast power over its markets is substantially immune. It does not appear to misuse its power; accordingly, it is left alone. And in any case, to declare all large corporations illegal is, in effect, to declare the modern economy illegal. That is rather impractical — and would damage any President's consensus. But if two small firms making the same product seek to unite, this corporate union will be meticulously scrutinized. And very possibly, it will be forbidden. This may be so even though the merged firm is miniscule in size or market power as compared with the giant that is already a giant.

The explanation is that the modern antimonopoly and antitrust laws are substantially a charade. Their function is not to prevent exploitation of the public. If great size and great market power led to such exploitation, our case would long since have been hopeless. Their function is to persuade people, liberal economists in particular, that the market still exists, for here is the state vigilantly standing guard. It does so by exempting the large firms and swatting those that seek to become larger.

The French, Germans, and Japanese either do not have or do not enforce such laws. That is because they are not impelled similarly to worship at the altar of the market. They quietly accept the logic of planning and its requirements in size for effective market control. There is no indication that they suffer in consequence.

When prices for a particular product are set by a few large firms, there is little danger of price-cutting. This part of the control is secure. There does remain a danger of uncontrolled price increases.

In particular, when a few large firms bargain with a strong union, conflict can be avoided by acceding to union demands. And there is not much incentive to resist. There is a common understanding among the firms that all will raise their prices to compensate for such a settlement. If demand is strong enough to keep the economy near full employment, it will be strong enough to make such price increases feasible. These price increases, in turn, set in motion demands for further wage increases. Thus, the familiar upward spiral of wages and prices proceeds. And this too is prejudicial to planning. The individual firm, moreover, cannot prevent such price increases; they are beyond its control as a planning unit.

So here, more and more we follow the practice of the formally planned economies. We rely on the state to set maximum wages and prices. In the

United States as in Britain this is done with great caution, circumspection, and diffidence, somewhat in the manner of a Victorian spinster viewing an erotic statue. Such action is held to be unnatural and temporary. Economists accord it little or no standing in economic policy. They say it interferes with the market. Unions also dislike it: they say it interferes with free collective bargaining. Businessmen disapprove: they say it interferes with their natural freedom of decision on prices. But what everyone opposes in principle, all advanced countries end up doing in practice. The answer once more is clear. In a market economy, such ceilings would be unnecessary. But they are an indispensable counterpart of economic planning and of the minimum price control that already exists.

This price- and wage-setting by the state could be dispensed with by having such a shortage of demand that it would be impossible for firms to raise prices and unions to raise wages. That is to say, we could do without such controls by rehabilitating the market for labor and industrial products. It would not then be possible to raise wages in response to prices or prices in response to wages. But that would mean unemployment or greater uncertainty of employment, and it would mean greater market uncertainty for producers — for businessmen. Despite everyone's affection for the market, almost no one wants these results. So we have strong demand, small unemployment, reliable purchases, and the maximum price and wage controls that these require. And we try to avert our eyes from this result. It would be simpler were we to recognize that we have planning and that this control is an indispensable aspect.

THIS leads to another subject, the management of what people buy at the controlled prices.

The key to the management of demand is effective influence over the purchases of final consumers. The latter include both private individuals and the state. If all such purchases are under effective control, there will then be a reliable demand throughout the system for raw materials, parts, machinery, and other items going into the ultimate product. If the demand for its automobiles is secure, an automobile company can accord its suppliers the certainty of long-term contracts for *their* planning. And, even in the absence of such contracts, there will still be a reliable and predictable flow of orders. How, then, are the individual consumers managed?

As so often happens, change in modern industrial society has made possible what change requires. The need to control consumer behavior arises from the exigencies of planning. Planning,

in turn, is made necessary by extensive use of advanced technology and the time and capital this requires. This is an efficient way of producing goods; the result is a very large volume of production. As a further consequence in the economically advanced countries, goods that serve elementary physical sensation — that prevent hunger, protect against cold, provide shelter, suppress pain — include only a small and diminishing part of what people consume. Only a few goods serve needs that are made known to the individual by the palpable discomfort or pain that is experienced in their absence. Most are enjoyed because of some psychic or aesthetic response to their possession or use. They give the individual a sense of personal achievement; they accord him a feeling of equality with his neighbors; they make him feel superior; or they divert his mind from thought or the absence of thought; or they promote or satisfy sexual aspiration; or they promise social acceptability; or they enhance his subjective feelings of health, well-being, and adequate peristalsis; or they are thought to contribute to personal beauty.

Thus it comes about that as the industrial system develops to where it has need for planning and the management of the consumer that this requires, we find it serving wants which are psychological in origin. And these are admirably subject to appeal to the psyche. Hence they can be managed. A man whose stomach is totally empty cannot be persuaded that his need is for entertainment. Physical discomfort will tell him he needs food more. But though a hungry man cannot be persuaded to choose between bread and a circus, a well-fed man can. And he can be persuaded to choose between different circuses and different foods.

By giving a man a ration card or distributing to him the specific commodities he is to consume, the individual can be required to consume in accordance with plan. But this is an onerous form of control, and it is ill adapted to differences in personality. In advanced industrial societies, it is considered acceptable only in times of great stress or for the very poor. (Even in the formally planned economies — the Soviet Union and the Eastern European states — the ration card is a manifestation of failure.) It is easier, and if less precise, still sufficient, to manage people by persuasion rather than by fiat.

Though advertising will be thought of as the central feature of this persuasion, and is certainly important, it is but a part of a much larger apparatus for the management of demand. Nor does this consist alone in devising a sales strategy for a particular product. It often means devising a product, or features of a product, around which a sales strategy can be built. Product design, model change, packaging, and even performance reflect

the need to provide what are called strong selling points. They are as much a part of the process of demand management as the advertising campaign.

The first step in this process, generally speaking, is to ensure a loyal or automatic corps of customers. This is known as building customer loyalty and brand recognition. If successful, it means that the firm has a stable body of customers who are secure against any large-scale defection. Being thus reliable and predictable, they allow planning.

A purely defensive strategy will not, however, suffice. In line with the goals of its directing organization, the firm will want to expand sales. And such effort is necessary to hold a given position. The same will be true of others. Out of these efforts, from firms that have the resources to play the game (another advantage of size), comes a crude equilibrating process which accords to each participant a reasonably reliable share of the market.

Specifically, when a firm is enjoying a steady patronage by its existing customers and recruiting new ones at what seems a satisfactory rate, the existing strategy for consumer management — advertising, selling methods, product design — will be considered satisfactory. The firm will not quarrel with success. However, if sales are stationary or slipping, this will call for a change in selling methods — in advertising, product design, or even in the product itself. Testing and experiment are possible. And sooner or later, a formula providing a suitable response is obtained. This will lead, in turn, to countering action by the firms that are then failing to make gains. And out of this process a rough but reliable equilibrium between the participants is achieved.

It does not always work. There are Edsels. But it is the everyday assumption of those who engage in management of demand that if sales of a product are slipping, a new selling formula can be found that will correct the situation. By and large, the assumption is justified. Means, in other words, can almost always be found to keep the exercise of consumer discretion within safe or planned limits.

Management of the consumer on the scale that I have just outlined requires that there be some comprehensive, repetitive, and compelling communication between the managers of demand and those who are managed. It must be possible to win the attention of those who are being managed for considerable periods of time without great effort on their part.

Technology, once again, solved the problem it created. Coincidentally with rising mass incomes came first radio and then television. In their capacity to hold effortless interest, their accessibility over the entire cultural spectrum, and their independence of any educational qualification, these were superbly suited to mass persuasion.



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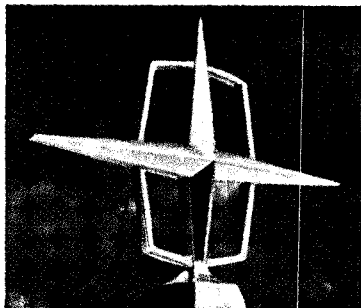
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Television was especially serviceable. Not since the invention of speech has any medium of communication appeared which is so readily accommodated to the whole spectrum of mental capacity.

There is an insistent tendency among social scientists, including economists, to think that any institution which features singing commercials, shows the human intestinal tract in full or impaired operation, equates the effortless elimination of human whiskers with the greatest happiness of man, and implies that exceptional but wholesome opportunities for seduction are associated with a particular make of automobile is inherently trivial. This is a great mistake. The modern industrial system is profoundly dependent on this art. What is called progress makes it increasingly so.

And the management of demand so provided is in all respects an admirably subtle arrangement in social design. It works not on the individual but on the mass. An individual of will and determination can, in principle, contract out from under its influence. This being the case, no individual compulsion in the purchase of any product can ever be established. To all who object there is a natural answer: You are at liberty to leave! Yet there is no danger that enough people will ever assert this choice — will ever leave — to impair the management of mass behavior.

IN THE nonsocialist economy, the modern large corporation is, to repeat, the basic planning unit. For some planning tasks, we see that it is exceedingly competent. It can fix minimum prices. It can sufficiently manage consumer wants. And it can extract from revenues the savings it needs for its own growth and expansion. But some things it cannot do. Though the modern corporation can set and maintain minimum prices, it cannot, we have seen, set maximum prices and wages; it cannot prevent wages from forcing up prices and prices from forcing up wages in the familiar spiral. And while it can manage the demand for individual products, it cannot control total demand — it cannot ensure that total purchasing power in the economy will be equal, or approximately equal, to the supply of goods that can be produced by the current working force.

There are two other planning tasks that the large corporation cannot perform. It cannot supply the specialized manpower that modern technology and complex organization and planning require. It can train, but on the whole, it cannot educate. And it cannot absorb the risks and costs that are associated with very advanced forms of scientific and technical development — with the development of atomic power, or supersonic air transports,

or antimissile defenses, or weapons systems to pierce these defenses, or the like requirements of modern civilized living.

This leads to a conclusion of great importance. The shortcomings of the large corporation as a planning instrument define the role of the modern state in economic policy. Wherever the private corporation cannot plan, the state comes in and performs the required function. Wherever the modern corporation can do the job, as in setting minimum prices or managing consumer demand, the state must remain out, usually as a matter of principle. But the corporation cannot fix maximum prices, so we have the state establishing wage and price guideposts or otherwise limiting wage and price increases. The private firm cannot control aggregate demand, so the state comes in to manipulate taxes, public spending, and bank lending — to implement what we call modern Keynesian policy. The private firm cannot supply specialized manpower, so we have a great expansion in publicly supported education. Private firms cannot afford to underwrite supersonic aircraft. So governments — British, French, or American — come in to do so and with no taint of socialism.

Our attitudes on the proper role of the state are firmly fixed by what the private corporation can or cannot do. The latter can set minimum prices for cigarettes, persuade people to buy a new and implausible detergent, or develop a more drastic laxative. This being so, such planning activity is naturally held to be sacred to private enterprise.

The planning functions of the state are somewhat less sacred. Some still have an improvised or *ad hoc* aspect. Thus, restraints on wages and prices are perpetual emergency actions; though fully accepted, Keynesian regulation of aggregate demand is thought to be occasioned by the particular imperatives of full employment and growth; the expansion of education is regarded as the result of a new enlightenment following World War II; the underwriting of especially expensive technology is a pragmatic response to the urgent social need for faster travel, emigration to the moon, bigger explosions, and competition with the Soviet Union.

So to regard matters is to fail to see the nature of modern planning. It is to yield unduly to the desire to avert our eyes from the reality of economic life. The planning functions of the state are not *ad hoc* or separate developments. They are a closely articulated set of functions which supplement and fill the gaps in the planning of the modern large firm. Together these provide a comprehensive planning apparatus. It decides what people should have and then arranges that they will get it and that they will want it. Not the least of its achievements is in leaving them with the impression that the controlling decisions are all theirs.

The Keynesian regulation of aggregate demand also requires only a word. The need for it follows directly from modern industrial planning. As we have seen, corporations decide authoritatively what they will reserve from earnings for reinvestment and expansion. But in the non-Soviet economies, there is no mechanism that ensures that the amounts so withheld for investment will be matched in the economy as a whole by what is invested. So there must be direct action by the state to equate the two. This it does primarily by manipulating private investment (principally in housing) and public spending and taxation. The need to equate the planned savings and the planned investment of the large corporation is not, of course, the only reason for such action. Savings and investment elsewhere in the economy must also be matched. But savings and investment by the large planning corporations are by far the most important in the total.

The successful regulation of demand requires that the quantitative role of the state in the modern economy be relatively large. That is because demand is regulated primarily by increasing or decreasing the expenditures of the state or decreasing or increasing the taxes it collects. Only when the state is large and its revenues are substantial will these changes be large enough to serve. One effective way of ensuring the requisite scale of state activity is to have it underwrite modern technology, which is admirably expensive. Such is the case with modern weaponry, space exploration, even highway and airport design. Though technology helps destroy the market, it does make possible the planning that replaces the market.

THE next function of the state is to provide the specialized and trained manpower which the industrial system cannot supply to itself. This has led in our time to a very great expansion in education, especially in higher education, as has been true in all of the advanced countries. In 1900, there were 24,000 teachers in colleges and universities in the United States; in 1920, there were 49,000; by 1970, three years hence, there will be 480,000. This is rarely pictured as an aspect of modern economic development; it is the vanity of educators that they consider themselves the moving force in a new enlightenment. But it may be significant that when industry, at a little earlier stage, required mostly unlettered proletarians, that is what the educational system supplied. As it has come to need engineers, sales executives, copywriters, computer programmers, personnel managers, information retrieval specialists, product planners, and executive panjandrum, these are what the educational system has come to provide.

Once the community or nation that wanted more industry gave first thought to its capital supply and how to reassure the bankers on its reliability. Now it gives first thought to its educational system.

We cannot be altogether happy about education that is so motivated. There is danger that it will be excessively vocational and that we shall have a race of men who are strong on telemetry and space communications but who cannot read anything but a blueprint or write anything but a computer program. There is currently some uneasiness about liberal education in the modern industrial society. But so far this has manifested itself only in speeches by university presidents. In this segment of society, unfortunately a solemn speech is regularly considered a substitute for action.

Much the most interesting of the planning functions of the state is the underwriting of expensive technology. Few changes in economic life have ever proceeded with such explosive rapidity. Few have so undermined conventional concepts of public and private enterprise. In 1962, the U.S. government spent an estimated \$10.6 billion on research and development. This was more than its total dollar outlay for all purposes, military or civilian, before World War II. But this function also includes the underwriting of markets — the provision of a guaranteed demand for billions of dollars worth of highly technical products, from aircraft to missiles to electronic gear to space vehicles. Nearly all of this expenditure, some 80 to 85 percent, goes to the large corporation, which is to say that it is to the planned sector of the American economy. It also brings the modern large corporation into the most intimate association with the state. In the case of such public agencies as NASA, the Atomic Energy Commission, or the Air Force, and the corporations serving them, it is no longer easy to say where the public sector ends and the private sector begins. Individuals and organizations are intimately associated. The private sector becomes, in effect, an extended arm of the public bureaucracy. However, the banner of private enterprise can be quite aggressively flaunted by the firm that does 75 percent of its business with the government and yearns to do more.

In the past, Keynesians have argued that there is nothing very special about government business. Replying to standard Marxian charges that capitalism depends excessively on armaments, they have pointed out that spending for housing, theaters, automobiles, highways to allow more automobiles to exist, and for radios to supply more automobiles to amuse more people while they are sitting in the resulting traffic jams, and for other of the attributes of gracious living will serve to sustain demand just as well as spending on arms.

This, we now see, is not the whole story. The expenditures I have just mentioned would not serve to underwrite technology. And this underwriting is beyond the reach of private planning. Replacement of military spending, with its emphasis on underwriting advanced technology, must be by other equally technical outlays if it is to serve the same purpose. Otherwise, technical development will have to be curtailed to that level where corporate planning units can underwrite on their own. And this curtailment under present circumstances would be very, very drastic.

This analysis makes a considerable case for the space race. It is not that exploring the moon, Mars, or even Saturn is of high social urgency. Rather, the space race allows for an extensive underwriting of advanced technology. And it does this in a field of activity where spending is large and where, in contrast with weapons and weapons systems, competition with the Soviets is comparatively safe and benign. At the same time, as in the case of competitive athletics, everyone can easily be persuaded that it is absolutely vital to win.

We now see the modern corporation, in the technological aspects of its activities, moving into a very close association with the state. The state is the principal customer for such technology and the underwriter of major risk. In the planning of tasks and missions, the mapping of development work, and the execution of contracts, there is nowadays a daily and intimate association between the bureaucracy and the large so-called private firm. But one thing, it will be said, keeps them apart. The state is in pursuit of broad national goals, whatever these may be. And the private firm seeks to make money — in the more solemn language of economics, to maximize profits. This difference in goals, it will be said, sufficiently differentiates the state from private enterprise.

But here again reality supplies that indispensable thread of consistency. For power, as I showed in the first of these articles, and in detail in the book on which I am drawing, has passed from the owners of the corporation to the managers and scientists and technicians. The latter now exercise largely autonomous power, and not surprisingly, they exercise it in *their* own interest. And this interest differs from that of the owners. As noted, security of return is more important than the level of total earnings. When earnings fail, the autonomy of the decision-makers is threatened. And growth is more important to managers and technicians than maximum earnings.

But a further and important conclusion follows, for economic security and growth are also prime goals of the modern state. Nothing has been more emphasized in modern economic policy than the prevention of depression or recession. Politicians

promise it automatically and without perceptible thought. And no test of social achievement is so completely and totally accepted as the rate of economic growth. It is the common measure of accomplishment of all the economic systems. Transcending political faith, religion, occupation, or all except eccentric philosophical persuasion, it is something on which Americans, Russians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Yugoslavs, and even Irishmen, all agree.

We have seen that as an aspect of its planning, the modern industrial enterprise accommodates the behavior and beliefs of the individual consumer to its needs. It is reasonable to assume that it has also accommodated our social objectives and associated beliefs to what it needs. In any case, there has been an interaction between state and firm which has brought a unity of goals.

A somber thought will occur to many here. We have seen that the state is necessary for underwriting the technology of modern industrial enterprise. Much of this it does within the framework of military expenditure. In the consumer goods economy, the wants and beliefs of the consumer, including his conviction that happiness is associated all but exclusively with the consumption of goods, are accommodated, in greater or less measure, to producer need. Is this true also of the state? Does it respond in its military procurement to what the supplying firms need to sell — and the technology that they wish to have underwritten? Are images of foreign policy in the planned industrial communities — in the United States, the Soviet Union, Western Europe — shaped by industrial need? Do we have an image of conflict because that serves technological and therewith planning need?

We cannot exclude that possibility; on the contrary, it is most plausible. It is a conclusion that was reached, perhaps a bit more intuitively, by President Eisenhower while he was President of the United States. In his famous valedictory, he warned of the influence on public policy resulting from the “conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry.” This will not be an agreeable thought for those for whom the mind is an instrument for evading reality. Others will see the possibility of a two-way flow of influence. Presumably it will be true of any planned economy, East or West. The image of the foreign policy affects the demand of the state on industry. But the needs of economic planning expressed in the intimate association between industry and the state will affect the state’s view of military requirements and of foreign policy. It is a matter where we had best be guided by reality. I will have a further word on this, and on other questions bearing on the future of the system, next month.

A GENTLE SOUL

BY MARY LAVIN

One of today's finest short-story writers, Mary Lavin was born in Massachusetts but has long made Ireland her home. The ATLANTIC printed one of her first stories in 1940, when she was acclaimed as a bright new talent. Since then her work has continued to appear in collections, the most recent being THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1966.



I HAVE just come back from the graveside where the people of these parts performed their last neighborly duties toward Agatha Darker. She was my sister. After my father died two years ago, we lived alone in this house, we two, in silence and bitterness. And there were times when I used to wish this day upon us, when she would be lowered into the clay that could be no blacker, no colder, no more close, no more silent, than her own black heart.

I suppose it would have served the same ends if I had been the one to die, but perhaps the thought that I would have Jamey Morrow to face kept me from dying many a time in the long decades since I last laid eyes on him, or what was left of him, under the straw and old sacks they put over him in the yard before they carried him down to his sister's cottage.

I was the only one in the yard when it happened, but I had my back turned, and I didn't know there was anything wrong until I heard the clatter of the mare's hooves and the crack of the cart splintering against the iron gate-piers. I got such a fright I didn't see Jamey at all when I first looked around. I only thought of the mare and of how I could stop her, because after the cart struck the gate, the traces broke and she went off in a mad gallop down the lane. Afterward I often wondered that he didn't shout or let out a cry, but maybe it

was lost in the clatter of the hooves and the iron rattle of the wheels. Or else maybe it all happened so suddenly he didn't get his breath, but was jolted out of the cart and down onto the cobbles. Then — oh, God, what an awful thing to happen to any man — the wheel of the cart went over him. Over his face, they said, but by God's mercy I didn't see that. He must have tried to get up and fallen down again, because when I saw him, he was lying face downward. They said I ran over to him, but I don't remember any more than just seeing him lying there in the muck and the dirt with his hands stretched out like as if he was still straining after the reins.

But I knew he was dead. They say I gave a scream and fainted; fell down on the wet cobblestones and didn't come to my senses again until they brought me in the parlor and put me down on the sofa. But do you know the first words I heard when I came to my senses? It was Agatha who was speaking: "If only it hadn't happened in our yard." That was what she was saying!

It meant nothing more than that to her, that a man was killed, and that man Jamey Morrow, who had worked for us for fifteen years and whom we knew as long back as we could remember, when we were all of us small children going to school together.

I think there was never a time when I didn't know Jamey Morrow and his sister, Annie. I re-

member when their mother was alive, a poor sickly woman. Our own mother used to take us with her when she went down to the cottage with soup or medicine.

"She's not long for this world," Mother used to say, and she'd look at Jamey and Annie and sigh, and speak of them as orphans.

Poor Mother: it was she who wasn't long for this world. It was we who were soon to be orphans. But that is only one of the ways that things seemed to work out the opposite of what might have been expected. Who, for instance, could have thought when this country got its freedom and they began to build ugly concrete houses with hideous red-tiled roofs for the laborers and farm workers that a day would come when they would be fitter for human habitation than our farmhouses that were such a source of pride to us.

Then we considered that the countryside was destroyed by these hideous houses, and I remember well my father's rage when he heard the Morrows had put down their names to get one, and that it was going to be built on the frontage of James Lanigan's farm at a point just opposite to where our lane opened into the road. Just where it would be an eyesore, he said, every time we came down the lane. Even I, who was glad the Morrows were getting away from the damp hovel in the fields; even I wished they weren't going to be right at the end of our lane.

We loved the lane so much. We were proud of being nearly a mile back from the road, and apart from the pride of knowing it was our own land to either side of us, we used to love going up and down it on the sidecar, especially in summer, when the hedges were as high as walls and there were pink and white dog roses nodding in the breeze as we tilted to this side and that over the dried ruts in the ground.

I never thought a day would come when places lying back in the fields would be as good as worthless. But then, who among us could have foreseen that even our thatched roofs, in which we took such pride, would be a curiosity and that people passing in cars would point and stare at them. I must admit, of course, that thatch can look very unsightly if it is the least bit neglected, and as time went on, it was not always easy for us to get thatchers. It was a trade that was passing out of existence.

Some of our neighbors had the thatch pulled down and had their places slated. The Lanigans had their roof slated, and I suppose it looked a bit better than ours, which had rotted patches in it and the sprouts of green grass growing up through the straw. But it didn't look a whole lot for all that, because they couldn't do anything with the old crooked walls that had somehow or other looked right with the thatch.

Ah, well! I suppose it is kind of comical now to think how we resented the new cottages and complained that they spoiled the view. To do ourselves justice, I must say there was never any attempt to make them fit into the countryside. Places like ours and Lanigans', and other places like them, were hedged around with privet and laurel, and in summer wreathed all around the windows and doors with woodbine and roses.

And I must admit that the Morrows' cottage was no better than any other. In fairness to Agatha I must admit that!

THE Morrows didn't get a council house until Jamey was almost a grown man. I suppose there being only him and a sister, Annie, and both of them unmarried, the council passed over them for a long time. But they got one at last.

I remember Agatha and I were away at boarding school when the building of the cottage began, and it was well started when we came home for our holidays one summer.

"What in the name of Providence is that?" cried Agatha when we came to our lane and she saw the new walls just opposite it.

"The Morrows are getting a place at last," my father said. "There's nothing we can do about it," and he pressed his lips together, and gave the mare a lick of the whip so that she fairly leapt up the lane.

"I wouldn't mind so much if it was anyone but those Morrows," said Agatha when she and I were walking down the lane a few days later.

She always hated them. I never knew why, and I don't know now, unless it was that even then, even before Jamey came to work for us at all, before he was a man, you might say, when we were all only youngsters going to school together, she might have seen something in his eyes when he looked at me that wasn't in them when he looked at her.

And even in those days, he seemed to be always crossing our path, as if indeed to provoke her. As I have said, we went to the national school when we were little girls, just as all the farmers' children did, until we were old enough to go to boarding school, but whereas the other scholars often had to come three and four miles to the schoolhouse, and often in their bare feet, we, who lived only a short distance from the village, were brought there and back by the donkey and trap.

And when I said a few minutes ago that Jamey Morrow was always crossing our path, that was literally true, because one of the things I remember best about him in those days was the way he would start up suddenly almost out of nowhere, like a hare, right in front of the donkey's head, and with a laugh dart across the road to stare at us in what

Agatha called an impudent way from the bank on the other side.

"That fool," she'd cry, and once I remember she snatched the whip from the socket and rose up in the trap to lash out at him. But he only laughed. That day, to goad her, he ran alongside the trap in his bare feet the whole way to the schoolhouse gate. And no matter how she beat the poor animal under the shafts, we could not outdistance his grinning face.

"You fool," she cried again in a fury as we got to the wall of the schoolyard and with a last grin he vaulted over it. All she could do then was to give a last lash to the wretched donkey, whose legs were plaiting under him from fatigue.

And here I think I should set down another thing I remember about that day. We used to unhitch the donkey and tie him up in a covered shed at the side of the schoolhouse, with a nosebag of oats that we brought with us in the trap. Well, on this particular day when we were in school, I began to feel uneasy about the poor animal after such a gallop as he had, and at the first opportunity I went out to take a look at him. He was all right. Someone had put a bit of old sacking across his back to keep him from getting cold after all he sweated. And someone had given him a fistful of grass because there were green blades on the ground under his feet and stuck between his yellow teeth.

It wasn't Agatha who put that sack over him. It wasn't she who gave him the grass. And it wasn't me. It could only have been one person, and when after a minute I sensed that there was someone else in the yard, I hardly needed to catch a sight of him to know that it was Jamey Morrow.

I SUPPOSE, in a way, you might say we were sweethearts as long ago as that, because when our glances met in the empty yard there was the same look in his eyes that was in them ever after when we were alone.

And I suppose that is why I felt so queer the year we came home from boarding school for good and Father told us that Jamey Morrow had come looking for work.

"Jamey Morrow?" I had to sit down on the lid of my trunk; I felt weak all of a sudden.

And that was nothing to the way I felt the next day when I went into the kitchen for something and there was Jamey standing at the back door with a bucket of calf meal in his hands, waiting for someone to scald it. Agatha was with me, but his eyes were on me. And I, when I saw him, started back into the shadow of a big grain bin we used to keep in the kitchen for the sake of dryness.

Oh, that look! How well I was to know it in the years ahead. And how often I was to tremble in case Agatha too had seen it; or Father.

I know now that Father never saw it, but I think that Agatha was aware of every glance that passed between us, even when she was in another room with the thickness of two walls between her and us. But her silence was part of the plan she pursued from the start to pretend she noticed nothing at all.

Even on the day of the inquest, she kept up a pretense of its not concerning me any more nearly than it would have concerned anyone, to have a man killed in my own yard, in front of my face, you might say.

And at the last minute in the kitchen, when we were dressed and ready to go to the courthouse and Father had the mare hitched to the sidecar, when I pleaded with her again to let me take off my blue silk dress, she only looked at me coldly and asked what else I had that I could wear.

"Anything but this," I cried in anguish, looking down at the blue dress. It was fitter to wear to a wedding than to an inquest.

But Agatha's cold eyes compelled me to look up at her. "You know you have nothing else fit to wear on an occasion like this," she said; "nothing except your old foulard," she added slowly and deliberately.

My foulard was black, unrelieved except by a bit of jet beading on the bodice. It was part of the mourning clothes Father bought for us when our mother died four years before.

Agatha used to have one like it, but black suited her and she had worn it out in no time. Black never suited me, and I didn't wear mine very often. It was as good as new.

"You know you look a sight in black," said Agatha when she saw me still irresolute. "You look bad enough as things are this morning, God knows. Your face is all blotchy, did you know that?"

But I neither knew nor cared how I looked. And Agatha must have known that too, because in spite of her policy of pretending to know nothing, there were times when she could not hide her malevolence.

"Do you want people to say that you went into mourning for your father's yardman?" she cried.

I suppose I ought to have given her an answer: I ought to have told her how little I cared for what anyone thought about me, least of all her, that was most responsible for keeping Jamey and me apart.

But Father was waiting outside on the sidecar and the door was open, so that he could have heard every word we said, and I was afraid to open my mouth. There didn't seem to be any gain in upsetting him for nothing, because all the decla-

rations I could ever make would not do Jamey any good, nor could my silence do him any harm. Or so I thought at the time.

That was always my failing, not speaking up to people. But until that day I thought it was a good quality. I used to be proud of what I thought was my gentle nature. I used to think that people admired me for it, particularly when they saw that Agatha was so hard.

She was like Father. But I took after Mother.

Poor, poor Mother. She was always timid, and when she got frail and delicate toward the end of her life, her timidity was almost cowardice. She let Father dominate her in everything, and as for us girls, she was always warning us to avoid saying anything to upset him, in case, as she used to say, her voice sinking to a whisper, in case he would get a stroke and "drop."

Oh, with what dread and fear I was filled by that simple word "drop," when it came like that in a whisper from my mother's lips. Even to this hour, in a storm I never hear the wind drop without feeling greater terror in my heart than the worst fury of the wind can evoke.

But Agatha never had the same fear of provoking Father's anger. Perhaps she was secure in the knowledge that unless she were to incense him by tales about me, there was nothing in her own life that could provoke him to any great degree of anger.

I don't suppose I had much to hide either before Jamey came to work for us, but as far back as I can remember I was mortally afraid of my father. But then, I was afraid of Agatha too.

Mother was like that; afraid of everything. Indeed, she hinted as much to me one day shortly before she died. She had taken my hand in hers, that was so thin and white.

"You're like me, Rose," she said.

"I'm glad I'm like you, Mother," I whispered with love and tenderness. She looked at me, as if in pity, as if in remorse. Then she turned her head to one side, and I saw that her face was wet with tears.

"What is the matter, Mother?" I cried, but all she could do was shake her head from side to side as if in admonition.

As if there were anything I could do then, or at any time, to make me other than I was. I suppose what happened at the inquest only proved that if I had a hundred lives to live I would have been the same cowardly creature all the time; and Jamey's dogged perseverance would have gained him nothing in the end, no matter how long he lived.

I would never have had the courage to face up to Father, to Agatha, to the whole countryside, and let it be thrown in my face that I'd gone down to live in the cottage that I sneered at so much

when it was being built. I couldn't bring myself to think of such a thing, although now the thought of standing in one of those small rooms with Jamey beside me is like thinking of a caress, because, for all our love, we never stood as near together as those close and narrow walls would have brought us.

We were never alone for longer than a few uneasy minutes, while I scoured the milking pails for him perhaps, or worked the handle of the pump while he rinsed them round with spring water. At such times Agatha was never far away; in the dairy, perhaps, or else gone down the passage for something, to return in a few seconds. But they were long terrible moments for all that, when some pull seemed to be exerting itself between us, so that I often had to catch hold of the table or the back of a chair, in order to keep from moving nearer to him, or putting out my hand to touch him. Whether it was something outside us that made me feel this pull toward him, or whether it was exerted upon me deliberately by his eyes that were always full upon me whenever I encountered him, I do not know. I only know that after such moments passed and he had gone, although my heart beat wildly at the thought of what the moment had presaged, I was always glad that for another while things were to remain vague.

AND so one summer after another came and went, and left us as it found us. And the cold, hard winters came, and although they were longer in passing, they too passed and left things unchanged.

Oh, how bitter it was afterward to think of those hard winters Jamey endured, up at all hours of the night with ewes at lambing time, and yet the first astir in the yard at frosty dawn. Many and many a time my heart was stabbed at the sight of him going about his labors, caked to the knees with mud, his clothes shapeless from all the wettings he got and the poor means he had of drying them.

It was some comfort to think of a few times, in the bitterest of weather, that I got a chance to call him to the kitchen window and hand him out a cup of hot tea when Agatha was occupied elsewhere. But for the most part the winters were hard and black for him. And only for me it's likely he would not have stayed in such a backward place.

Of course in the summer it didn't seem so backward, and in our part of the world the summer used to come so suddenly that overnight it would seem to reach full tide, the hedges all in blossom, and the cattle in the pastures wading through great billows of grass, as if through water: grass so high indeed that once as we went down the lane in the sidecar I saw a man walking down the path through our meadow, and it was only when the wind swayed

the grasses that it could be seen that by the hand he held a little girl in a pink sunbonnet!

Oh, the summers were beautiful; the summers were bountiful: they seemed to be made for lovers.

As each summer broke over the countryside, it seemed to me that surely, surely things would be different, and somehow Jamey and I would get over our difficulties.

I used to forget Agatha. I used to forget Father. Above all, I used to forget that there had been other summers when the hedges were just as thick with roses and the grass then, too, had risen in the fields like a flood. Yet all these summers had passed, and we were as we had always been; no nearer to each other.

So many summers!

Only a few days before Jamey was killed, I was standing at the door of the kitchen, and although the real summer had not yet come, here and there, like a spray of foam breaking before its time, far out upon a distant wave, the hawthorn had broken into blossom.

"Summer is nearly here," said Jamey, rolling the water slowly round and round in the milk pail and not looking at me at all.

"It makes me sad to think of the summer coming," I said.

He stopped rolling the can.

"I was thinking of summers long ago," I said, hastily, "when I was a child."

And instinctively I drew back into the shelter of the back porch, and the old feeling of nervousness came over me so that I trembled. Agatha had only gone down the passage to the dairy: we could hear the sound of the clappers as she made up the butter. But Jamey seemed reckless that day. He left down the milk can and came a step or two after me as I withdrew still further into the porch.

"Why think of the summers that are gone?" he said. "Why not think of the summers ahead?"

One would have thought those words were simple enough, and harmless too, but I read their deeper import so clearly that, terrified, I glanced over my shoulder in case they might have been overheard. And when I looked again I saw on his face another look with which I was becoming familiar. It was not pity, it was not contempt. Perhaps the nearest I can go to naming it is to say it was a look of accusation. And his voice when he spoke again had lost its eagerness.

"More have gone than are to come," he said.

Then he lifted the pail from the ground, and going back to the pump, he made a clatter that filled the yard.

As I watched him that day my heart was heavy. That is all there is between us, I thought, or ever like to be: looks of love and looks of accusation.

Agatha was a long time in the dairy that evening.

I need not have been so cautious. Yet when she came back into the kitchen, you'd almost think our voices had left traces in the air from the way she stood on the threshold with the bowl of buttermilk in her arms, looking around her suspiciously.

"Who was here?" she asked, but she knew without being told that it was Jamey. "It's well for you," she said, "that you have nothing more to do than give chat to the like of that fellow!"

That was Agatha's attitude from the start; to ignore the implications of the situation that was developing, and remark only on surface irregularities: the way I idled, or the way Jamey's boots muddled the floor when he came into the kitchen.

It was indeed hard at times to know whether or not she suspected anything. Sometimes it seemed impossible to think that she did not. On the other hand, what had ever passed between Jamey and me behind Agatha's back that might not have passed between us in her presence? Nothing; unless perhaps those looks, those inflammable, dangerous looks, that showed how near the surface was the fire that could consume us all. Because, of course, Agatha and Father would never be able to hold up their heads again if I ran away with Jamey Morrow.

Not that our plans had ever been put like that in plain words. Poor Jamey, I had never given him the right to speak plainly. But what was in his mind could not be stifled, and there was a purpose and a meaning behind every word he uttered.

THERE was one day when he came to the door of the kitchen and called me by name, recklessly, not caring if he was overheard. By good chance we were alone.

"Did you hear the news?" he asked, his eyes bright and piercing as they searched my face.

I hadn't heard anything strange.

"About Molly Lanigan," said Jamey.

I had heard nothing, but of course I knew at once what was coming.

"And Andy Fagan?" I asked.

Jamey nodded his head excitedly.

"They've run away?" I whispered.

Jamey nodded his head again, an exultant look on his face. "Australia!" he cried, and his voice also was exultant.

"But —"

I was so bewildered, so disturbed. Molly Lanigan was the daughter of James Lanigan, my father's friend, and the way of life in the Lanigan home was in many respects the same as our own.

Perhaps old Lanigan was not as proud as our father and did not set such a high standard for his womenfolk, allowing them to walk to Mass sometimes rather than take out the trap, even when the

day was wet. He took less heed of their appearance in the house, too, and Molly Lanigan went around the kitchen in the morning with old trodden-down slippers on her feet, and she was let go about the yard in muddy weather with a pair of her father's boots on her feet, unpolished and unlaced. But whatever might have been old Lanigan's laxity in these respects, he and Father saw eye to eye when it came to estimating the difference between themselves and the laboring class. Old Lanigan had been incensed at the scheme for giving them cottages.

"You'll see," he said. "All this will end badly. It will put them above themselves. A day will come when we won't be able to get one of them to lift a spade. More than that: you'll see the day when they'll be so full of themselves they'll be setting their caps at the farmers' daughters, and looking for wives among them."

Molly Lanigan was with her father that day, and how she and I giggled until we saw Agatha looking down her nose at us!

Molly was as pretty as a rose, with her soft mossy hair and soft tinted cheeks, the pink coming and going in them. People often said we were alike, but of course I wasn't anything like as pretty as Molly. All the same, we were often taken for sisters. We were more alike than Agatha and me anyway, and I suppose that's what people meant. I felt more sisterly toward Molly; that was certain.

After we left school, however, we didn't see each other very often. And then one day Agatha brought up her name with a glitter of malice in her eyes, because Agatha never liked Molly, any more than she liked any friends of mine.

"This is a nice state of affairs," she said. "I hear people are beginning to talk about Molly Lanigan!"

I had heard some talk. In fact, Jamey had hinted something about her, but I didn't dream that she would ever go as far as to give people grounds for talking openly about her. Father, who had evidently heard nothing, turned to Agatha with a look of concern and inquiry.

"They're talking about the way she's carrying on with one of the workmen," said Agatha.

So it was true. All at once I felt a strange feeling in my heart that I could not name. Then, with shame, I realized that the feeling was jealousy.

"Molly and Andy Fagan!" I murmured, more to myself than to the others, more to hear if coupled together their names would seem less ill assorted than their persons.

Hastily I told myself that my Jamey was so different from Andy, because I could not help feeling that for the one thing that united the other couple, there must be a hundred things that would divide them. It would take Andy Fagan a long time to rise above his origins. But anyone would have to admit that even in his old working clothes, up to

his knees in mud, Jamey was a cut above a laborer.

But to go back to Molly and Andy: I thought that whatever was between them had been brought to an end, because not long after Agatha's malicious gossip, Molly was packed off to Dublin to stay with a sister of her father's, a woman who had the name of being very strict.

It was easy to see what was at the back of this move. Poor Molly was in Dublin for almost two years, without once being let home. You'd have thought that would have put an end to anything there had been between her and Andy, and that was why I was so taken by surprise when Jamey told me they had run away together to Australia.

"But she was sent to Dublin to get her away from him," I cried.

Jamey gave a short laugh.

"That was old Lanigan's mistake," he said. "If he had left her at home he might have furthered his plans better. It's likely she'd have come to think poor Fagan was driving too hard a bargain, between what he had to offer and what she would have to give up for him." He paused for a minute, and then he gave me a look I'll remember till the day I die. "Like others before her," he said.

Do you see what I mean now about the way he was always hinting and insinuating, without ever daring to speak outright?

"I wonder, will they ever come back," I said nervously, stupidly, if you like, because I wanted to change the conversation. I didn't altogether succeed, for Jamey kept looking at me for another minute, that I thought would never end, and then he looked behind me at the yard and the ramshackle pump against the gable wall, and at the dreary stretches of mud that lay between one shed and another.

"Is it back to a place like this?" he said, because at that time of year one place was like another in the heart of the country. He gave a laugh that I didn't like. And I didn't like the look on his face. It was not the dogged look to which I was used, and it was hard to read. I felt a stir of fear because I thought I knew him better than that. It would never have surprised me to see a strange expression on the face of Agatha or my father, but on his face I expected only to see that with which I was familiar all my life. The thought crossed my mind that for all his devotion, he might take a notion someday and walk out of the place — without me. Indeed, when he was killed, I had one gleam of consolation in the thought that it was not by any act of his will or of mine that we were parted.

THAT indeed was the thought that was uppermost in my mind as we rattled along the road to the

inquest. It made me feel less bitter toward Agatha for a time, and more pitying, because after all, I had my memories, and no one could take them away from me.

I was thinking of how, in the days to come when twilight began to descend on the countryside, I would wander across the fields to the old cemetery in which Jamey had been laid beside his parents. And kneeling down among the cool grasses, I would whisper to him all the words of love that had never been spoken.

Ah, Jamey, I would cry. Ah, Jamey! And I would tell him all my love; and of how I stifled it, and how I suffered from it. And so greatly was I moved that I thought Agatha or Father must surely notice. I had to clench my hands to keep from pressing them to my heart.

Father noticed something I think, because he looked at me sharply and spoke roughly.

"Hold on to the rails there," he said. "Do you want to be thrown out on the road?"

I hardly heeded him. I went on dreaming that I was kneeling, penitent, in the moist grasses in the graveyard.

Jamey, forgive me! Ah, Jamey, if only I had you back again I'd go to the ends of the earth with you!

But in spite of my dreaming I became aware at last that we had reached the outskirts of the town, and for the first time I began to apprehend the embarrassment of the occasion.

"There are a lot of people in the town today," I said, addressing Agatha, although between us two of late there had been a great constraint.

"What did you expect?" she said stonily. "They're here to gape at us!"

I suppose it was because of my grief that I had not given much thought to the inquest. Now, however, at the last minute, I was filled with a nervous curiosity.

"Will we be asked questions?" I cried.

Agatha looked contemptuously at me.

"Why do you suppose they're bringing us here?" she said.

All at once my heart began to beat violently. "They won't ask me anything, will they?" I cried.

Here, however, Father turned around and looked at me in surprise. "You'll be the principal witness, didn't you know that?" We were in the town by this time, and the mare had to pick her way carefully in the crowded streets. Father frowned and looked at Agatha. "Didn't you tell her she'd be the first witness?"

Agatha had told me nothing. And all of a sudden I felt that there was something strange about her silence, as if in it something were breeding, something evil and bad. Even Father looked suspiciously at her.

Agatha only shrugged her shoulders. "She's

not a fool, is she?" she snapped. "Doesn't she know she was the only one in the yard when it happened?"

But Father didn't seem satisfied. "All the same," he said, "I thought you were going to have a word with her."

We had by this time rounded the corner of the main street, at the end of which was the courthouse. And going down the street, a pathetic figure in her cheap black clothes, was Annie Morrow. I'd have to make an opportunity to speak to her, but it would be for Jamey's sake I'd do it, because to tell the truth, there was as much difference between him and her as — well, as I suppose people would have said there was between him and me if they had been given the occasion for linking us together.

I felt some pity for Annie all the same, in spite of her appearance and her badly made clothes.

"There's Annie Morrow," I said aloud. "I suppose they'll have to ask her questions too."

I thought my father at least would have felt pity for her. Instead, he averted his proud hard face as if he did not want to see her.

"You'll find she'll be well able to answer all she's asked," he said. "Too well," he added.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"You can't be so stupid that you don't know the Morrows and their friends will throw all the blame of this thing upon us," he said after a minute.

"But it was an accident," I cried. "How could there be blame put upon anyone?"

He gave a jerk to the reins.

"It's easily seen you know little about the Morrows or their class," he said. "They're always looking out for a chance to put down their betters. Don't you know they'll say the whole thing was due to some fault of ours; that the harness was bad, or the mare was wicked, or some such lie?"

I didn't think that anyone would go out of the way to tell a deliberate lie like that, much less in a courthouse, where you'd be on oath to tell the truth. But I didn't know either that a lie could take all kinds of forms, and that you could tell one just by saying nothing at all.

"I don't believe Annie Morrow would tell a lie," I cried. "Can't we prove the harness was all right anyway? And as for the mare, who that knew her would believe anything against her?"

We were at that moment drawing up at the door of the courthouse, and all Father would have to do when we got down from the sidecar would be to make a knot in the reins and throw it into the well of the car. The mare would stand in the shafts all day if we wanted, without being held or tied or anything. There wasn't a horse in the countryside that was as quiet as all that.

"Everyone knows our mare," I cried as I prepared to get down onto the footpath. It was not till then that Agatha spoke.

"The best animal in the world would turn sour if she was badly treated," she said in her cold, cold voice.

Do you know I wasn't able to step down from the trap. I sank back on the leather cushions. "You don't mean that Jamey ill-treated her?" I said, almost in a whisper.

Agatha shrugged her shoulders.

"Who knows!" she said.

"Agatha Darker!" I cried. "You know very well that Jamey Morrow never ill-treated an animal in his life!" But when I looked into her sneering face I turned around to Father. "You know it, don't you, Father?" I cried.

He was putting a knot in the reins. He threw the knotted leather into the well of the car. Then he turned to answer me.

"It isn't what we know or do not know, but what we saw or did not see that will count in here," he said, and before he put the whip into its socket, he motioned toward the courthouse with it. "You were the only one in the yard when the accident happened," he said. "If you say he didn't kick the animal they'll take your word for it. That's all there is to say about the matter. Come on! Get down."

But I didn't get down. I was so weak I thought my feet would go from under me if I tried to stand, much less to walk up through the crowd that was gathering at the foot of the steps, and everyone staring at us too, with a hostile kind of stare. I recognized one or two of them as laboring men that were working on farms around about us. And I recognized two girls that were cousins of the Morr-ows. You'd have thought they would have been sober-looking at such a time, but instead they had a saucy, impudent look, as if the proceedings in the courthouse gave them some sort of importance.

I could not help noticing that when Agatha got down from the sidecar, the pair on the footpath lost a lot of their impudence. Agatha always had an effect upon people. She made them uncomfortable. The girls shrank back from her, as with her head erect she prepared to go into the courthouse.

"Agatha!" I cried. She was my sister after all. Those people crowding around us were not our kind, and although I didn't want to side with Agatha and Father, I didn't want to side with them either. After all, I had to live with Agatha and Father, and now that Jamey was gone from me, I'd have to live with them for the rest of my life.

"Oh, Agatha! Why do I have to answer questions?" I cried. "After all, I didn't see anything that happened. You and Father saw more than me! It was only when you ran out into the yard and I saw you put your hand up to your face that I looked around and saw him on the ground. And didn't I faint after that? What good will it do them to ask about it? I saw nothing!"

This was the moment for which Agatha had been waiting all day.

She turned to me immediately. Taking my arm, she helped me down from the sidecar. Then, linking me close, she led me up the steps of the courthouse between the rows of gaping faces on either side.

For the first time in many years I began to think of her as a friend.

"Of course you saw nothing," she said. "That's why it was so absurd of you to keep insisting that he couldn't have done anything to the mare! How did you know what happened? He could have kicked her a dozen times without you seeing him. We all know it is most unlikely that he did anything of the kind, but you couldn't swear he didn't, could you? Don't forget that you'll be on your oath!"

We were at the door of court at this time, but we had not gone in because we were waiting for Father to join us.

"You couldn't swear he didn't, could you?" said the voice beside me.

At that moment Father came up the steps.

"Could you?" said my sister again. And this time I shook my head.

But, oh, the cleverness and malice that led me to that betrayal! Is it any wonder that I hated her from that moment to this moment, and that I will hate her until the last moment of my life on this earth.

And to think that when my last hour comes it will be by her side I will be laid in the earth, and with her dust that mine will mingle. I, Rose Darker, that should by rights be laid alongside Jamey Morrow!

PROJECTION

BY HOWARD NEMEROV

They were so amply beautiful, the maps,
With their blue rivers winding to the sea,
So calmly beautiful, who could have blamed
Us for believing, bowed to our drawing boards,
In a large and ultimate equivalence,
One map that challenged and replaced the world?

Our punishment? To stand here, on these ladders,
Dizzy with fear, not daring to look down,
Glue on our fingers, in our hair and eyes,
Piecing together the crackling, sticky sheets
We hope may paper yet the walls of space
With pictures any child can understand.



THE BATTLE OF THE SCROLLS

by Chaim Raphael

For nearly 2000 years Jews have built their way of life, and way of looking at life, around a legend; but recent interpretations and decipherings of the Dead Sea Scrolls have turned that legend into real, inscribed facts. That is the view of Mr. Raphael, a Briton who combines a career in Her Majesty's Civil Service (Treasury) with writing. This article deals with some of the questions raised in his new book, THE TENDER BRANCH: AN EXCURSION INTO JEWISH HISTORY, to be published later this year by Alfred Knopf.

IF WE were going to drink a single toast to celebrate the anniversary of the finding of the scrolls, we would have to raise our glass to that innocent Arab boy, idly throwing a stone into a cave at Qumran, by the Dead Sea, in the spring of 1947. But looking back over the twenty years, we have seen not one but three dramas of discovery played out in this area — Qumran itself, Masada, and the astonishing finds of the Bar Kokhbeh period (132–135 A.D.) in the Judaean desert close by. Though separate, they overlap in content and are unified in significance. Taken together they emerge as a celebration of history, almost as much in the way the discoveries were made as by what they reveal to us.

No one caught the flavor of the first phase better than Edmund Wilson, whose book *Scrolls From the Dead Sea* (published in 1955 after serialization in the *New Yorker*) brought the good news to many people. At that early stage, the high drama seemed to lie in the meaning for Jesus and Christianity of the doctrines revealed by some of the scrolls that emerged from the Arab boy's cave. Of course, even without this, the discoveries were full of wonder. Here unearthed were biblical books, in Hebrew, used by Jews when the Temple still stood, and 800 or 900 years older than anything previously known. There were hundreds of fragments too of other ancient texts, whose discovery solved many mysteries of absorbing interest to scholars. But it was the sect which had lived at this remote spot, and whose library these scrolls formed, which raised the really startling questions. Was this settlement at Qumran, on a high cliff overlooking the Dead Sea, the direct source of Christianity? The pious Jews of this "monastery" had lived under vows of poverty, a strict discipline of

study, with "baptism" and "ritual meals" and a strong apocalyptic faith. The scrolls referred to their leader as the "Teacher of Righteousness," founder of a "New Covenant." A saint to his followers, he had been put to death by his enemies. Did the Christian faith merely pick this up? Was the Teacher of Righteousness perhaps John the Baptist? Could Jesus have lived in the settlement? Did the Church simply expand the ideas of this Jewish sect?

For many people this became the central, the abiding, question of the scrolls. It is fair to say that while scholarship since those early days has deepened the knowledge of the period enormously, it has also tended to lessen the force of the great question — the wild surmise. The parallels, when pursued, turn out to be not so exact or exclusively Christian. The unique role for believers of the actual life and death of Jesus is left intact.

To a Jew, the drama of the Dead Sea discoveries can have a different focus, and this is partly because their character has been so immensely broadened.

Before talking of the later discoveries in the way I like to think of them — as an adventure with overtones — let me first shock my fellow Jews (or some of them) by saying that if I shift the focus of interest on the first phase from Jesus, it is not to diminish his significance but to elevate it to another level altogether. I think it misleading to think of the Qumran sect and its scrolls as a way of "explaining" Jesus because nothing documentary can account for the unique appeal of the story of his life, or "explain" the extraordinary influence of the Christian faith on mankind.

To me as a Western man, the power of Jesus and Christianity over the mind and feelings of

The Dead Sea Discoveries Reconsidered

mankind is a mystery far too strong to be amenable to “explanation.” Literary and historical puzzles are always interesting. What song the Sirens sang and what name Achilles assumed when he hid among women are (we are assured) subjects not beyond conjecture. But the source of the ideas made manifest somehow through Jesus, plus the subsequent effect of his life on the conduct of untold millions of men and women throughout our history, is a puzzle of a different order.

To use a metaphor which is by no means irrelevant, a boy’s love for his mother is not affected by discovering, as he will, that she was in a human sense merely the child of this or that background, that she had feet of clay, that she did not emerge uniquely to bear him. To the boy she remains unique; and so with Christianity itself. It cannot be shown to have this or that source by some agreed standard of scholarship; nor can it be given some kind of general approval because it is “good” for people to respond to its moralities. It makes claims at quite a different level:

That God was made in Palestine,
And lives to-day in Bread and Wine.

Christianity can never be less than this; and hovering over what is a gigantic act of faith for the believer is the evident *validity* of so much that has flowed from Christian worship, doctrines which are profoundly related to man’s nature — the notion of sin and suffering, intercession and Christlike love, as direct and universal in their influence as the picture of the Mother and the Babe which all of us have grown up with.

This is not to say that Christianity, as practiced by its adherents, has been a universally beneficent force. Not all Christians, to put it mildly, have been saints. But all human history is a story of violence and murder softened by a groping for something better; and over 2000 years, enough emerged from Christian practice to testify that something new was in the air. In this sense it is not really helpful to “explain” Christianity simply as a modification or “improvement” of the Judaism from which it sprang. There is absolutely nothing in the Jewish tradition, then or later, which has the force of the really *characteristic* doctrines of Christianity or their mysterious power to transform men’s lives. This is evident in what is recognized uniquely as “Christian” action — service, theologically mo-

tivated, carried to the level of abnegation or self-sacrifice — or if we call to mind the extraordinary fertilizing effect of the Christian tradition on music and the arts.

There is no valid way to link this “Christian” influence to the Jewish tradition, which has had an equally powerful, and beneficent, effect on its recipients, but from a different angle altogether. For whereas the Jewish tradition sees all human history as an endless kaleidoscope of God, Christianity deals with an Event which, if one thinks it happened, stopped human history in its tracks and turned all subsequent history into a continuing symbolic repetition of the same drama — Christ, or his Gethsemane, being born in everyone. This (to a non-Christian) seems to be the force of the Christian revelation. That it took root as it did bears little relation to the activities of a Jewish sect.

And most particularly *this* sect; for having argued that nothing “explains” Jesus, I would then say, exaggerating for the sake of paradox, that everything else in the *real* Jewish tradition helps us to understand Jesus better than the Scrolls of Qumran. Where many writers on this subject — including, to some extent, the admirable Edmund Wilson — went wrong was to be so bemused by the sudden emergence of a “monastery” in the time of Jesus, a few miles from Bethlehem, with prayers, hymns, and visionary beliefs that can be “fitted in” to Gospel words, that they saw this place and this sect as of special significance. With eyes glued on Qumran — and how understandable it was — they stopped for the moment looking at the broader picture of Jewish life at the time.

But if we are thinking of the *man* Jesus, as distinct from the mysterious figure we have envisaged above, it is the human earthy background which gives us the clue, not a narrow, inhuman, untypical, and, it must be said, boring sect of fanatics in the wilderness. Leaving the mystery of Christianity on one side, there is, at the center, the story of a man, told with quite extraordinary human appeal. Every saying, every encounter, every adventure, which comes through makes him a man of the people living among the people, his mind open to every influence around him. His words, his poetry, his imagery are all related to the bustling, lively culture whose child he was. This would not in itself be unreconcilable with the idea that he

might have absorbed some doctrine from a sect of this kind and even visited the place. But the sect and its outlook cannot have been the molding influence of the man we read about in the Gospels.

~~Certainly there are phrases in some of the Qumran writings which, taken out of context, fit in with Gospel words, both when they talk of love and brotherhood and when they are very militant against "the wicked," as they so often are. But for every one of these parallels, there are infinitely more telling parallels in the rabbinic writings generally. The rabbinic tradition, which later began to emerge in writing in the Talmud and the Midrash, was in its formative stage during the life of Jesus, in the teachings of the Pharisees. Jesus, as we know from the Gospels, was in conflict with the Pharisees. But he was, in human terms, a child of the same background, concerned, as the Pharisees themselves were, not merely in abstract religious speculation but in the intricate and earthy humanities of daily existence, reinterpreting the received tradition in terms of the practical problems of ordinary people and not of austere sectarians living cut off in the wilderness.~~

Some "modern" Jewish scholars (largely in the last hundred years) have indeed rather taken Jesus over in this way as the quasi-Pharisee, with the desire, not always unconscious, to show that he was after all a very human being, with nothing particularly divine or even very original about him. With great detail they illustrate how — even if his claim to be the Messiah, the King of the Jews, the son of God were plain heresy — so many of his "ordinary" sayings and moral teachings are echoed in the rabbinic writings which began to take shape in the same period. But even where Jewish scholarship, in concentrating on this approach, had an ulterior motive of pride and self-justification, it did at least create a full and lively picture of the world in which the man Jesus grew up. It was this living character, and not the quasi-monk of Qumran, who had the power to grip the imagination of all succeeding centuries.

PERHAPS the real mystery, for Jew and Christian alike, is the power that this strange period, the last days of the Temple at Jerusalem, has had in molding history. For Christians, the point is obvious; but for Jews, too, what emerged in the first century opened up a way of life and thought which was crucial to all that followed. The teachers of the time — the Pharisees, whom Jesus both spoke for and quarreled with — developed a way of looking at life which carried an astonishing power of evolutionary reproduction. If the subsequent history of the Jews, and above all their peculiar

mixture of moral and intellectual concentration, has some interest for the student of civilization, it is to this period that one must look, with some wonder, for its origin. Yet it was a period which, until the recent discoveries, had to be built up by conjecture, without tangible documentation. To see the conjectures realized, with material evidence, is a drama which a Jew has no right to keep to himself, even though his own relation to it is so personal; for it is, above all, a demonstration of history at work.

It can be put this way. For close on 2000 years, the Jews nursed what can be called a legend — a way of life, and a way of looking at life — whose real authority lay in what one generation handed on to the next. This "legend," built around the vast corpus of rabbinic writing, was the powerhouse of the Jewish spirit. The scholars lived in it, were drenched in it, every day and night of their lives. Their followers, the untutored masses, breathed the air of this devotion even if they could not participate. The notion of study — the intense pursuit of argument and conjecture — concentrated on what had emerged from this particular period of their past. An immense imaginative structure had been built up, which was not merely intellectual but was connected, in its appeal, with the very human and earthy lives of the rabbis, the "legendary" founding fathers.

Suddenly, in an unbroken succession of discoveries since 1947, the soil and rocks of the Holy Land have yielded up material that clothes this legend with reality. The way of life of these historic characters is there to see. Their practices are recorded. Their struggles — triumphs and failures — are shown to us.

And if one is looking for history at work, there is a peculiar satisfaction in the *way* the discoveries were made. The emergence of the past was an echo of the contemporary struggle. The heroes of the new State of Israel were the same men who brought the legend to life.

One man in particular stands as a symbol of the story, Yigael Yadin. By now everyone knows something about this extraordinary man, soldier and archaeologist, his work on the scrolls from Qumran, and his unique role in opening up the rock fortress of Masada. What is less well known is the story of his work on the Bar Kokhbeh period, and in particular the satisfying way in which the tension of the life-and-death struggle of Israel with its neighbors was re-enacted, less painfully, through the intrigues and adventure of this third phase of the Dead Sea discoveries.

Providence, it must be said, had seemed rather unkind to Israel over the first scrolls at Qumran. Yadin's father, the eminent archaeologist Sukenik, had been the first to recognize their true age. But

the war of liberation was at its height; and when the fighting ended, the source of the scrolls lay in what had become, by an accident of history, "enemy territory," the State of Jordan. How some of the scrolls were eventually brought to Israel through Yadin's enterprise in New York is a story told by Edmund Wilson in a manner that no one can improve on. But it must be a source of sadness to the Israelis that they were unable to participate at firsthand in the fascinating developments that were later unfolded at Qumran.

In the seesaw of discovery, the balance was amply restored at Masada, a few miles south in Israeli territory; for here the massive expeditions led by Yadin from 1963 to 1965 uncovered a shrine of living history as momentous to national pride as it is to scholarship. Josephus had told of the luxurious villa of Herod on this rock, and later of the indomitable struggle there of the Jewish rebels who had defied the Romans and chose at the end a mass suicide rather than to fall as captives into their hands. But nothing to confirm this had ever been known. And now we see it all as it was. Yadin's own book on Masada tells the story: the pathos, with skeletons lying untouched for 1900 years, the discoveries for scholarship — a synagogue going back to Temple times, scrolls in profusion, echoing and complementing those found at Qumran.

THE story of the Bar Kokhbah discoveries had started much earlier. Unlike Masada, it was a long-drawn-out affair, with the seesaw, for Israel, going up and down. It had begun, as early as 1951, on the Jordan side of the frontier, with clandestine offers by Bedouin Arabs to the scholars there of tiny fragments of Hebrew and Greek writing, and with claims that the source was somehow linked with the searches then being pursued at Qumran. In fact, the trail, when followed, led much further afield; but for several years these offers, and what ensued later, were kept secret. As it began to leak out, what had started on the Jordan side led to corresponding action on the Israeli side. By the time the operations on both sides of the frontier were completed, nearly ten years after the original dealings in 1951, history had been enriched not only with a great deal of valuable new information on ancient biblical scrolls, but by the documentation with tangible evidence of a subject known directly hitherto only through later rabbinic writings — the social, religious, and military history of the period of the "last revolt" by the Jews against the Romans, in 132–135 A.D., under the leadership of the legendary Bar Kokhbah.

At first the honors of discovery and decipherment lay perforce with Jordan. The Bedouin and their

Syrian dealers played a teasing game with fragments for a while, but the archaeologists in Jordan finally secured an agreement to be led to what was claimed as the source, some caves in the Wadi Murabba'at, eighteen miles or so south of Qumran, and in an area called by Father Milik, a leading paleographer who took part, "one of the most inaccessible places in Palestine." Arriving there toward the end of January, 1952, with all the official help they could muster, they still found conditions for search almost impossible: dark narrow tunnels approached on hazardous ledges, blocked by constant and continuing rock falls and infested with the accumulated filth of the centuries. But they got through in the end to recover not only a great mass of "normal" archaeological finds but a hoard of documents clearly identified or dated to the years of the Bar Kokhbah revolt. There were biblical scrolls of very great interest, legal documents of extraordinary variety, and, most startling of all, personal letters from Bar Kokhbah himself. As the material began to be published in the later part of the 1950s, the effect was dramatic, especially in its relation to the Jewish tradition.

To realize why, it has to be recalled that though the character of the leader, the course of the fighting, and the persecution which followed left an anguish-laden mark on Jewish folk memory, exemplified in many stories in the Talmud and Midrash, there was no knowing how legend had embellished fact. Nor was it known how the elaborate legal system projected later in the rabbinic writings was actually in practice in this period, when many of the founding fathers of the tradition lived. And now suddenly it was all given substance.

The legal hoard includes marriage and divorce documents, with full property settlements, contracts for the sale and leasing of land, and many other detailed financial records of the time. To take the marriage contracts alone, the language of any one of them will startle any Jew who has been married in synagogue: the terms — the careful spelling out of the financial obligations, the solemnity, the long rigmarole — are identical. And to see the ordinary business contracts of the time is to understand at last what the rabbis of a later day were talking about with their elaborate rules in the Mishnah and Talmud on how legal documents must be written (with a duplicate copy), witnessed, dated, and "tied" in such a way that the original, in close writing, is rolled up and preserved, while the copy, in looser writing, is left open for easy reference. Here are such contracts in profusion, including a bundle of tenant-farmer leases in the name of Bar Kokhbah, who had assumed all ownership in the Roman Imperial style. It is not easy to take in that something so legendary a few years ago is now so matter of fact:

On the 20th of Shebat, Year II [133 A.D.] of the Liberation of Israel, by the authority of Simon ben Kosiba, Prince of Israel, who resides at Herodium, Judah ben Rabba hereby declares to Hillel ben Garis: I, of my own free will, have today taken from you a parcel of land at Ir Nahass . . . I have taken it from Simon, Prince of Israel, and will pay the rent yearly in good and clean wheat, 3 *khors* and 1 *letekh* . . . after the tithe which you will have taken and sent to the Treasury

Signed: JUDAH BEN RABBA, in person
SIMON BEN KOSIBA, by his authority.

Apart from everything else, one suddenly notices that the mystery of Bar Kokhbah's real name is finally solved. The rabbinic accounts left it open whether "Bar Kokhbah" — son of the Star — was, like "Ben Gurion," a name assumed for its symbolic ring, in this case a messianic overtone. They thought that the other name they had heard, "Bar Koziba," was given in derision by his opponents, since it could be read as "son of the lie." The later Church historians used the messianic-sounding name, and in this way it passed unchangeably into history. But now we know; and there is one fragment which spells it out in Greek letters, so that the pronunciation "Bar Kosiba" (with a hard "s") is assured.

But more than the name is at stake. The rabbinic legend, while recalling many stories of his courage and strength, was not happy with his character. His contemporaries are said to have hated his cruelty and messianic pretensions. When, hearing of his exploits, one rabbi of the time, the famous Akiba, exclaimed (perhaps only half seriously): "This man must be the King Messiah!", another, Rabbi Torta, is said to have replied rather sourly: "The grass will be growing out of your cheeks before the Messiah comes." All the legends, passed down orally over the generations, made him larger than life. Tradition told of the ruthless ways he had devised for testing the courage of his soldiers, and how he had not flinched from putting his own uncle to death for supposed treachery. It recalled, also, the blasphemy of his devil-may-care prayer on entering battle: "*All we ask, God, is: do not help the enemy. Us you need not help.*" And now suddenly we can hear him speaking in the same voice in a letter, perhaps even in his own hand, to the leader in charge of one of his military posts:

From Simon ben Kosiba to Joshua ben Galgula and the men of Ha-Baruk: Greeting! I call heaven to witness against me that if any of the Galileans who are with you are ill-treated, I shall put you in fetters as I did to Ben Aphlul.

Simon ben Kosiba

On the Israeli side of the frontier, the Jews, thrilled at so much light being shed on their history, would have been less than human (or perhaps more

than human) if they had not at the same time felt a great sense of frustration that they were not making these discoveries themselves. As the documents began to be published in scholarly journals (to be finally edited in magnificent style by Father Milik in a book completed in 1958), they were leading to a host of new conclusions about the social and military history of the period. At the very least the Israelis wanted to find more evidence, if it existed, to get the picture right. And in particular they may well have felt a special sense of irritation over the letters from Bar Kokhbah himself. Two such letters had been found, one mentioned above, the other, in more relaxed style, asking the same ben Galgula for a consignment of wheat, and adding cheerfully: "Be of good spirit, and keep everyone's spirit up." It was galling to discover that these two letters had not even been dug up by the Jordan archaeologists, but bought before the expedition from the Bedouin Arabs, whose propensity to wander over the frontier was well established.

It seemed indeed as if, contrary to the assertion of Psalm 121, the Guardian of Israel was both slumbering and sleeping. The Israelis decided to take matters into their own hands. As early as 1953 and 1955, hearing specifically of Bedouin activity in Israel among the caves of the Hever gorge, southwest of En-Gedi, they had done some searches there but with no results. In January, 1960, they tried again further south, and again found little evidence of anything except ransacking by the Bedouin. But their blood was up, and they now decided to make an immediate all-out effort to survey the whole area, with full military support. They divided the terrain, all of the most difficult character, into four sections, each under a competent archaeologist with complete independent authority. Yadin was one of the four, and after the others had chosen, was left with Area D. There must be some bounty of fortune attending this extraordinary man, for it was in Area D that the momentous discoveries were made.

His search lasted thirteen days. As in the caves on the other side of the frontier, conditions were appalling. The searchers were at dizzy heights, with huge boulders blocking access to the cave selected. They could move only on hands and knees from one part of the cave to another, across the bat-droppings of the ages. Given earlier ransacking, their only hope was to find things hidden in minute crevices, buried under stones. It was in such a crevice that on the tenth day they found a waterskin containing balls of wool, jewelry, clothing, small glass vessels, wooden cosmetic utensils, a leather purse, and a *packet of letters* — fifteen letters from Bar Kokhbah.

There were many other finds, lighting up the



The ol' lady finally figured out what to do.
A Volkswagen not only holds about twice as much as other station wagons,
but it's economical to keep up, too.
(And the people in the hat next door thought she was crazy.)



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history of the Jews who fled to these caves in the last phase of the war, carrying their personal belongings with them. But it is the letters which fascinate. One is on four slats of wood which open into one, providing a letter beginning in formal style:

Simon bar Kosiba, Prince over Israel, to Jonathan and to Masbela: Shalom!

The letter goes on to deal with the confiscation of a quantity of wheat and its safe transfer to Bar Kokhbah. Its tone is as firm as the "fetters" letter: "If you do not act accordingly, you will be punished severely." There are similar threats in the letter to the "men of Tekoa," who are engaged in "repairing their houses" — presumably instead of fighting. It includes an order to arrest a certain Yeshua bar Tadmorya, to "send him under secure conditions to Ben Kosiba" and not neglect to disarm him.

This is the only letter found here to give Bar Kokhbah the formal title of "Prince over Israel." But the other letters in the bundle have equal authority. They refer to instructions sent by letter or messenger on military, economic, and social matters, and insist on obedience, under threat of punishment. They are addressed apparently to the same recipients and particularly to Jonathan, whose identification as "Bar Bayah . . . of En-Gedi" has particular significance, as we shall see.

On military matters, one letter refers again to the laggards of Tekoa (and also of Tel Arazin) who refuse to fight. Another strikes an equally bitter note:

From Simon bar Kosiba to the men of En-Gedi, to Masbela and to Jonathan bar Bayin: Greeting. You are sitting comfortably, eating and drinking from the resources of Israel, and are not concerned at all about your brothers. . . .

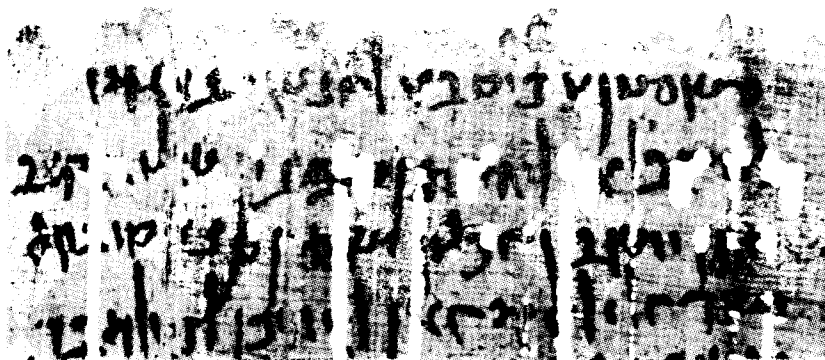
It goes on to ask them to deal swiftly with the consignment on "the ship with you," indicating that En-Gedi must have been the port from which wheat was brought to the rebel regime from the eastern or southern shores of the Dead Sea.

In the midst of all this urgent communication, one letter reveals the effort made even under these circumstances to keep up the traditional observances, in this case of the festival of *Sukkoth* (Tabernacles). It refers to two donkeys being sent to Jonathan and Masbela for loading with palms and citrons, with instructions also to bring myrtles and willows,

all part of the traditional ceremonial of the festival. As in the other letters, a tithe is to be taken before they are sent to the camp.

Two of the letters are in Greek; and it is one of these, "from Hanan to his brother Yehonatan," transmitting orders from the leader, which shows from the Greek spelling the correct pronunciation of his name.

Satisfied for the moment, but anxious, quite literally, to leave no stone unturned, the Israelis mounted another expedition in the following year, in March, 1961. As before, the area was divided



Letter from Simon bar Kosiba to the men of En-Gedi.

into four groups, with Yadin continuing work in what was now known as the "Cave of the Letters." Once again fortune smiled on him, for if the first year's search was striking for what it revealed about Bar Kokhbah himself, the discoveries of the second year were equally, if not more, dramatic for the social history of the period.

It illustrates the problem of searching in these caves to mention that the new discoveries were found in the same part of the complex of caves examined in 1960, but only after a great concentration of manpower was decided on by Yadin so as to be able to move every possible stone. It paid off; for suddenly, together with a large collection of personal relics — cooking pots, keys, glass dishes, and coins of the Bar Kokhbah period — a vast archive of documents came to light, recounting in detail the intricate human and business relationships of a whole family, as centered on the personal history of one woman, Babata, the daughter of Simon.

It is hard to contain one's impatience to see the fully edited transcription and elucidation of these documents, promised by Yadin to be included in Volume II of his work: *The Finds From the Bar Kokhbah Period in the Cave of Letters*. But the ramifications are so wide that it is easy to understand why it must take a considerable time.

The documents found are in Nabataean, Aramaic, and Greek, with the Greek ones some-

Above photograph and the coin on p. 88 reproduced from HISTORICAL SITES IN ISRAEL by Moshe Pearlman and Yaacov Yannai © 1964 Massadah-P.E.C. Press Ltd.

times including subscriptions and signatures in Nabataean or Aramaic. The richness of the archive is due to the fact that Babata came from a family of property in Mahoza and had an eventful personal life, with documents covering her first marriage (her husband died, but there was a son), her second marriage to a man who already had a daughter, and so on. To illustrate the range of documents, it may be mentioned that apart from a variety of contracts for sale and acquisition of property, there are five deeds dealing with the custody of her son by her first husband, two covering property of her second husband's daughter, and five claims by members of the family against Babata in connection with property of which she obtained possession after the death of her second husband. There are the wedding contracts of her second marriage and of her stepdaughter. Even in his preliminary report, Yadin is able to produce a full genealogical table for the family showing links with others mentioned in other documents, and in particular, with the same Jonathan bar Bayah who was the recipient of the Bar Kokhbeh letters found in the first expedition. The Guardian of Israel had apparently woken up.

What is one to make of all this Dead Sea Scrollery, using the phrase to cover all that has been going on since that fateful day in 1947? All archaeological discovery excites the imagination, but it was clear from the beginning that in this case more was likely to be involved than the mere satisfaction of historical curiosity.

For some, the special shiver of inner excitement still rises from the sight of biblical scrolls that were read with love and devotion while the Temple still stood. The age-long link of the Jew with the Bible seems mysteriously reinforced.

For others it is the sect of Qumran, so "Christian" in some ways, that arouses wonder. A strange thing happened here as scholars, with different backgrounds and motivations, began to concentrate minute attention on all the apparent parallels, to see where the Jewish background left off and a proto-Christian outlook emerged. The process, far from being divisive, has been cooperative. Apart from a few scholars with axes to grind, argument about the period has become much less *parti pris*. It is a common background out of which each faith began after this period to fashion an

outlook which was then to develop its own inner force.

For others again, a sense of awe in these discoveries hovers over what has now emerged for the Bar Kokhbeh period. This is not merely for reasons of patriotic pride: it relates, as we have seen, to the background of the Talmud. One does not need to be a Talmudist to recognize that the devotion with which rabbinic literature was studied *and enjoyed* through all the dark centuries was a potent source of courage, intellect, and faith. To see the background of the founding fathers illuminated and somehow justified is immensely satisfying.

But there is more to it. Even without the religious connotations, things have emerged which touch the mind oddly. Here, briefly, are two examples from opposite ends of the spectrum.

The first is from Jordan. The archaeologists were looking in the caves of Wadi Murabba'at for material of the second century A.D. and suddenly found something a thousand years older — a papyrus, with writing going back to the eighth century B.C., the days of the early Kings of Judah. For the paleographers this is perhaps the most dramatic find in all the expeditions. There have been no documents found in Palestine going back anything like as far. Will more now emerge, preserved, as this was, in the stifling dust of the southern caves? The line to antiquity seems to stretch out endlessly.

The other example has become familiar now, but it still touches the heart. It seems modern by contrast — a moment at Masada. Yadin describes how, in a corner away from everything, they found a pile of eleven small shards, each bearing a name in Hebrew, one of which was Ben Ya'ir, the commander of the doomed community. Josephus tells us that the last ten men left alive at Masada drew lots to see "whose lot it was to kill first the other nine and then himself." Were these the lots they drew?



Photograph from MASADA, by Yigael Yadin © 1966, Courtesy Random House.

BOOKS and MEN *Though it is barely off the presses, William Manchester's THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT has already lived a full and storied life — conceived as a book, delivered prematurely as a political event, christened amid protestations of sacrifice and talk of six-figure deals, turned out by its progenitors, and sentenced to fend for itself in a world made turbulent by claims and counterclaims, publicity, gossip, and high-level backbiting. Many who were involved in the events it re-creates will find it flawed by inaccuracies and misjudgments; others will find it inadequate (see Oscar Handlin's review on page 131). But once the furor dies, how will it stand as a report of a moment that beat and shook the world with its angry wings? Murray Kempton, author and political columnist for the New York POST, tells in this essay why he believes it will stand very well.*

A RAGE GREATER THAN GRIEF

by MURRAY KEMPTON

THERE are rare instances when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tenderer feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual . . . and this is one. . . . In the character of the victim . . . there is something so . . . innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy — it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind.

The more than Anglo-Saxon sensibility of Disraeli's response to President Lincoln's assassination does not merely illumine the occasion of President Kennedy's, but also defines why William Manchester's *The Death of a President* is so noble and manly an achievement.

It will not, I am afraid, make its way at once, having first to be judged as the scandal it is not before it can be appreciated as the masterpiece it is. But the heart, the critical organ which, having made its decision, is slowest of all to change it, will not long be able to resist Mr. Manchester precisely because he has taken his narrative out of the pomp of history and made it the property of the domestic affections. His is the way novels are written.

His susceptibility never deserts him. Nothing interests him in the public place except the private face. The thing is never an affair of state, but always and only the calamity of a family to which each of us to a degree belonged.

It was a thing that could not be gentled by ceremonial then, and it cannot be made tidy now. For the family calamity is the single occasion when every man who is not a monster thinks of

himself as having acted badly. How many of us must there be who can remember no feeling from that time except a rage greater than grief, a rage at oneself and at everyone about one who remained alive, a rage reaching upward even to God?

For the rage at God, Manchester's Mrs. Kennedy turns out to be an unexpected and magnificent witness. Alone in Parkland Hospital, waiting to go home, there burst upon her the Dallas Superior of the Dominican Fathers:

"Mrs. Kennedy looked up and saw him hovering over her. . . .

"Father Cain loosened the bag string. 'I have a relic of the True Cross.'

"He held it out and asked her to 'venerate it.' She kissed the crucifix, not quite understanding what this was all about. Then he said he wanted to take it in to the President. She thought, *This must mean a lot to this man*, and *If he wants to give it to Jack, how touching* . . . the priest went in. But he didn't leave the relic. . . .

"Coming out, he said, 'I have applied a relic of the True Cross to your husband.'

"She stared. It was still in his hands. She thought, *You mean you didn't even give it to him?*"

Mrs. Kennedy in the White House on Sunday evening tries to design the next day's Mass cards:

"Dr. English had sent up prayers of St. Ignatius and St. Francis, and Ethel brought in a third from her parents' card. The widow said, 'I don't want any of these on the back. I'm not going to be pleading with God to take Jack's soul to heaven.' Sketching the card for Shriver, she said, 'Well — I

guess you could put a cross on the top if you want.' Ethel protested that there had to be *some* mention of God, and then Jackie . . . wrote out the plea: 'Dear God — please take care of your servant John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Please take him straight to heaven.'"

Outrage at God is a sin demanding high character, being one of strength and not of weakness. It was especially respected by Dante; the noblest figure outside his Paradise is Farinata, the old Ghibelline, sitting upright in his tomb in the Sixth Circle "as though he held all Hell in scorn."

It is proper then that Mrs. Kennedy, the great figure on this stage, should be the only one for whom there is reserved in Manchester's chronicle the suggestion of struggle with the rage at God.

For the less elevated rage against whoever remained alive on earth, there are a hundred witnesses. Thus Mr. Kennedy's closest friends watch President Johnson take the oath:

"They were thinking, though, mostly about each other. [Congressman] Albert Thomas decided [Dallas Police Chief] Jesse Curry was a lens hog; the chief, beside him, was standing on tiptoes and obscuring those behind him. Mary Gallagher and Marty Underwood were watching Ken O'Donnell, who was pacing the corridor outside the bedroom like a caged tiger, his hands clapped over his ears as though to block the oath. Ken was thinking of Jackie, *She's being used, she's being used*. Larry O'Brien stared at Jack Valenti. This was the first time Larry had seen Jack since yesterday's wind-up conference in Houston before the testimonial dinner for Albert Thomas. He was the same Valenti — alert, intent, straining for some unseen bait — but there was a new zeal about him. He was Sammy Glick in Sammy's graduation photograph, and O'Brien, noticing the throbbing veins in his neck, thought, *Well, he's on his way now*. Muggsy O'Leary saw Valenti, too. At the same time it occurred to Muggsy that there had never been so many Texans in the stateroom. He thought, *It's all over for us*."

That passage is typical of many that are likely to provide the main obstacle to Manchester's going down easily at first. I happen to think that the risk inherent in this sort of thing is a responsibility of the historian whose material happens to be uniquely of the kind which cannot be usefully recorded in tranquillity. Accuracy under such circumstances demands not a record of fact but the faithful description of distortions produced by states of mind. Valenti seems, by Manchester's own account, to have been rendered by shock so incapable of recognizing the rope of power when it was handed to him that he collapsed at Parkland upon learning that President Kennedy was dead; O'Brien was so indifferent to his own public future after this

private disaster that he refused the new President's invitation to sit with him on the flight home. Yet, as there was no precedent for the occasion, there was no language for its emotion; even O'Brien's mind had no expression for infinite sorrow except the habitual, finite language of calculation. To be faithful to one's source under such conditions means then to be unfair not only to Valenti but even to O'Brien, who was being unfair to himself. That is a hazard, inconvenient though it be, which a serious man has to take; one can only hope that his readers will recognize these witnesses as of very little use for most things except conveying the conditions of their spirits, which is quite useful enough indeed.¹

As for the rage at self, the most eminent witness is President Johnson, the most lasting victim of the rage against all who remained alive.

The CIA advised him that it would be dangerous for him to walk in the Kennedy funeral procession:

"One of Johnson's Texans quoted him as saying, 'I'd rather give my life than be afraid to give it.' This wasn't quite accurate. What the President really said . . . was: 'You damned bastards are trying to take over. If I listen to you, I'll be led to stupid, indecent decisions. I'm going to walk.'"

As always happens, the original, domestic, words are nobler and more affecting than their adaptation to the grand style. They have about them the memory of shame and the knowledge that decency depends on the continual action of the will.

Three days before, from muddle more than fear, President Johnson had let himself be trundled from Parkland to the airfield almost as the prisoner of Secret Service agent Rufus Youngblood:

"Youngblood led the new Chief Executive to Chief Curry. The threat of a plot still obsessed the agent. That was why he had insisted on two automobiles; if a sniper recognized Lady Bird, he would be shooting at the wrong car. Youngblood . . . got in back with Johnson and told the President to crouch below window level."

So that afternoon we were a nation whose First Lady was conscripted as a decoy and whose President was ordered to hide in the back of his car. This was the sensible thing to do; yet even Mr. Johnson had to look back on scenes where the sen-

¹ The comparison of Valenti with Sammy Glick comes from Manchester himself, being an image of the sort aroused by looking at a photograph well after the fact. That is one of the penalties of the morbid susceptibility without which Manchester could not have made this trip; there are other examples; and I regret them; but they seem to me the price of an essential quality.

sible thing was especially a memory of hateful embarrassment.

For these were circumstances in which even to be correct was often to be horrible. There is the case of Dr. Earl Rose, the Dallas County Medical Examiner, who barred the Kennedy party at the hospital door as it was preparing to move the President's body back to Love Field and home.

"There has been a homicide here. They won't be able to leave until there has been an autopsy."

The core of reason in this painful scene belongs to the medical examiner; Earl Rose was standing for the orderly processes of criminal justice in a city where there would appear to be no other official who cared about them all that weekend. Yet he is hateful; we have toward him that revulsion any member of the family has toward the outside world which goes its insensitive way doing things as it always has.

The outrage which makes every rule so offensive to the desolated put before Manchester a problem not normal to the historian: Is it his job simply to stand and record or must he share that outrage, which may, after all, be the most part of the history? Manchester opts for participation; if he had not done that, he would have avoided most of his present troubles, but it is hard to believe that he could have registered his fundamental achievement.

For there are situations where the more intense the engagement with the truth, the higher the risk to propriety and indisputability of fact. A case in point is the recollection of Kenneth O'Donnell. He was appointments secretary to the President of the United States, an office which passed at once to Mr. Johnson's command. Yet O'Donnell himself remembers his vehement opposition to Mrs. Kennedy's presence at President Johnson's swearing-in; and Manchester could have no other authority for the picture of his thoughts during that ceremony: *she's being used, she's being used*. When Major General Chester Clifton, President Kennedy's military aide, came back on an errand for President Johnson, Manchester says O'Donnell "flashed, 'Why don't you get back and serve your new boss?'"

We are presented then with a federal official who has forgotten formal duty for family feeling. What is national in the reader is disturbed; what is personal in him is touched by fellow feeling. There are things, the old Sinn Feiner said, that a man must not do even to save a nation.

It is understandable that the Kennedys might feel now that a work so vividly evocative of the disordered soul could be offensive to their dignity as a family and ours as a country. And yet the particular lesson which Manchester teaches us is how dependent everyone's dignity sometimes has to be on emotions that seem ignoble to propriety.

Rage moved Mrs. Kennedy to her grandest

gestures — the refusal to change her suit with her husband's blood on it ("Let them see what they have done"), her insistence against all suggestions that she and the coffin make their exit at Andrews Field from the starboard side of the plane where the fuselage would screen them from the photographers ("I want them to see what they have done").

Rage was even an element in the tenderest sights of that weekend — the little children full in the cameras as her ultimate reproach. And what broke through all ceremonial was a furious domesticity — Secret Service Agent Tom Wells pushing aside Charles de Gaulle to get the children as close to their mother in the funeral march as he could, White House assistant Jack McNally co-opting the cars to carry the President's household staff to Arlington and leaving the princes and powers of the earth cast down to scramble for transportation.

All that was memorable in those moments was the personal and the intimate insisting on its rights against all notions of ceremonial. We remember not the mass of drums which belong to any head of state, but the scattering of bagpipes which Mrs. Kennedy thought of and which belonged to this special head of state alone.

The point, one commences to feel, was in the family debate as to whether President Kennedy's coffin should be opened in the Capitol. The decision fell on Robert Kennedy; he had only to look and recognize at once that the gloss of the cosmetologists had left not his brother but a waxen dummy. They would leave the coffin closed.

As Mrs. Kennedy said later, "It wasn't Jack. It was like something you would see at Madame Tussaud's."

Manchester has taken the desperate risk of doing those days without cosmetology. It is his reward and ours that, near the end, one does what, from pure hatred of all light, I had never thought I could ever do about this thing; one begins to weep almost with exaltation. One forgives everyone; you respect the wildly excessive, you only pity the indifferent, and you bow down to the fierce gaiety of this family.

Gaiety will seem a most improper word for those days; but gaiety was, after all, so much of the President Kennedy who remains so lively in the memory. Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.

"All things fall down and are built again/ And those that build them again are gay."

For Manchester has accomplished that reconciliation which the high Roman ceremony of the President's funeral could only suggest. What had gone before remained there irreconcilable; someone had to begin back there and carry us through the whole way; we could not accept it until we had endured the worst of it. Manchester has made that terrible journey, and he has brought us home whole again.

Short Poems of John Frederick Nims

- AT DAWN "Living!" I grieved. "Each heartbeat, touch-and-go."
Sleepy, you touch and grin: "What touches, though!"
- DAYS OF OUR YEARS It's brief and bright, dear children; bright and brief.
Delight's the lightning; the long thunder's grief.
- LOVE AND DEATH And yet a kiss (like blubber) 'd blur and slip,
Without the assuring skull beneath the lip.
- RANSFUSION Three rattlers sank their fangs in Dr. Crudd.
"Thank *you*," he bowed. "It much improves the blood."
- PASTORAL Once Cruddy in the countryside
Touched poison ivy. And it died.
- PHILOSOPHER He scowled at the barometer: "Will it rain?"
None heard, with all that pattering on the pane.
- THE VISIT I loved a girl. She died. I stood here, so;
Stared at the something strangers put below.
Again I stand a moment. Not to stay.
Evenings she'd tease, "Don't wait if I'm away."
- DEATH The flesh, when crisp as snow and tulip, takes
Its color from corruption: all life through
Feeds on the death of fields, of fin and wing. And
Taints, like the bitter gruel on which it grew.
- LOVERS And here the two by the one grievance haunted
Lie in the dark. But not the dark they wanted.



PSYCHIATRY AND WAR

by William Sargant, M.D.

Out of the horrors of Dunkirk and the aimless terror of the raids on London, British psychiatrists learned much about the treatment of war's mental cases that has application in the practice of psychiatry today. Sometimes by accident, sometimes by inspiration, doctors evolved ways of curing or inhibiting the effects of acute hysteria, reactive depression, loss of memory, and fright paralysis. Dr. Sargant, a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and chief of the Department of Psychological Medicine at one of London's great teaching hospitals, was one of those wartime discoverers. This article is drawn from his new book, THE UNQUIET MIND, to be published in the fall by Atlantic - Little, Brown.

George Grosz. "Waving the Flag," 1947-48. Watercolor. Collection Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

IN WORLD WAR I, psychotherapy did very little to help the large number of men who developed chronic war neuroses. It might have been just the same in World War II had new physical treatments not come suddenly to the rescue. The introduction of "front-line" sedation to splint the brain and so prevent further irreparable damage, drug abreaction under the new short-acting barbiturates or ether, continuous narcosis, modified insulin treatment, and the urgent use of shock therapy saved numerous lives and millions of dollars and pounds in war pensions. In Great Britain the chronic war neurotic of World War II is a rarity compared with the many resulting from World War I.

As soon as Hitler's armies broke into France, and ours fell back on the Channel ports, Belmont Hospital, then called Sutton Emergency Hospital, where I was working as part of the Maudsley Hospital team, became a main military neurosis center, all British hospitals in France having been overrun. We doctors remained civilians, but the hospital had a military registrar and staff. The new arrangements worked very well. The soldiers far preferred being treated by civilian doctors and nurses; and though limited to a meager civilian diet, the doctors retained a personal freedom of action that would have been impossible had we been bound by the etiquette of rank.

Our grounds lay on a railway line between Epsom and London; thus hundreds of mixed medical and surgical cases who had been landed at Dover after the evacuation of Dunkirk came directly to Belmont by rail, for we maintained a military general hospital section as well as the neurotic wards. I shall never forget the arrival of these Dunkirk soldiers in their tin hats and filthy uniforms, some of them wounded, many in a state of total and abject neurotic collapse, slouching along with Belgian and French civilians who had scrambled aboard the boats at the last minute. What the papers termed a great British achievement seemed to us at the time nothing better than a rout. Men swarmed into the hospital, some raging mutinously against their officers for having deserted them in a panic, and others swearing that they would never fight again. So complete a loss of morale was frightening to witness. Many were suffering from acute hysteria, reactive depression, functional loss of memory or of the use of their limbs, and a variety of other psychiatric symptoms which one would see in such abundance only during a war or after an earthquake or railroad accident, when even perfectly normal people are apt to break.

One of my cases accidentally initiated a method of treatment for acute battle neuroses that was to be used throughout the war and is still occasionally

used. This soldier came in with a hysterical dumbness, unable to articulate a word, and his hands shook as though he had reached a final stage of Parkinson's disease. He also had nervous paralysis of his bladder, which was enlarged up to the level of his navel. His pitiable state of terror prompted me to give him an intravenous injection of sodium amytal, a quickly acting sedative which I had kept at hand for experimental use on air-raid casualties — of whom, so far, none had appeared. The effect was startling. His bladder suddenly emptied, his speech returned, his hands stopped trembling, and he became intelligent, articulate, and comparatively normal, at least until the effects of the injection wore off. Even then his symptoms were far less pronounced. We gave injections to other acute hysterical cases. Each time the treatment worked.

The fact was that while I was at the Massachusetts General Hospital I had watched Dr. George Sutherland's conditioned-reflex experiments on neurotic patients; he had already spent some years at Yale working in the same way on pigs. One of his hysterical patients recovered composure soon after being given sodium amytal, and the patient's conditioned reflexes were normal as long as she remained under its influence.

Sodium amytal, Pentothal, and other barbiturates seemed admirably suited for "front-line" sedation where the breakdown was recent; they had the power of speedily rectifying behavior disoriented by abnormal stress. Yet the minds of this group of Dunkirk admissions were at first sight so hopelessly disrupted that it was hard to believe that a simple injection of sodium amytal would be of real assistance. Our successes seemed too easy.

The injections had strange side effects, also reported on in England by Stephen Horsley in civilians before World War II; a soldier might suddenly recover suppressed memories of the gruesome experiences that had caused or hastened his breakdown, and relive them before us. After this discharge of pent-up emotions, especially battle terrors and rage against their officers, soldiers would suddenly improve.

ONE case greatly disturbed me. A soldier from the first batch taken off the Dunkirk beach suffered from gross bodily tremors, total paralysis of the right hand, and an almost complete loss of recent memory. An injection of sodium amytal cured the tremor and restored both the use of his hand and his lost memory, but only after a frightening emotional release. He described, with dramatic gestures, how during the retreat he had come across his own brother lying by the roadside with a severe abdominal wound. At his brother's earnest

plea he had dragged him into a field and put him out of his misery with a rifle shot. It was the hand that pulled the trigger that had suddenly become paralyzed. After his confession of grief and guilt, this hand worked again.

Such results were easily obtained only if one could treat the acute hysterical breakdown cases early enough. If too long untreated, the hysterical patterns of behavior newly formed under stress might become embedded in the nervous system and be increasingly difficult to disrupt. A week or two later Eliot Slater and I published an article in the *Lancet*: the first account of a practical emergency treatment for acute battle neuroses. We hoped that as the war went on, it would guide other doctors who were faced with numerous similar cases; it described our unexpected findings with the intravenous use of sodium amytal and other barbiturates. I quoted the case of my patient who had carried out the mercy killing. It never occurred to me that the *Daily Mail* might repeat this story; but to my horror it appeared next morning, under large headlines, mentioning Belmont as the hospital where the soldier had been treated. It was being read by patients in his ward; of course, this upset me greatly, and I sent for the soldier at once, apologizing most sincerely for what had happened. No one seems to have guessed who was the protagonist in the tragic story, but its publication had created such an impossible situation for him that I arranged for his immediate discharge from the army. He returned home to the West Country, and I have often wondered how he has since fared. I hope that he has long ago forgiven me my blunder.

Our experiences after Dunkirk taught us the folly of trying to patch up soldiers and then expecting them to face again the same kind of stress that had caused their breakdown. Our first thousand admissions included, for instance, more than one hundred and fifty men with acute hysterical losses of memory, a condition of the utmost rarity in peacetime. Sodium amytal, promptly injected, brought the memory back, often accompanied by overwhelming emotional release and reliving of the forgotten experiences, but we found that if these soldiers were sent back to full duty, fresh battle stresses would at once reproduce the former symptoms. So we arranged for nervously unstable patients to be discharged from the army, hoping that they would make some sort of success in civil life. In less severe cases, we recommended that they should be kept on base-line army duties; and many of these patients rehabilitated themselves without further serious breakdown.

In World War I, neurotics had, as a rule, been kept with the Colors until they broke down completely. Some were shot for cowardice; but the example did the others no good, because mere will-

power cannot control the failing functions of a broken-down brain. And under strong or continuous stresses, no threats of exemplary punishment can prevent breakdowns. Chronic shell-shock cases were eventually sent to the hospital, but very few got their discharge until the war had been won, and by that time most of these patients were past cure. I have childhood memories of utterly unemployable human derelicts begging in the streets of London, some of them with Mons medals and decorations for valor.

After World War II, because of our early treatment and quick discharge or recategorization of neurotic cases, these lamentable sights were rare among army and navy ex-servicemen, who seldom reached the point of complete disintegration under threat of being shot for cowardice. We had treated their brains and the rest of their bodies as a single organism; our predecessors had not.

The most important lesson taught us by Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain in 1940 and 1941 was never to let a neurotic pattern of thought remain fixed in the patient's brain for a minute longer than necessary. It was like the surgical rule which requires that a fractured leg must immediately be put into a splint; we protected the nervous system against further stresses by sedation until the brain was better equipped to cope with the situation.

BELMONT, as well as being on a railway line, lay near the strategic airports at Croydon and Biggin Hill, which made us vulnerable to both day and night bombing during the Battle of Britain. In the course of three months, about sixteen bombs were dropped on the hospital grounds, while we were still entrusted with the cure of some two hundred casualties, mostly acute neurotic cases from Dunkirk and the new blitz. This gave us a wonderful chance of developing the emergency treatments which became standardized in military hospitals for the rest of the war, especially front-line sedation prolonged to a sleep of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours — long enough to disperse many very recent neurotic symptoms. We found that if shock casualties were left for a month or two without such treatment, their abnormal behavior patterns would become firmly stabilized in the nervous system. As a rule, such men would be irreclaimable so far as any military duties were concerned. Moreover, most soldiers or civil defense workers who had put up an honest fight against their mental stresses lost fifteen to twenty pounds in weight before the final breakdown; and it was essential to restore this loss as fast as possible if they were to make a speedy improvement.

The treatment that we developed at Belmont for

doing so is now known as modified insulin treatment; it was also used by the American Forces in the European campaign and elsewhere on more than fifteen thousand of their neurotic casualties. We discovered it by a series of accidents. Before the "phony war" period, I had noticed that schizophrenics generally put on a lot of weight while recovering under insulin-coma treatment. And I knew that depressives in the days before shock therapy was invented also would give signs of being about to make a spontaneous recovery by gaining weight; they did so two or three weeks before any other outward sign of improvement appeared. I decided, therefore, to find out whether we might stimulate the recovery of depressives by artificially fattening them up. I tried giving them large doses of insulin, letting them drop into a coma, and as soon as they did so, feeding them a large quantity of sugar by means of a stomach tube. Some certainly put on weight, but their depression noticeably improved in the case of only two out of about twenty patients.

I should have abandoned this treatment as inadequate had I not been summoned by our medical superintendent, Dr. Minski, and told that as there was a war on, and I was using a lot of sugar, the experiment would soon have to stop. But feeling that research must go on even in wartime, I telephoned Dr. Russell Fraser, who had returned to Mill Hill from America, and asked for his advice. "Try potatoes instead of sugar, Will," he said. "They're using them at another mental hospital, Warlingham Park, near you." He explained that the trick was to mince potatoes into a fluid, for feeding patients through a stomach tube. Though their stomachs took a longer time to metabolize the potato starches into sugar, most of the men came out of their insulin coma pretty well.

So I, too, used potatoes instead of sugar. That was when the hospital first came under daylight bombing. Patients undergoing insulin treatment complained that the treatment was all very well, but what about being caught in a coma if a bomb dropped on the hospital? I had to agree with them, though determined not to stop any treatment simply because of German bombs. It then occurred to me: why not give the patients their doses of insulin, and just before they were due to drop into coma, ask them to sit up and eat their potatoes? This would save us the trouble of having to mash the potatoes into a fluid and use a stomach tube. And so was triggered off a treatment now familiar in England as the "modified insulin treatment" and in America as "insulin sub-coma." Patients were given between thirty and a hundred units of insulin, and left fasting for about two hours. By that time they were sweating and drowsy, and had usually developed ravenous appetites for a plate

or two of boiled potatoes. These were never rationed. Often a patient would gain a pound of weight a day, and before long he would put on nearly thirty pounds.

But it soon grew obvious that deep depressives were not doing so well under this treatment as patients suffering from anxiety or acute hysteria, such as the Dunkirk and blitz casualties, so many of whom had lost ten to twenty-five pounds before finally breaking down. The restoration of body weight in this particular group greatly speeded up their recovery and armed them against further stresses. The depressives had not greatly improved under insulin, but had responded later to electric shock treatment; while patients suffering from acute anxiety and hysteria did not respond later to electric shocks, but greatly improved under our new modified insulin treatment.

I had done this work with the help of Dr. Nellie Craske and had patted myself on the back for making so original a discovery, until one day I found that a famous American physician named S. Weir Mitchell had anticipated me during the American Civil War. In his "Fat and Blood," published in 1870, he records that soldiers often fighting most gallantly with Sheridan and Grant had become "as hysterical as the veriest woman" while suffering from loss of weight, painful war wounds, fatigue, and exhaustion. He therefore invented a technique of massage to induce the same sort of heavy sweating that we now get more simply with insulin injections, and to increase these poor heroes' appetites; this he followed with prodigious platefuls of food. The Weir Mitchell treatment had a long and successful vogue not only in America but in England, especially among neurotically underweight and hysterical women. Only around 1910 when applied inappropriately to other morbid conditions, such as severe depression, did it gradually begin to fall into disrepute. I found in fact that patients who responded in our war to modified insulin treatment were of exactly the same type as those whom Weir Mitchell had clearly described in his own war: namely, underweight neurotic soldiers of good previous character. So ours was a mere rediscovery, except that Weir Mitchell's treatment had now been simplified by the substitution of insulin for massage.

We also learned to lengthen still more the periods of sedation for restoring the shattered nervous system of war casualties. We would now sometimes keep them drugged and even fed by hand for three weeks at a stretch, after which they would wake up greatly refreshed. And this was a technique borrowed from the Republican doctors, such as Professor Mira, in the Spanish Civil War.

A system of treatment, gradually evolved at Belmont, became standardized as the war went on,

especially among the American forces in Europe. A patient fresh from the battlefield would immediately be put to sleep for a day or two. If functional loss of memory or paralysis of limbs was then noted, it would be restored by intravenous injections of sodium amytal, and the patient might also be made to relive his horrifying experiences under such drugs. If he continued anxious and exhausted, we might give him a further week or two of continuous sleep treatment, then put him on modified insulin treatment to restore his normal weight. He might finally be subjected to group reconditioning methods and an assessment of his probable future capabilities for military service. If it then seemed more humane, more practical, and more in the interest of what came under the heading of the total war effort, he was discharged and directed into civil employment. You don't insist on keeping your broken-down players on the first football team if you want to win the championship.

We were soon allowed to make such decisions on medical grounds without too much interference by service authorities, and as a rule, with their active cooperation. We continually reminded them how disastrous the tough "shoot all cowards" policy of World War I had proved in saddling the nation with a legion of incurable mental cripples. Between 1942 and 1944 it was our task to spend long hours in showing service doctors around the hospital, and explaining how all our various treatments should supplement one another.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1940, the main hospital building at Belmont caught its first direct hit on three wards, one above the other. Most of us doctors were gathered after dinner in a room very close by, and I saw my staid colleagues suddenly revert to the human behavior pattern of a million years ago or more by trying to burrow into the floor. We were all so bomb-shocked that an hour or two passed before any of us could remember exactly why, when the bomb fell, we had been grouped near the sitting room door. Then it occurred to someone that an earlier bomb dropped on the railway line had sent us toward the door just as the fatal one came down. In fact, we were all suffering from the same sort of short-lived functional amnesia for which we were treating so many of our soldiers. I sometimes wish I could give myself an injection of sodium amytal to clear my mind, so that I could recall in detail how we worked until early morning at the wreckage of those three collapsed wards. It still remains a little blurred. We dug patients out unconscious but still alive, after perhaps trampling on their faces in our rescue efforts. We found many others blown to pieces. Sixteen patients were found dead, and

many of the survivors had been badly injured. Heroic feats were performed that night by patients who had hitherto seemed helplessly incapacitated neurotics, and most of whom relapsed as soon as the crisis ended.

This experience left me with a neurotic avoidance of the lowest bombed ward; even when the damage had been patched up a year or so later, I could hardly bear to walk through there at night. The ceiling had fallen and killed every patient on one side of the ward, whereas those on the other side had walked out unhurt. The two totally destroyed wards above had housed the civilians evacuated to us from similarly bombed London hospitals. Many of the older patients could not stand the strain of being moved about this way, further and further away from homes and families, and their death rate was high even without their being buried once or twice under a heap of debris.

When the bomb fell, my wife was sleeping in our shelter. She heard an enormous explosion, followed by screams and shouts. Fearing for a moment that our block of flats had been hit and that she might be the only survivor, she rushed out, realized her mistake, and met someone who shouted that the hospital had been hit and nobody was allowed in except regular air-raid personnel. When several hours later, covered with dust and dirt, I stumbled back to reassure her that she was not yet a widow, I found her fast asleep in a neighbor's flat. This surprised me very much, even when she rationalized her behavior with "What else could I do? I was in such a state of anxiety, and they would not let me find out if you were alive, so I forced myself to sleep as the most sensible thing to do." But the reason for her sleep was physiological rather than intellectual.

One of my colleagues and greatest friends, the late Dr. H. J. Shorvon, had been visiting the top ward when the bomb actually dropped into it and exploded. He escaped from the debris and got downstairs — he could not remember how, perhaps by a simple fall — but instinct sent him to find out first whether his brother, a member of our staff, was still alive — he was — and then to visit the rest of us. Alarmed by his characteristic bomb-shock *facies* — black sunken eyes and ashen gray cheeks — I poured him out half a tumblerful of gin, as there were no other sedatives immediately at hand. A quarter of an hour later he had his normal red face back again, was laughing rather drunkenly at his extraordinary escape, and volunteered to do medical rescue work again. We did not let him join us, although his abnormal pattern of psychological and physiological shock, so often observed in the acute Dunkirk cases, had been suddenly and simply dispelled. He showed us again what could be achieved by immediate front-line sedation.

A tough character, he suffered no aftereffects at all, but if he had been left in that terrible shocked state for even twenty-four hours and been allowed to continue with his work, he would almost certainly have developed persisting aftereffects.

During the long blitz, several very normal members of the hospital staff showed signs of breaking down, but responded to our prescription of immediate deep sedation for a night or two. Their rapid recovery made us realize what patients had had to suffer who had been left for weeks or months without any treatment.

Our nearness to the railway line, and our consequent greater risk of air attack, gave us frequent proof that abnormalities of brain function are initially caused by shock rather than by any subconsciously motivated process. When a bomb dropped near the hospital, a frightened patient might lose the use of his limbs before the ward doctor's very eyes and be unable to run to the specially prepared shelter. If someone immediately gave him an intravenous injection of sodium amytal, the paralyzed limbs would begin to regain their lost function as soon as the drug entered his bloodstream. He could then escape from his fright paralysis and seek safety.

However, if a patient had been brought back from the battlefields of North Africa to the supposed safety of an English hospital with his paralyzed limbs left untreated, we could not always cure him with a simple amytal injection. But since initial fright paralysis can turn into a motivated illness as its value is recognized by the patient, we had to warn him that he could be discharged from the army only when quite fit again. Meanwhile, he must stay with us, because the government was determined not to turn a great crowd of cripples into the streets. Once he understood that recovery would win him an honorable discharge, his symptoms slowly diminished, or injections of amytal might work again, and he had a good chance of ultimate recovery. One can also, by the way, suffer from motivated piles, useful for procuring discharge! The doctor's task is to cure an illness before its value becomes recognized by those seeking release from intolerable stress.

Fright paralysis took many forms. It might be simple limb paralysis that would suddenly seize a soldier and allow him to be run over by a tank; or a loss of memory; or hysterical blindness, such as appeared on Adolf Hitler's medical sheet after his war service in France.

We were obliged to revise most of the doctrines taught us at our hospitals about subconscious motivation and to realize that practically everyone has his neurotic breaking point if the stresses are severe enough. Among our patients was a tough sergeant major who had been ordered by a probably mad officer to encourage his men during the Battle of

Britain by standing at attention in the middle of the square at an airfield in Kent, subject to repeated daylight bombing attacks; he finally collapsed. The only treatment he needed was a change of unit and a new commanding officer!

The wards became scenes of complete chaos on air-raid nights. As soon as the sirens sounded, soldiers and civil defense patients would rush madly out to some supposedly safer place. Those whose nerves had originally broken down while they were sheltered by a house would make for the open and often stay out all night, returning almost frozen in the morning. Those, on the other hand, who had been bombed and broken down in the open would take cover in buildings.

From the windows and balcony of our flat my wife and I could see the panorama of London stretched out before us: an awe-inspiring sight during the blitz when so many houses and whole street areas might be on fire at the same time during bad raids. We never went up at night, until at last, banking on the improbability that the Germans would bomb London on Christmas Eve, we visited the West End that night together for the first time since September. Later on as intensity of the blitz lessened, we ventured up more often, to dance in nightclubs and hotels or find other distractions from our harrowing hospital work.

London then seemed the most wonderful place in the world. Almost everyone without a real job had escaped to the country, and our friends who stuck it out seemed all vitally preoccupied with what they were doing. In 1941, the year of my election to the Savage Club, I tried to spend every Wednesday evening there, after working at my outpatient clinic at the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases. Our wholly uninhibited wartime conversations at the Savage dinner table have never since in my experience been equaled; and on the night of a crucial parliamentary debate about our merchant fleet losses from German submarines, when England's survival seemed highly problematical, the First Lord of the Admiralty (later Lord Alexander) sat at the Club piano jocosely playing hymns to a group of fellow Savages. Hitler's high opinion of the English nation might well have been shaken had he witnessed this semi-official response to his threat of starving us out.

AT BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL before the war, there had been an active young neurologist named Dr. Howard Fabing. After his training there he had worked in Cincinnati, where I had met him first, and he was now an American army major charged with instructing his front-line medical colleagues how to treat acute neurotic casualties. First, of

course, he had to build up an efficient treatment center and stabilize a method for dealing with the large crop of military neuroses which the Normandy invasion was bound to produce. Fabing visited me at Belmont soon after his arrival in England. We were dining together in our flat on the first night when a bomb fell very near, but not quite near enough to cause any practical anxiety, so my wife and I did not let it interrupt the conversation. This was a new experience for Fabing. "Please stop for a moment, Will," he said. "Was that a bomb? I've never heard one before." We told him, yes, that was a bomb; so, taking the cue from us, he too continued calmly with the conversation. Another American doctor who had just arrived invited me to dinner in London one evening. The air-raid siren wailed, he insisted on going to an air-raid shelter, and though no near-bombing followed, he simply could not understand how, long before the All Clear sounded, we went out to meet my wife, who was waiting at Victoria Station to return to Sutton with me by local train. Basic differences in temperament show up clearly in war conditions; it was marvelous to hear him, a few weeks later, recounting our supposed mutual valor in what had become for us a very ordinary blitz experience.

Major Fabing was so impressed by our use of drug abreaction, continuous sleep treatment, modified insulin treatment, and front-line sedation that he borrowed all these methods for use on a very large scale at his U.S. Stafford army psychiatric training center. Whereas I, for instance, could use modified insulin in my ward only on fourteen patients at a time, he was able to plan on such a massive scale that something like a belt system of treatment was ready for the Normandy invasion, and used to the full.

Just before it was due to start, we were suddenly informed that in the emergency Belmont would be turned back entirely into a general hospital for the ordinary wounded. Neurotic casualties would be taken up to Southport or elsewhere in the north of England; which meant that we should have to move there as soon as the balloon went up. This typically absurd decision, which contradicted all recent findings about the need for early treatment, aroused our intense anger, especially now that we had our whole treatment routine planned to a nicety. As a result of our violent protests we were eventually allotted a center for the treatment of acute battle neuroses at Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester. This satisfied us because we could there receive cases in even earlier and more acute states of neurotic disturbance.

Our Graylingwell center taught us a great deal. For a while, patients were treated at front-line casualty stations on the Normandy beachhead, and we got only their failures. But when these stations

became too full, many acute neurotics were landed by boat at Chichester Harbor and were brought to Graylingwell as speedily as our early patients from Dunkirk had been. On the suggestion of Major Harold Palmer, who, while serving with our forces in the Middle East, had used ether as an inhalant to make soldiers relive traumatic war experiences, we often substituted this method for our intravenous injections of barbiturates. Ether produced far greater excitement in the patient, and we found that the intenseness of emotion was more important in a cure than a recovery of the experience itself.

We were now developing a progressively higher degree of technical skill, and attempting emergency treatments that we would hesitate to repeat today. At one point we had around thirty or more patients in a large hall, all being given a combination of deep-sleep treatment and modified insulin therapy at the same time; in some cases both treatments had to be maintained for a fortnight or longer; and only the remarkable nursing skill and experience that we had built up allowed us to combine these really separate and potentially dangerous methods. Psychiatrists will appreciate the risks we ran, but in fact, none of the cases we treated ever came to any harm.

ON MY way to Southport soon after the Normandy invasion, I had stopped for a few hours at Stafford to visit Major Howard Fabing at the American neuropsychiatric hospital, where I had helped him to plan his streamlined treatment unit for acute psychiatric casualties, now going into active operation. Fabing had just read Pavlov's *Conditioned Reflexes and Psychiatry*, recently translated by W. Horsley Gantt in America. He advised me to read it at once. This series of lectures had been delivered not long before Pavlov's death in 1936, when he was already over eighty, but was not published in English translation until 1941 — when, unfortunately, most of the British edition was destroyed in the London blitz. Fabing immediately recognized that Pavlov's years of scientific observations on the incidence of treatment of experimental neuroses in animals would greatly assist our study of the neurotic behavior patterns occurring in human beings subjected to abnormal war-time stresses.

Many of our new physical treatments, developed by mere trial and error, seemed to have been anticipated by Pavlov during his prolonged research on dogs. The Russians tended to scoff at the unprovable philosophic theories of Freud, Adler, and others, so popular in the Western world, where the Russians were sometimes equally despised for daring to suggest that human beings had any psychological affinities with dogs. Yet our acute war neu-

roses and some of the canine neuroses studied by Pavlov showed such pronounced points of similarity that I found it harder than ever to swallow the current Western psychoanalytical theories about the origin of abnormal behavior patterns in human beings — unless it were conceded that Pavlov's dogs, too, had their own little subconscious minds, their own psyches, egos, superegos, and ids.

American psychiatrists, with a few notable exceptions, had ignored Pavlov's work, though he was a Nobel Prize winner. And we British, too, found Pavlov's experiments sometimes repugnant because the notion of causing animals experimental suffering upsets our sensibilities, as is right and natural. Moreover, the religious tradition that animals have brains but no souls — was even Tobit's dog, despite his frequent appearance on medieval stained-glass windows, admitted into Heaven by the archangel Raphael? — makes any comparison between the psychological behavior of men and animals hard to accept.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the clear light thrown by animal experiments on the workings of heart, kidney, liver, and all other human organs, it is not surprising that the general Western attitude, when Pavlov began comparing the brain functions of his animals with those of human beings, was often critical; and this most important phase of his work had often passed unnoticed outside Russia. However, the desperate need to foster new approaches to psychiatric research in wartime Britain had helped to make our approach more realistic. Physical methods of treatment that directly affected brain function had shown such uncontradictably good results in the treatment of acute war neuroses that the then existing separation between treatments of the mind and the body had at last started to break down.

My reading of Pavlov's book in 1944 — while coping with a mass of acute Normandy casualties, at Southport and Chichester — coincided with the discovery of important new facts about our abreactive treatment. We found that abreaction might be encouraged, not by the patient's being made to relive a particular traumatic war experience, but by his discharging strong basic emotions not necessarily derived from such an experience. Thus we invented fearful and dangerous situations and suggested them to the patient under drugs, though carefully relating these planned emotional blow-offs to the patient's actual war experiences.

For example, we might excitedly tell a member of the Royal Tank Corps who had broken down in battle that he was trapped in his burning tank and must fight his way out. Though this situation had not, in fact, happened to him, the fear that it might do so might have dominated his mind for months, making him wonder how he would face such a

disaster, so that this unfulfilled fear was a probable contributory cause to his eventual breakdown.

Certain of Pavlov's observations suggested to us that if we could raise the crescendo of a patient's outburst to a grand finale of rage or terror, the necessary collapse would follow. A patient might well be helped. He would suddenly fall inertly back in bed exhausted by his emotional discharge, and on recovering, would tell us calmly that he felt quite himself again. If, however, little emotion had been released, and his war experiences had been relived only intellectually and not to the point of emotional collapse, we would have failed. What surprised us was finding that an implanted suggestion might produce a greater emotional discharge and be even more effective than the memory of a real event; and that we should, if possible, not lessen the emotional stress, but heighten it to the point of exhaustion.

So we developed a successful technique of deliberately inducing collapse by stimulating emotions of anger or fear in our semi-drugged patients, which was helped by our studying Pavlov's experiments. For instance, he had reported a particular incident in 1924, when his dogs were almost drowned by the great Leningrad flood. A group of dogs conditioned by some months of patient work were trapped in their cages by the rising waters of the Neva River. A laboratory attendant found them swimming about at the top of their cages, with the water close to the roof, a terrifying situation which sent many of them after rescue into a stupor. Their individual nervous systems being incapable of coping with the shock, they had temporarily succumbed to "protective transmarginal inhibition" of the brain. The aftereffects of this emotional experience had been remarkable: when the severe inhibitory phase had passed off and left the dogs ready for new testing, Pavlov found that the ones which had switched over into stupor and collapse had lost the conditioned behavior patterns he had forced on them. This discovery greatly excited him. For years he had been learning how to implant these patterns of behavior in the dogs' nervous systems, but he had much less idea of how to undo his work. The answer might lie here. And now we were watching the same phenomenon in human beings who, after severe emotional disturbances carried to the point of temporary emotional collapse, were freed by us of recently implanted behavior patterns and reverted to their more normal selves.

Pavlov had also spent many years showing what might happen when dogs' brains were stimulated psychologically or physiologically beyond their tolerance of stress. Once this limit was passed — it might vary from animal to animal, as it does in human beings — a state of increasing and uncon-

trolled excitement supervened, whereupon the brain would develop varying degrees of "protective inhibition," which might profoundly change its behavior. Before the final phase of stupor and collapse, three cumulative phases of protective brain inhibition under stress were noted. The first was the "equivalent" phase, when all stimuli, lesser or larger, produce the same result, just as with human beings who, if utterly exhausted, display no more pleasure on receipt of a ten-dollar bill than on that of a dime. The second phase was a "paradoxical" one: lesser stimuli produce greater responses than larger ones, now serving only to inhibit the brain function still further. Here a dime may give, as it were, greater pleasure than \$5000. The third phase was an "ultraparadoxical" one, when positive conditioned patterns suddenly become negative, and vice versa. Thus small things often upset an exhausted man to the point of passion, though he may smile at an almost overwhelming disaster. And the ultraparadoxical phase, where Pavlov's dog began to hate his beloved master and fawn on people whom he had previously shunned, is paralleled in the sudden complete switchovers from one strong human emotion to a diametrically opposed one. Pavlov showed how such changes could result from great stresses imposed on the nervous system; and also that hypnotic or hypnoidal behavior could be induced by the same means, especially by loading his dogs' nervous systems with a batch of conflicting problems; we found this to be equally true of our acutely ill but previously normal patients in World War II.

The front-line treatment of combat neuroses has now become standard practice and is being very effectively used, when necessary, in Vietnam. But in peacetime and in sporadic combat, one rarely sees people reduced to these states of extreme anxiety, hysteria, or depression.

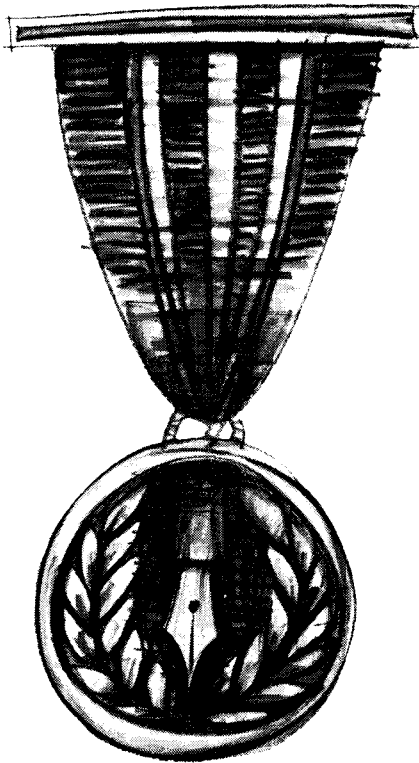
By introducing the new antischizophrenic, antidepressant, and tranquilizing drugs, by modifying the lobotomy operation, and by encouraging early admission to state hospitals (90 percent of all admissions to British state mental hospitals are now voluntary), we have made the early treatment of mental illness much easier. There is also a greater insistence that all treatments be used, both physical and psychological, that can help any single patient to get well. In British mental hospitals, one locked ward for males and one for females now are generally all that are needed, as a result of the progress which has been made through this total approach to treatment.

An opportunist and empirical, rather than a doctrinaire, approach to treatment has always paid the biggest dividends in general medicine. It has also proved to do so in British psychiatry, during World War II and since.

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The Music of Time

by Charles W. Morton



The advent of a new novel by Anthony Powell (*The Soldier's Art*, Little, Brown, \$4.95) in his marvelous series *The Music of Time* is of course a major event for his following, and this latest is faultlessly of a piece with the seven that have preceded it. The reader who has accompanied these fictional characters through the years in England between the two wars will be staggered by what now befalls some of his friends from the earlier books, and it is fair to say that Kenneth Widmerpool, who was merely objectionable as a schoolboy at the beginning of the series, now emerges as the most thoroughly dislikable personality in modern English literature. But like any book individually in the series, *The Soldier's Art* is impossible to summarize and hard to describe; each leads gracefully to the next, and is, necessarily, unfinished business. A satisfied reader of the series thus far would sound about like this:

"I enjoyed it enormously."

"What's it about?"

"Well, nothing, really. Still, that's not quite correct. It's those same people again — Moreland, Chips Lovell, Sunny Farebrother, Charles Stringham, Widmerpool, of course, Priscilla Whatever-her-name-is-by-this-time — you know."

"Yes, but what are they doing? What happens?"

"It's very funny — parts of it, that is. I believed every word of it. Lovely stuff. Nobody can do this sort of thing the way Powell does . . ."

"What sort of thing?"

The prospective reader may demand, reasonably, something more coherent than these findings from one who has read the whole series. But Mr. Powell's grand design does not lend itself to encapsulation: begin with a few boys in their final months together at a (good) public school, using one of them, Nicholas Jenkins, as a narrator, and let Jenkins go on to tell what the ensuing years bring them, and their relatives and friends, and the world in which they move. Their world is, roughly, upper-middle-class London, now facing in *The Soldier's Art* the early stages of the blitz, its people more and more preoccupied with the military life and, often ludicrously, the military mind. The book ends with the news that the Germans are invading Russia; with its immediate predecessor, *The Val-*

ley of Bones, and the next book to come, as yet untitled, Mr. Powell will have completed in his series the three-volume segment that he proposes to devote to World War II.

What sets Mr. Powell apart from other writers who deal or have dealt with the period he is covering is the complete reality he achieves in his characters and all that they do. Whether they vanish for good after a miniscule appearance as part of a scene-setting or persist in one of another of the series' larger patterns is immaterial: all come through vividly to the reader, convincingly and without a word wasted. It may seem unlikely that one who writes so economically could devote, successfully, a good half of one of the earlier books to a couple of dinner parties, but Mr. Powell is unfailingly the master, in full charge no matter how he chooses to have it all told: if he stops and lingers at some point en route, the matter may recur, usefully, later on in the story, and if it doesn't, it was all good reading anyhow. The first three pages of *The Soldier's Art*, for instance, are Jenkins' account of buying an officer's greatcoat in a somewhat dubious shop on Shaftesbury Avenue "at the start of the whole business." The episode was of no great importance and a single sentence could have sufficed for it, but Mr. Powell's unhurried details of the transaction bring his story alive, seemingly almost without effort on his part. Shall we meet again the shopman "bent, elderly, bearded, with the congruous demeanour of a Levantine trader"? Meet or not, either way would satisfy the Powell reader.

Not the least of Mr. Powell's assets is the pleasure — perhaps self-satisfaction — his readers can take in encountering unexpectedly and remembering a character from one of the earlier books. Like old friendships, these reappearances are nostalgic, calling to mind a time when both reader and character were unaware, in their relative innocence, of what fantastic changes the years would wreak on each. For a newcomer to sit down and try to read a whole series en bloc is to miss, inevitably, much of this recognitive zest and to risk being overwhelmed by its numerous a cast. If one began at the beginning and continued on one-a-month quota, he could probably catch up with the series and lose nothing on the way.

Perhaps the high spot of *The Soldier's Art* comes when Sunny Farebrother, unreported in the series since a brief and minor participation in Vol. I (*A Question of Upbringing*), confronts Widmerpool in what is as near to being a denouement as Mr. Powell ever permits himself. The collision between these two is no more than sketched in by Jenkins as narrator and witness, but Mr. Powell is as masterly in his omissions as he is deft in his characterizations. Although it was all only conversational, a duel with machine pistols would scarcely have been more ferocious.

Of Widmerpool, who once said, "No good being too gentlemanly," Jenkins' account tells us, "Like so many individuals who believe in being 'ungentlemanly', Widmerpool did not allow sufficiently for the eventuality of other people practising the same doctrine. Indeed, he used to complain bitterly if they did."

Against him was Farebrother, who owned "rather a good" DSO and an OBE. "In his own way," reports Jenkins, "as I learnt later, Farebrother was an efficient operator He squared his shoulders and smiled kindly, pleased, as well he might be, with the devastation his few minutes' conversation had brought about in the promotion of Widmerpool's plans."

We await impatiently the return of Sunny (his given name was Sunderland) Farebrother in Vol. IX, and it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Powell will allow World War II to end without further recourse to him.

For Sale: One College

by Eric Solomon

Eric Solomon is a professor of English at San Francisco State and formerly taught at Ohio State.

As an employee of the state of California, urged by my new governor to work on national holidays, I have been seeking an appropriate solution to the latest problem facing the academy: the governor's insistence on tuition impositions and budget cuts. Since the governor says he represents the best of free enterprise, the colleges must learn from him. Faculty and student reactions to Governor Reagan's re-ar-

rangement of the financial basis of higher education have been insufficiently imaginative. Letters to legislators, appeals to the electorate, marches on Sacramento — none of these is in the tradition of the open market. Take my own college, for example, San Francisco State, with a glittering English department, a huge and impressive psychology department, the largest drama department on the coast, many first-rate faculty members and students, even a student-run experimental college — why should we restrict ourselves to these fruitless half-measures? If poor schools can, according to a recent suggestion, subscribe to a rent-a-dean service, why shouldn't the pearl of the California state college system sell itself to a state, or to a private corporation for that matter, that will support the college in the manner to which it is accustomed?

I suggest that academic senates, faculty organizations, and student leaders at San Francisco State should *instantly* raise a sum of money to take

a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times*, offering the faculty, possibly the plant, mayhap the student body — for sale. Smaller ads in the personal columns of other newspapers might attract additional prospective buyers.

Since faculties at California's state colleges work without benefit of contract, they are under no obligation to the state and could accept the best financial offer immediately. These professors would not have to seek new positions, breaking up their yellowing lecture notes to fit strange courses, becoming accustomed to new committee assignments, different faces at lunch in the faculty club, unfamiliar cabals against the department chairmen.

Other states, feverishly expanding their educational systems on the model of California's master plan, will immediately be attracted by the chance to purchase a ready-made, operating college for a mere fifteen to seventeen million dollars a year, hardly more than goes into the planning alone for a new institu-

Ordinarily This Would Be Otherwise

by Samuel L. Albert

I am heavy with a fixation of me.
I am drawn to my particular attention.
I feel myself especially
As some incessant heartbeat;
No discernible reason.

I am ringed with this kind of feeling.
Ordinarily I would be living farther,
Looking further.

Me is a very important person;
The shape of my hands,
The way my hair is combed.
I can only walk
As far as my feet will carry me.
I stretch my arms to their fingertips,
This is my orbit.

These are my smallnesses, my limitations;
Ordinarily and the world;
The sea too would have my reasons.

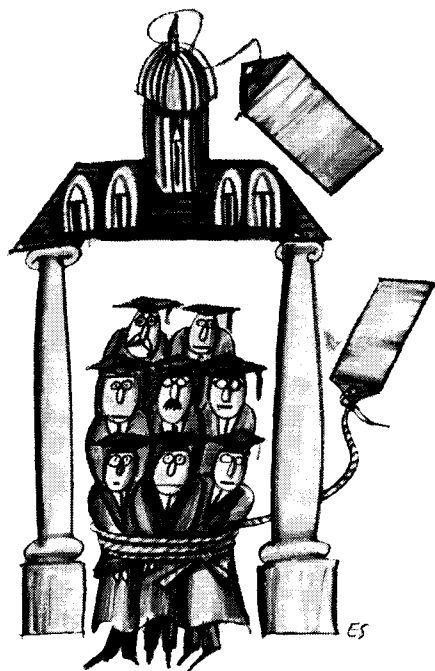
This drawing within and turtle his back,
Must necessarily be,
The clam his shell,
Some concern for turtle by turtle,
Else there be no turtle,
The clam his shell.

I am drawn to my particular attention.
Ordinarily this would be otherwise.

tion. Here is a highly recommended California college, tooled to handle 18,000 students at once, available now and complete with full faculty, secretaries, syllabi, administrators, catalogues, campus police, teams, even a tradition or two.

Like the St. Louis Browns, the college could move to Baltimore and become a winner. Even better, the college could stay right where it is. After all, Stanford has a branch in England, Johns Hopkins in Italy. Harvard has I Tatti. Surely the charms of San Francisco itself should be a major selling point, and the faculty could cling to their heavily mortgaged homes overlooking the bay. How about State University of New York at San Francisco? Ford Foundation College? Cornell West? Paul Getty University? This plan would leave the college in beautiful San Francisco, far from the snows of Ohio or the winds of Lake Michigan.

More cash would come to California to help its budget from the state that buys the plant and land than Governor Reagan realized from the sale of his ranch. Certainly the Interstate Commerce Commission would sanction a sale that would provide New Jersey, say, with a pleasant branch campus by lovely Lake Merced, a big library with



lots of empty shelves available for overstock, an adjustable calendar even now poised midway between the semester and quarter systems in order to articulate with the host school.

The results of such an appeal could be spectacular:

1. Governor Reagan might reap sufficient publicity from the advertisement to move on to greener fields. Possibly other states would pay well for his expertise in reducing a great university to a calm agriculture- and ROTC-dominated institution.
2. Publicity resulting from the ad should enable the college to establish a foundation-supported center for the study of such subjects as The Shortest Way with Poor (and scruffy) Students; Why Professors Are Not People; Image Making, the Mass Media, and University Budgets, from Jack Oakie to Mario Savio.
3. Someone might buy us.

The Case of the Missing !

by Anne Kelley

Anne Kelley was a reporter for the Seattle POST-INTELLIGENCER after her graduation from the University of Washington. She is now living in Evanston, Illinois, with her husband and three children.

For a long time now I've been looking around for something to expose. My motivation is simple, honest, and inevitable — I want to become famous like Jessica Mitford, Ralph Nader, and the Chicago *Daily News*.

But wanting to tell the truth about something dastardly in our society and finding the appropriate subject to tell the truth about are two different matters, especially when you consider that the undertakers, auto manufacturers, and unwed mothers are already spoken for.

I've let my imagination roam among the possible targets. I toyed with the idea of exposing the articulated doll people (Barbie, Ken, and that pretty new creation G.I. Joe). The difficulty here is that, literally, there is nothing to expose. I've thought of exposing that fact itself, pointing out certain rather basic differences between, say, the twelve-inch model of G.I. Joe and his real-life counterpart, but my children begged me to hold off. They do not consider it fitting for their mother to discuss publicly sex, or the lack of it.

I've thought of exposing insurance investigators or the nation's few holdouts against the hot-lunch pro-

gram or the packaging genius who invented that tragic phrase "Open at the Other End." Don't think the possibility of exposing the AMA hasn't entered my fertile little mind, too.

Somehow, though, none of these possibilities seemed to hit the bull's-eye. What was wrong? I then analyzed what makes an exposé great. My research took me to the masthead of one of my town's newspapers, one of the three *not* billed as "the world's greatest." This independent newspaper, too modest for superlatives, announces in bold-face type directly under the list of its guiding hands (both dead and alive) that it has received three Pulitzer gold medals.

I'd like that.

So I asked myself, what did it get the medals for?

For "disinterested and meritorious public service."

There, now, I was getting somewhere. The reason I couldn't find a suitable target to expose in the public interest was that I was too interested. I could be meritorious from dawn to dusk, but unless I attained that critical attitude of devil-may-care unconcern, the gold medals would continue to elude me and my name would never make the best-seller lists or even, I suspected a boldface masthead.

It was then that I set about not caring. What did Western Union matter to me? What cared I for it Candygrams, its Dollygrams, its Santagrams, or even its "suggested sentiments for many occasions" I could take them or leave them. With Western Union I was no emotionally involved.

So I dialed Western Union, and in my coldest, most blasé voice proceeded to dictate a wire of congratulations to friends who were about to celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary come Sunday. Exposure was the furthest thought from my mind. All I wanted was to wish my friends well because, basically, I couldn't stop myself from caring about *them*.

Western Union and I had a little argument about why their offices at crossroads, hamlets, and even respectable villages closed on weekends.

Old W.U. told me that while they would probably be able to phone a Sunday wire, they couldn't guarantee me anything in the way of

delivery. After all, they said, their business file (business to business, business to individual, but never individual to individual) kept them busy all week, but they had only the social file to occupy them on weekends, and it simply didn't amount to much.

What did the social file include? I inquired.

Oh, all the old personal stuff — happy birthday, happy anniversary, instant money, arrivals and departures. Even departures for the Great Unknown? Yes, said W.U. in a businesslike voice. If I really wanted to get the word around quickly, I'd telephone.

See what happens when an investigator becomes truly disinterested? I was making progress. I was closing in on Western Union. In the interests of public service, I then inquired of W.U. why it wouldn't permit me to send a valentine in any month but February.

"We put the valentine blanks back in storage," it snapped back. "We just don't have room, what with Mother's Day, Father's Day, Thanksgiving, and the big run on holiday greetings."

"You mean to tell me," I said crisply, "that Western Union won't let me ask anyone to be my valentine out of season? What if I want to drum up a sweetheart in October?"

"You'll have to use the regular blank. Or send a Candygram, the world's sweetest gift message."

"Bah," I said, tonelessly. My exposé was coming right along. I felt so meritorious! I couldn't care

less. I began to dictate the anniversary wire: "Congratulations to Dorothy and Francis," I said, enunciating slowly and carefully and taking pains to get that "i" in "Francis." "Sorry we can't be with you for thirty dash," I continued, "but we'll be with you for fifty for sure exclamation point."

"No exclamation points," said Western Union.

Bingo! My exposé was taking shape right under my disinterested nose.

"Does Western Union let me ask questions followed by question marks?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"Does it permit me to quote and parenthesize, to throw commas and periods and even semicolons and whole colons about with abandon?"

"Yes."

"Does Western Union allow me a paragraph mark, a number sign, a dollar sign, and even an ampersand?"

"Naturally."

"Then why won't it let me exclaim?"

Western Union cleared its throat. Bells rang, and the line-feed and carriage-return keys on its teleprinters hummed in the background.

"It's a matter of space, lady," W.U. finally said. "It is just impossible on our present keyboard to allow our customers to enthuse by points — unless, of course, they want to spell it out and pay for the two additional words 'exclamation point.'"

"The policy is nationwide then?"

It is not specifically designed to curb lady writers who have a tendency to use too many exclamation marks whenever their emotions get stirred up?" I asked. (I was never calmer.)

"Applies to everyone, lady."

I could tell then that the material



for my exposé was virtually complete, but I am a thorough researcher and there was one more question I had to ask.

"How come," I said coolly, "since you stock the apostrophe and use it generously at the first hint of contraction, you can't simply combine it with a period to form a first-class exclamation point even as I do in the privacy of my own home?"

Western Union, its back to the wall, finally told me all. Whether old-fashioned Simplex Printer 2-B or newfangled 15 or 32 Teleprinter, its keyboard cannot allow me the luxury of exclaiming for a simple, honest, and inevitable reason: it is not capable of backing up or holding still to print two punctuation points in the same space.

Well, there you have it; my exposé is now a *fait accompli*. And when they notify me of my selection to receive the Pulitzer gold medal, I'd appreciate it if they announced the award by singing telegram. Between Western Union and me, disinterested as we are one in the other, there can be no such thing as hard feelings, period, paragraph, dollar sign, the end.

Noticed

Two pigeons
wondering
what to do
one Sunday
afternoon,
very gray,
it had
snowed
for months
in Maine,
one sat on
one branch,
another on
a branch below,
just looked
around the
provinces

by John Tagliabue

where it was
going to snow
again. They
kept moving
their heads,
like philosophers
or old ladies,
had their
picture taken
by this dim
poem and then
they disappeared,
for a while.

places



An Evening at the De Gaulles'

by Phyllis Feldkamp

The procession of limousines turning off the Champs Elysées into the Avenue de Marigny stops and starts as one of a cluster of police guards, their white rain capes glistening under the streetlamp, steps off the curb from behind a barricade and brings each car to a halt. The barrier, which stretches across the wide wet pavement to a stone wall, is set up to ward off the curious. But there is no one at all peering past the barricade on this rainy night.

As one's driver brakes before the police, one rolls down the back window and shows the head guard a white formal invitation — in smart Parisian parlance, *un bristol*.

"Oui, Madame," says the chief policeman, with a respectful smile and a courteous tip of the cap. Another of the guards glances toward the end of the insectlike line and speaks quietly into what he calls, as Frenchmen do, his "Talkie-Walkie." The chief policeman waves the chauffeur on.

The driver speeds up, swings to the right, enters a gate flanked by two mounted French Republican Guards, and whisks through an illuminated covered archway, past a double row of twenty-six Gardes Républicains, helmeted, booted, and sabered, the red, white, and blue of their dress uniforms backed by a dark green forest of potted laurel trees. Through a second portal at the end of this passage, and the car moves into the Court of Honor.

The chauffeur, having been given a parking number, leaves. The occupant of the car allows a brief moment for an appreciation of the imposing golden square canopy which shields the entrance on ceremonial nights, then goes up the broad, red-carpeted steps which are bordered by ten more Republican Guards in full fig.

It is ten o'clock. General Charles de Gaulle, President of the republic of France, and Madame de Gaulle are entertaining this evening. Another guest, one of nearly 20,000 received every year at their home, the Elysée Palace, has arrived at the door.

The occasion is a gala reception during the official visit to France of His Majesty Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, King of Nepal. On the invitation, which is engraved in the flowing type called "*l'Anglaise*" favored by diplomats and high society, the name of the guest is pains-

takingly handwritten in matching script. The President and his wife "beg so-and-so to be so kind as to assist . . ." "*Uniforme, Habit* [French terminology for "white tie"], *Décorations*" are indicated.

King Mahendra is the thirty-fifth head of state, since the General took office in 1959, to be accorded the ritual of "The Official Visit," which lasts a minimum of three days and follows a customary pattern: greetings, meetings, lunches, dinners, receptions, and galas at the opera. In the course of the second dozen of these fetes for heads of state, as the General's affection for magnificence and ceremony grew ever more apparent, Foreign Service Officers at the Paris American Embassy remarked on the epidemic of "gran-deuritis" sweeping the Elysée.

On the day of his arrival, the forty-six-year-old king and his queen, Her Majesty Ratna Rajya Laxmi Devi Shah, thirty-eight, embarked on a program that is by now a formula all too familiar to the French public. They were met by the De Gaulles, the French Prime Minister, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Minister of State at Orly Airport, where a Republican Guard band rendered "*La Marseillaise*" and the Nepalese national anthem, "May Glory Crown Our Illustrious Sovereign." Following a suitable exchange of honors and compliment (President de Gaulle referred to Nepal as "one of those Himalayan countries, the most elevated in the world, which Nature renders epic," and King Mahendra said that he and his government "are certain that this visit will reinforce the good relations that exist between our two countries"), the party's cavalcade of fourteen Citroën DS Noires, a motor cycle escort, and the French Chief of Protocol, Bernard Durand, in the lead, sped from the airport to the Quai d'Orsay on the Left Bank making a journey which ordinarily takes from forty minutes to an hour in exactly twenty minutes.

The route from Orly was of course blocked off during their ride, and for the better part of the morning the dense traffic in nearby area of the city was at a complete standstill, to the exasperation of at least one taxi driver. "Another *visite!*" he said, rolling his eyes skyward "Nepal. Now there's an important country. Who's ever heard of it? Where is it? I'll be here all day."

After honors and introductions at the Foreign Ministry, King Mahendra and Queen Ratna were installed in the usual apartments reserved for important state guests at the Quai d'Orsay.

At 12:30 P.M. the King had a private talk with the General, then had lunch at the Elysée (*déjeuner intime* for 40 persons), after which he was driven up the Champs Elysées to pay his respects at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe.

After the observances at the Arc de Triomphe, the visiting monarch opened an exhibition of Nepalese art at the Guimet Museum, famous for its collection of Oriental sculpture, and continued the diplomatic round at the formal 5:00 reception (morning coat or uniform), called the Cercle Diplomatique, held at the Quai d'Orsay for heads of missions. The most elaborate event on the calendar for the day, however, is the evening state banquet for 180 at the presidential palace, to be followed by a reception for 800, affairs of comparatively moderate size. Some dinners may be for 250 and receptions for 1500.

The dinner guests arrive at 8:00. They sit down in unison at a U-shaped table in the Grande Salle des Fêtes at 8:15. The menu, which has taken the palace staff two days to prepare, is briskly served by footmen dressed *à la française*—white knee breeches, red waistcoat, blue jacket—and begins with Crème Germeny soup. Dishes are likely to be whisked away before the diner is certain he has finished with his course. The General is known not to like to dawdle over his food. The filets de sole Joinville, accompanied by a Riesling 1964 wine, and the dindonneau de Bresse Châtelaine, washed down with Château Lafite-Rothschild 1959, appear on one of the three great services of Sèvres china that belong to the Elysée—the Capraire, made in 1846. After a green salad, the foie gras de Landes, with Clos Vougeot 1959 in the Baccarat crystal, is followed by a parfait Trianon served on the Sèvres Oiseaux plates, a series hand-painted with portraits of birds and created in 1858. If anyone drops a Oiseaux plate it takes \$140 to replace it, but the set is less dear than the third of the Sèvres services, "Little Views of France," \$160 a



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plate. In all, the individual dinner guest at the palace has some \$600 worth of china, silver, vermeil, and crystal set before him during an evening meal. Once in the annals of Elysée entertaining, a diner made off with two silver plates. They were retrieved, with tact. But no such incident is likely to occur tonight in the company of the president of the Assemblée Nationale, the vice president of the Sénat, the nineteen cabinet ministers, the ten counselors of state, the doyen of the Corps Diplomatique (the Papal Nuncio), and other high representatives of officialdom.

De Gaulle and Mahendra rise to make their respective toasts (with Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin 1961 champagne). The General takes this opportunity to speak of "the external intervention in Southeast Asia and the odious conflict this intervention involves." The King, whose languages are English, Urdu, Hindi, and Sanskrit, responds in English through an interpreter with reference to his country's situation, "between two friendly nations, India and China," and with emphasis on Nepal's pride in its traditions of "sovereign independence and territorial integrity."

As the dinner comes to an end, the people invited for the reception begin to drive into the Court of Honor. Many are Hindus, wearing, like the King, black topees on their heads and black Western jackets over their white tunics and jodhpur trousers. Women gather their long skirts above their ankles before mounting the red-carpeted steps. All are momentarily dazzled by the flashes of prismatic light from the massive crystal chandelier that shine through the solid glass wall of the entrance hall. Eighty lighting fixtures of similar proportions hang from the high ceilings of the Elysée, and it takes two men eight days to clean each chandelier.

The transparent doors open. *Bristol* at the ready, the guest crosses the threshold. One of an efficient-looking team of officers in full dress, swags of red cord looped to the shoulders of their navy blue uniforms and rows of multicolored medals across their chests, springs forward. He says, "*Bonsoir, Madame*," or "*Bonsoir, Monsieur*," and scans the invitation to see whether there is a blue triangular mark at the top left corner. The guest with a

blue-marked *bristol* is motioned to the right, for he is among the 700 persons invited who will not be introduced to the host or hostess or the guests of honor. The 100 bearers of unmarked invitations are sent to the left, the route to the receiving line. (Restricting the number of handshakes at Elysée functions is a relatively new practice which a French newsmagazine has seen as an indication that the seventy-six-year-old general now tries to conserve his energy.) Leaving their coats at a checkpoint behind the grand staircase where wraps are sent downstairs in a special dumbwaiter, guests tapped for presentation are directed to the corridor at the left of the stairs.

All the semipublic social events at the Elysée are held in the rooms on the ground floor, a chain of salons that follow the back facade of the palace and face an enormous park. As the reception progresses, the stream of traffic moves to the right through these salons and is prodded along by a crew of palace factotums. It is in the first of these rooms, the Salon of the Portraits, a mélange of eighteenth-century and First and Second Empire decor, that guests who will be formally received first take their places in line. While waiting, they have a view through the massive French windows of the arbored rose garden to the left and the swans on the lake at the foot of the park, floodlit for the evening's festivities.

On the approach to the receiving line, guests next enter the Hémicycle Salon — Savonnerie rug, gold and white carved paneled walls. The Marquise de Pompadour, a mistress of Louis XV, slept here. When the guest arrives at the door leading to the Salon of the Ambassadors, he surrenders his invitation. The noise of conversation in the crowded Hémicycle is considerable. A person may fail to recognize his own name when it is called out by the announcing usher, whose title, *Aboyeur-Huissier*, means Barker-Usher and who takes his cues from Monsieur Durand, the Chief of Protocol. An imperious man resplendent in the traditional ambassadorial uniform (black, covered with scrolls of golden embroidery) of *Ministre Plénipotentiaire*, which is conserved for his office, Monsieur Durand is posted at the right of the door.

As he steps into the relative quiet of the Salon des Ambassadeurs the

guest is suddenly alone with President de Gaulle, King Mahendra, Queen Ratna, Madame de Gaulle, the announcing usher, the Chief of Protocol, two interpreters, and at discreet distance, a few bodyguards. Benign and genial, the General garbed in his midnight-blue arm dress uniform, with pearl-gray waistcoat, is bathed in rays of golden light from the monumental chandelier overhead. His responses are cordial. They range from the terse "*Monsieur*" to the "*Ah! Untel! Delighted to see you!*" to a quick exchange of phrases with a notable whom De Gaulle already knows. Compliments to pretty women may begin with the simple "*Mes hommages, Madame*," and flower into "Your grace honors this ancient house, Madame." At an intimate Elysée dinner for 40, a beautiful woman recalls, De Gaulle reached into his pocket, put on his powerful spectacles, and looked her up and down when she was introduced to him, but she was exceptionally striking and the circumstances were relatively informal.

King Mahendra, whose ten million subjects regard him as an incarnation of the Hindu god Vishnu, rarely asks for the services of the interpreter behind him and speaks to the guests with agreeable restraint. Men go through the motions of hand-kissing without actually kissing the hands of Queen Ratna and Madame de Gaulle. Many of the women curtsy to both ladies. The Queen, like her husband, wears sober black-rimmed glasses, but her smile is warm, as her native dress (a rose-red sari embroidered in silver) and royal jewels (a pearl-drop diamond necklace and matching earrings) are far from severe.

Madame de Gaulle, who often used to frown in public, looks radiant and gracious in the dark green moiré dress designed by her couturier, Jacques Heim. Her graying brown hair is closely cut at the back of the neck and dressed in soft waves. The freshness of her complexion is extraordinarily youthful for a woman of sixty-six. By nature of a character typical of many French middle-class women who are frugal, who have an unshakable respect for tradition, a strong sense of order and organization, and who uphold the old established moral virtues, Madame de Gaulle is deep

religious. She has the reputation of being the regime's Mrs. Grundy and is widely considered to be the unofficial censor who has brought about the banning of certain books, plays, and films in France.

An army wife for forty-five years, Madame de Gaulle runs the palace staff of 160 with dispatch. She has never granted an interview nor posed for an official photograph. She is an accomplished knitter. She once said that her ideal wardrobe was two black dresses, "one on my back and one in the closet." Those days are over. Since she is above all what an acquaintance describes as "a woman of duty," she now does her best to act the part of the First Lady of France by being well dressed and by overcoming her innate shyness. She is an extremely dignified person but has none of the regal comportment of her husband.

An assistant chief of protocol overseeing the exit from the receiving line hurries the guests out with sweeping gestures toward the adjacent antechamber, the Salon des Aides de Camp. Hastening past, a guest is poked in the eye by a flower piece bristling with gladiolus. Seated near the door in rapt conversation with a lady is the stout sixty-seven-year-old playwright Marcel Achard, a member of the venerated Académie Française, who is wearing the ornate attire in which academicians appear for ceremonies — a swallow-tail coat embellished with elaborate designs of green, gold, and white silk. The colors match the medal of Officer of the Legion of Honor which hangs from a red ribbon on his chest. The protocol man notices him and tells him to get up, saying, "The passage must be kept clear." Concealing their annoyance, Achard and his companion move on.

The young footmen in their tri-color livery are passing silver trays of American, English, and French cigarettes. Madame Hervé Alphan, wife of the former ambassador to Washington, who herself works as *directrice* of the haute couture house of Paris designer Pierre Cardin, a proponent of mini-skirts and futuristic men's wear, chats smoothly with a functionary in a corner. There are few women of fashion at this gathering, and Madame Alphan, however subdued she may be in elegant, unobtrusive black, with one shoulder bare, stands out.

Her carefully groomed husband,

now Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, is decorated with the large badge of Commander of the Legion d'Honneur. It is worn on a wide red ribbon around the neck. "Virtually obligatory at the Elysée," notes a palace aide, pointing out that two thirds of the men in the room wear the same decoration. "But the Cross of the Liberation — bronze with black Cross of Lorraine, green and black ribbon — is also, of course, most acceptable."

In the next room, the lovely gold and white Salon Murat, which has wall paintings of Rome and of a château in Alsace, a black-garbed *huissier*, the long silver chain of his office strung around his neck, urges the company ahead into the vast Salons des Fêtes. He gives directional signals by waving his white-gloved hand in swooping motions, in the manner of a courtier on the stage at the Comédie Française. Celebrities, who ignore his efforts to keep the traffic circulating, pause for minutes of conversation, while others amuse themselves by identifying famous guests and by counting decorations.

The great historian, biographer,

and academician André Maurois is remarked upon because he has chosen to wear merely a broad red sash across his chest, attaching his Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to a large red bow on his hip, and has left his other medals at home. The devout Gaullist writer and Nobel Prize winner François Mauriac, writer Joseph Kessel, playwright Marcel Pagnol, film director René Clair, and the Nobel-Prize-winning physicist Louis Victor de Broglie are other Académie Française members invited. Among the best decorated men present, Prince Guy de Polignac is given high marks for distinction, for, although only an Officer of the Legion of Honor, he holds four different Great Crosses, even if they are not French, and is the only man in the assembly who has the Grand Cross of the Order of Malta hanging from his neck.

Those well versed in medals are stumped when Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville comes in wearing a wine-colored ribbon about his neck with an unfamiliar order hanging from it. He retires to the end of the salon to confer with a *député* next to a priceless table fash-

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ioned entirely of Sèvres porcelain and ormolu. It is a prize piece among many antiques in the palace. All Elysée furniture belongs to the French people and is administered and cared for by the nation's storage warehouse, the Mobilier National. However, the majority of French people do not see these Elysée treasures. There are no public tours of the palace.

Prime Minister Georges Pompidou, exuding health and well-being, passes through, his white shirtfront crossed with a huge sash of vivid blue with green borders. "Nepalese orders," explains the palace aide. "They got those this afternoon, and naturally they put them on this evening. Couve de Murville is now a Commander of the Right Hand of the Gurkha. Pompidou has the Great Cross of the Three Divine Powers, but please do not ask me what they are."

One third of the floor space of the immense winter garden of the Salons des Fêtes is taken up with a sixty-piece orchestra of the Republican Guard, manfully playing Rossini's overture to *La Gazzetta* (*The Little Magpie*), but only a note or two can be heard over the chatter of a thousand voices. The walls are draped with twenty-four of the seventy-one splendid Gobelin tapestries housed in the Elysée. Three of the Gobelins in the Salons des Fêtes depict the story of Esther and are thought by experts to be particularly fine. The Gobelin that hangs in De Gaulle's office, the Salon Doré, located directly above the Salon of the Ambassadors and much the handsomest room in the house, belongs to another series of tapestries and shows "Don Quixote Being Cured of His Madness by Wisdom."

The passage into the Salons des Fêtes is cleared. The guests break apart instinctively, leaving a broad lane in the center of the gray carpet. From the rustle of activity in the rooms beyond the Salon Murat, it is evident that the dramatic peak of the soiree is about to be reached.

With stately tread, through the portals of the winter garden come four ushers, two by two, solemn-faced, their silver chains glinting against their black uniforms. Following them, solo, walks the Chief of Protocol, his looks forbidding, his gait measured, the intricate gold braid curlicues of his uniform redolent of another century. He carries

a flattened bicorné, edged with white feathers, in his left hand and appears to use a staff with his right. Behind him, the two chiefs of state, King Mahendra to De Gaulle's right, are somewhat more relaxed. Across the General's chest is a wide yellow ribbon, also worn by Queen Ratna, who is paired off in the procession with Madame de Gaulle. "The Great Cross of Ojaswirajanya," murmurs the palace aide. "Reserved for heads of state. Please do not ask me what Ojaswirajanya means."

Since the retinue does all but cry "Make way . . ." as the party continues its march down the length of the Grande Salle des Fêtes, breaking ranks at the buffet, it is difficult not to be reminded of *La Gloire* and stirring moments in France's monarchical past.

The hour is 11:25 P.M. The King tells the Chief of Protocol that he wishes to leave. Once again the crowd divides into two parts to make a passageway as the official party falls into formation. The musicians sound the opening notes of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. Many of the guests strain for a final view as the procession leaves the halls. Others do not bother to look up, too engrossed in their own conversations.

There is a last movement toward the buffets, where few of the 3000 sandwiches and canapés are left, but most of the 5000 petits fours remain uneaten, arranged in tidy pink pyramids on a lesser service of Sèvres china with a deep blue and gold border. "No caviar," says a visiting journalist from Moscow, accepting a glass of champagne. "No scotch," notes an Englishman, choosing a brandy and soda instead. "Only French drinks served here. House rule," says an editor of *Paris-Match*.

Foreign Minister Couve de Murville is seated on a banquette against the wall, still talking animatedly with the same *député*, but most of the rest of the top echelon of the hierarchy have already said good-night. The orchestra begins to play *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. As the guests converge in the main entrance hall, where a radiophone operator signals their chauffeurs and another guard announces the numbers of the cars as they drive up to the red-carpeted steps, the 110 clocks of the Palais de l'Elysée strike midnight. Another grand performance is over.

Adlai S. Stevenson

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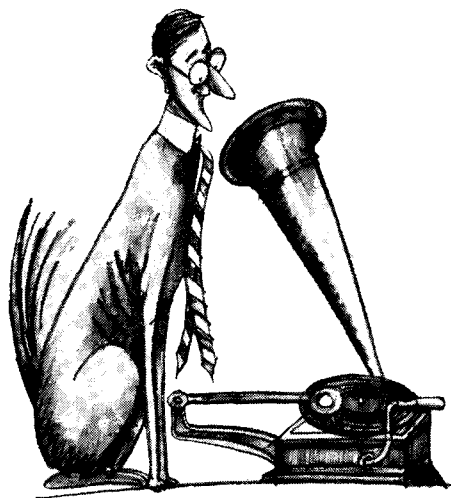
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music

Stravinsky and Shostakovich

by Herbert Kupferberg



Among the most durable compositions of Igor Stravinsky will surely be *L'Histoire du Soldat*, that brilliantly macabre musical setting of the legend of a soldier who trades his soul to the devil in return for fleeting happiness. *L'Histoire* was written in 1918, but its acerbic, sardonic, and jazzy score makes it music of another time — our own time, as a matter of fact. Stravinsky's music may have found its original impulse in the bitterness and cynicism left by World War I, but its sentiments, style, and idiom are strangely in tune with our epoch too. After nearly fifty years, *L'Histoire du Soldat* still is modern music.

In recording *L'Histoire* complete, including its spoken parts, Vanguard has solved the question of whether to use the original French text or an English translation in the best possible way — by recording both versions and packing the two records together in a set offered for the price of one. It makes for an alluring package (VSD-71165/66, stereo; VRS-1165/66, monaural).

No less a personage than Leopold Stokowski, who, like Stravinsky, celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday this year, conducts the new recording of *The Soldier's Tale*. The work is scored for only seven instruments — violin, clarinet, trumpet, double-bass, bassoon, trombone, and percussion — and it is astonishing to hear the sonorities that Stokowski, not to mention Stravinsky, evokes from so modest an ensemble. The spoken parts, those of the narrator, the soldier, and the devil, are recited both in English and French by Madeleine Milhaud, Jean Pierre Aumont, and Martial Singher. They do an able job, although it takes time to get accustomed to hearing the narration delivered by a woman. The instrumentalists who perform, headed by violinist Gerald Tarack, are all first-rate, and Stokowski manages to bring out not only the work's sharp rhythms and off-center harmonies, but the subtleties of its more reflective, lyric passages.

A striking contrast is provided by the first recording of *L'Histoire du Soldat* ever to emanate from the Soviet Union (Melodiya/Angel SR-40005, stereo; R-40005, monaural). This consists only of the musical suite drawn from the work, with the spoken interludes omitted, and is played by a chamber ensemble directed by Gennady Rozhdestvensky.

Only since Stalin's death have Soviet musicians begun to play Stravinsky in public, and it is curious to find them playing *L'Histoire* in a way that we here would regard as a bit old-fashioned, rather raucously and with exaggerated emphasis on the jazz elements. In any event, whether Stravinsky is mocking or pitying his poor hero in *L'Histoire du Soldat*, and one never can be certain which, his music, terse and penetrating, seemingly is finding as eager a response from Soviet musicians as it has met from those of the West.

The Soviet-made *L'Histoire du Soldat* is part of a new series of recordings taped in the U.S.S.R. but mastered, pressed, and packaged by Capitol Records in the United States. Melodiya/Angel, as the new line is called, will apply the benefits of American sound engineering to Soviet musical performances. Thus it will now become possible for the first time to hear Russian artists and orchestras on their native grounds in up-to-date stereo.

The new Melodiya/Angel records certainly offer first-class sound. And several of them offer first-class performances, such as David Oistrakh's dazzling account of the Khachaturian Violin Concerto in D Minor with the composer conducting the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra (SR-40002, stereo; R-40002, monaural), and a majestic presentation of Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony by the Moscow Philharmonic with the same David Oistrakh, turned conductor (SR-40003, stereo; R-40003, monaural).

But the most spectacular of these new Russian recordings is by all odds a work hitherto unknown to these shores, Dimitri Shostakovich's setting of Yevgeny Yevtushenko's epic poem *The Execution of Stepan Razin*, coupled with his Symphony No. 9 (SR-40000, stereo; R-40000, monaural).

Stepan Razin was a kind of Russian Spartacus, a Cossack hero of the seventeenth century who led a peasants' revolt successfully for a year only to be finally captured, led through the streets of Moscow, and executed by the ax. With a strong-voiced bass named Vitaly Gromadsky rolling out the story to the accompaniment of a large chorus representing the Russian people, Stepan Razin's adventures become a musical saga of almost barbaric

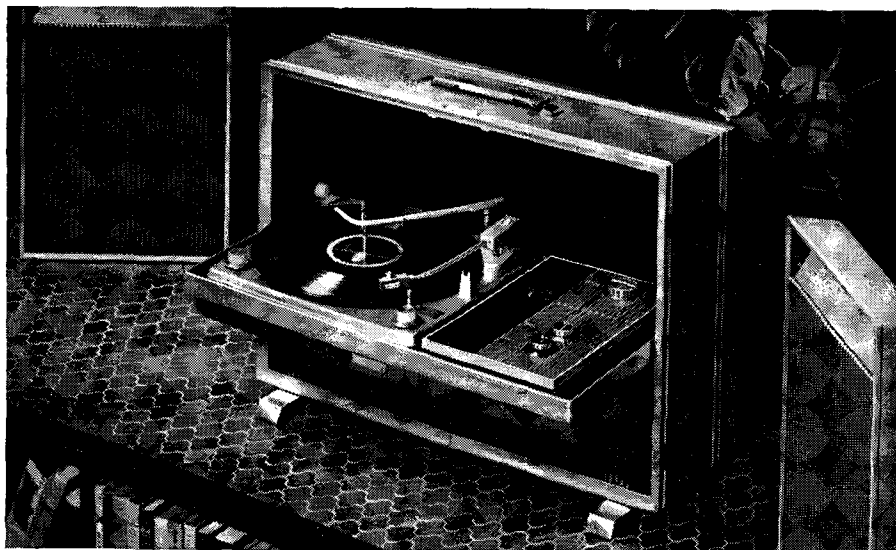
splendor. Its opening pages are the most vivid of all, with the depiction of the prisoner's defiance of a jeering mob generating tremendous musical and dramatic excitement. The work eventually subsides into somewhat more conventional measures, but there are plenty of stirring passages. No Russian composer of whatever century or political persuasion can resist the bells of Muscovy, and they ring out as resoundingly in Shostakovich's score as in any by Moussorgsky or Rimsky.

Stepan Razin, which was first performed in December, 1964, offers convincing evidence that Shostakovich has not lost his gift for writing music that is direct, dramatic, and popular — that his creative career, in other words, is far from over. He should be able to keep the authorities at both the Russian and American ends of Melodiya/Angel busy for quite a while.

Today's conductors are almost all psychoanalysts of a sort; especially with big romantic scores, they like to probe for hidden meanings and unsuspected impulses. A work like Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, that vast and anguished "symphony for tenor, alto, and orchestra," offers an irresistible subject to musical psychologists. It is a setting of six ancient Chinese poems adapted into German; if the Chinese had a word for "weltschmerz" they surely would have applied it to these doleful texts whose theme is death, or at least withdrawal from life. Mahler himself imagined that people might be tempted to commit suicide after listening to his *Song of the Earth*. So one can hardly blame such noted musical psychoanalysts as Eugene Ormandy, Otto Klemperer, and Leonard Bernstein for taking on the case; and all three have just recorded *Das Lied von der Erde*.

Ormandy, it might be explained, is less of a specialist in psychiatry than some of his colleagues. He's more the family doctor type, a musical G.P. who undertakes all kinds of cases with a calm, direct approach and without flamboyance. His Philadelphia instruments are unmatched in quality anywhere. His diagnosis for *Das Lied von der Erde* runs this way: "Your case, Mr. Mahler, is no different from any of my other patients'. I'd suggest we simply play it straight, face the music calmly, and avoid undue excitement. Let's

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Klemperer's attitude is different. Although he is now a resident of London, he has always remained a member of the German school, thorough, earnest, deliberate. His prescription for *Das Lied* is: "Slow it down. Take your time. It is the only way to live. Please remember that the final words of the composition are 'ewig . . . ewig,' 'forever . . . forever.' That is what it should take."

Dr. Bernstein differs drastically. It should be noted that he is commonly regarded as one of the most dashing and impetuous members of his profession, as gifted in his skills as he is informal in his approach. If Mahler had walked into his office and asked, "What should be done with *Das Lied von der Erde*, Lennie?" (no one ever calls Dr. Bernstein anything else), the instant reply would have been: "Gus, all your music needs is to be sharpened up a bit. More bite in those strings! More accent in the brass! Action, man, action. What you need is fresh air and exercise. And don't be forever about it!"

Curiously, in these recordings it is the general practitioner whose ideas seem most consistent of all. Ormandy's recording (Columbia MS-6946, stereo; ML-6346, monaural) presents *Das Lied von der Erde* in its traditional form, with the solo parts sung by a mezzo-soprano, Lili Chookasian, and a tenor, Richard Lewis. Klemperer's soloists are Christa Ludwig and the late Fritz Wunderlich, with the Philharmonia and New Philharmonia Orchestras (Angel SB-3704, stereo; B-3704, monaural: two records). Bernstein, who conducts the Vienna Philharmonic, prefers to use an alternate version for tenor and baritone, his soloists being James King and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (London OS-26005, stereo; OM-36005, monaural).

For all the impression of whip-cracking given by Bernstein, his version of *Das Lied* actually takes the longest of the three. According to the printed timings, his performance runs a little over sixty-six minutes, while Klemperer's takes just under sixty-four, and Ormandy requires fifty-eight. Klemperer's impression of sluggishness is more a matter of a generally ponderous approach than of slow tempos. In many passages

Bernstein shapes the poignancy of the music more affectingly than either of the others, but the work as a whole seems to diminish in impact as it goes along. And his choice of a baritone rather than an alto for the second soloist (sanctioned by Mahler but seldom employed) deprives the score of warmth and contrast.

An old recording by Bruno Walter, with Kathleen Ferrier and Julius Patzak, happily still available (London 4212, monaural only: two records), remains the most memorable of all recordings of *Das Lied von der Erde*; but old Doc Ormandy demonstrates that this music is not for specialists only.

Record Reviews

Albeniz: Iberia

Alicia de Larrocha, pianist; Epic BSC-158 (stereo) and SC-6058: two records

In this album Alicia de Larrocha repeats in stereo a triumph she scored some years back with her recording of these extraordinary piano pieces in monaural. If anything, there has been an intensification of the Spanish flair and flavor; the music seems to sway, sigh, and surge with the spirit of the country itself. All the characteristic rhythms, tempos, cadences, and melodic turns that make Spanish music Spanish are here; and not the least of these ingredients is the presence of a great Spanish pianist.

Amram: Shakespearean Concerto; Piano Sonata

Midhat Serbagi, viola; Ronald Roseman, oboe; John Barrowes and Daniel Cowan, French horns; Maurice Peress, conductor; Mitchell Andrews, pianist; Washington 9470 (stereo) and 470

David Amram, as music director of the celebrated Shakespeare Festival productions in New York's Central Park, has written incidental music to twenty-eight productions. One such piece, originally a setting of Feste's song from *Twelfth Night* "When that I was and a little tiny boy," serves as the theme for the second movement of his little "Shakespearean Concerto." It is a well-made, lyric piece, with appealing melodies, piquant writing for the solo instruments, and a generally romantic feeling. The piano sonata on the reverse also is a stimulating work,

with a jazzy undertone that is firmly but discreetly present. Mr. Amram has something.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Nos. 8 in C Minor, "Pathétique," 9 in E, and 10 in G

Glenn Gould, pianist; Columbia MS-6945 (stereo) and ML-6345

Glenn Gould's account of the *Pathétique* Sonata seems to me one of the cleanest and most straightforward on records — and therefore one of the most moving. Nothing is exaggerated or distorted; instead, every note seems to be given its full value. Withal, there is plenty of dynamic contrast and sheer vitality to the playing, and the two other sonatas benefit equally with the *Pathétique*. As always, there is the customary sound of a Glenn Gould "sing-along" as he plays.

Bizet-Hammerstein: Carmen Jones

Kenneth Alwyn conducting orchestra and chorus, with Grace Bumbry as Carmen, Ena Babb as Cindy Lou, Elizabeth Welch as Frankie, George Webb as Joe, and Thomas Baptiste as Husky Miller; Heliodor HS-25046 (stereo) and H-25046

For years there has been no recording of *Carmen Jones*, Oscar Hammerstein II's Americanization of Bizet's masterpiece. This version is of curious origin, for it was made in England, with singers who don't seem particularly attuned to either the Bizet or Broadway idioms. Grace Bumbry is an exception; this American mezzo has sung many a Carmen, if not a Carmen Jones, and she knows the score of both. But the real star is one Elizabeth Welch, who, in the role of Frankie (*née* Frasquita), gets to sing the "*Chanson Bohême*," or, as Mr. Hammerstein retitled it, "Beat out dat rhythm on a drum." Miss Welch is unidentified in the jacket notes, but she brings such seductiveness and high spirits to her solitary song as to remind one that *Carmen Jones* is, in its way, a masterpiece too.

Elgar: Cello Concerto in E Minor

Jacqueline Du Pré, cellist, with London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli; Angel S-36338 (stereo) and 36338

At the age of twenty-two, Jacqueline Du Pré, an English girl with a French-Norman name and a cheerful smile, is one of the world's great cellists, as an American solo tour late last winter clearly attested. In

this recording she draws a long and graceful bow over Sir Edward Elgar's Cello Concerto, one of the British master's most luxuriantly lyrical works. Richness of tone, cleanness of attack (not a buzz to be heard), and smoothness of phrasing all are amply present. And the same characteristics enliven a group of popular encore pieces on the reverse. Saint-Saëns's "The Swan" has seldom sounded so lovely.

The Art of the Cantor

Josef Rosenblatt, Samuel Vigoda, and Moshe Koussevitzky, cantors; RCA Victor VCM-6173 (monaural only)

Devotees of the cantorial art will find much to listen to in this collection of three of the great synagogue voices of our time. Traditionally, the cantor is a composer as well as a creator, and many of these hymns, prayers, and psalms are sung in original musical settings. Rosenblatt was the most renowned of Jewish cantors in America, and Vigoda took his post after his death. Perhaps the voice that comes through most beautifully is that of Moshe Koussevitzky, who died last summer, for his recordings were by far the most recent and have the benefit of modern sound reproduction.

Alone Together: Thirty of the Greatest Songs by Dietz and Schwartz

Nancy Dussault, Karen Morrow, Clifford David, Neal Kenyon, and others; Evergreen 6604/5 (stereo or monaural): two records

Evergreen is a small independent label that specializes in putting together attractive albums of show songs, usually a bit off the beaten track. In this album, performed by several youthful entertainers, the songs are those of Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, who teamed up to produce such numbers as "Dancing in the Dark," "I See Your Face Before Me," "Something to Remember Me By," and "I Love Louisa." All these are included, of course, but so are many lesser-known songs, which are made to seem highly tuneful and tasteful as set forth by these young and accomplished performers.

The New Echoes of Paris

George Feyer, pianist; Decca DL-74808 (stereo) and DL-4808

George Feyer is a popular pianist who plays nightly in the café of the Hotel Carlyle in New York,

providing what is euphoniously described as background music. But he is a pianist of wide skills and sympathies, with the ability to impart a lilt and briskness to the popular songs of many countries. His specialty is French, and in this collection he takes such tunes as "La vie en rose," "La Mer," "Domino," "Feuilles mortes," "Que reste-t-il de nos amours?" and a dozen others, and puts them together like a string of pearls — simulated pearls, at any rate. The result is a record that can be listened to with concentration, or merely used for background music around the house. What's a home without background music?

Vaudeville!

Eric Rogers conducting Vaudeville Orchestra and Chorus: London SP-44043 (stereo)

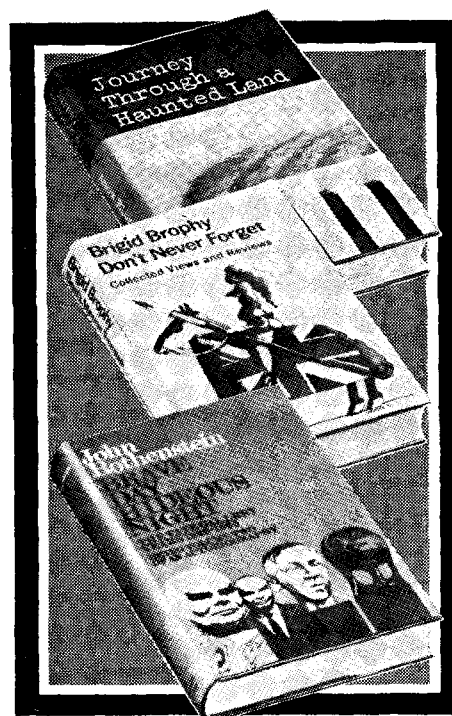
This is a British concoction obviously aimed at an American audience. Like all the entries in London's "Phase 4" stereo series, it features splashy sound and musical action. But the attempt to re-create an American vaudeville show is pretty ludicrous, what with the *Light Cavalry* Overture, a minstrel routine, and a striptease all jumbled together. What the record does offer is a dizzying collection of snatches of song hits, from "Shine On, Harvest Moon" to "This Is the Army, Mr. Jones." Hardly a title from the last fifty years seems to be missing. But that British-accented master of ceremonies! An old-style vaudeville audience would have hustled him right back on the first outbound steamer.

Peter Weiss

Reading from his works; Caedmon TC-1131 (monaural only)

Two lengthy autobiographical excerpts make up the bulk of this record, but its most unforgettable portion is a brief excerpt from Mr. Weiss's *The Investigation*, that grim dramatic document based on the testimony of witnesses at the Auschwitz trials. As he recites, in a slightly accented voice and matter-of-fact tones, the horror of a train arrival at a concentration camp siding, one can almost imagine that the victims themselves are speaking. Everything else on the record seems tepid by comparison, even several scenes from Weiss's stage and film success, the bizarre *Marat/Sade*.

Current and Choice



Journey Through a Haunted Land

THE NEW GERMANY

By AMOS ELON. "The best book about contemporary Germany which I have yet read. It is first of all excellent reporting, in depth and detail, mirroring almost every facet of the German scene, East and West. But, more than that, it is a wonderfully written book. . . . full of essential background to an understanding of the German scene." — DON COOK, author of *Floodtide in Europe*. \$6.50

Don't Never Forget

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By BRIGID BROPHY. Witty, biting social and literary criticism by "the British intelligentsia's newest High Priestess." — *Time*. "She's at once outspoken, outrageous, logical, devastating, perceptive. She'll incense some, amuse others, but Brigid Brophy's writings are a spring tonic to read." — *Publishers' Weekly*. \$5.95

Brave Day, Hideous Night

THE TATE GALLERY YEARS
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By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN. The second volume of Sir John's autobiography, so well begun with last year's highly-praised *Summer's Lease*. A fascinating account of the author's years as director of London's Tate Gallery, of his friendships with Henry Moore, Oskar Kokoschka, and other great names in contemporary art, and of the scandalous "Tate Affair." \$6.95

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The Peripatetic Reviewer by Edward Weeks

Television in its evolution as a medium of communication has now reached a critical stage in the United States. It is generally recognized that Americans are entitled to a far wider choice of what they may see on their screens than was thought possible eighteen years ago when the stations went into operation; and it is recognized with deepening dismay that they are not being given this latitude. Unless strong precautions are taken, the transmission of programs from studio to satellite will further increase the centralized power of the networks.

Commercial television has grown to be an indispensable part of our stimulated economy, and in content it is what the majority of Americans have wanted it to be. By day it plays for the busy housewife and for children home from school, in the evening for men and women who are tired and who have eyes for a little news but mostly for diversion. The entertainment in commercial television has evolved in direct response to popular demand; it is produced at a very high cost, and with ever diminishing exceptions it is endlessly repetitive. One such exception was a single performance of *Death of a Salesman*, the play by Arthur Miller, which was produced at a cost of \$480,000. With production costs of that order the individual stations cannot afford to experiment and the networks do not wish to do so. Not many kinds of things have yet been discovered that will be of simultaneous interest to twenty million people, and once a program has been proved successful it is repeated by the sponsor and copied by the rival networks ad infinitum. The romance of the West, the running down of criminals, the wisecracks of the comedian, the soothing syrup of the crooner, like the old films of Hollywood, can, and do, go on night after night without fear of exhausting the huge audience.

It seems to have been sponged from the American conscience that the broadcasting stations, which were allocated without cost on a franchise from the government and which are now selling for as much as \$40 million, accepted in that franchise a clause calling for "programs in the public interest." Such programs are hard to find these days. The prime time is reserved for moneymaking, and the earnings are huge. In the reporting of news, a

most expensive enterprise, and of sport, American television has no peer in the electronic world. But it is a bitter truth that in most other areas, as the profits of television have increased, the content of the programs has diminished. In the fearless journalism in depth such as Edward R. Murrow gave us in *See It Now*, in the playwriting for the new medium which we had from Paddy Chayefsky and Archibald MacLeish, in the daring of *Playhouse 90* as in the lyrical beauty of *The Telephone Hour*, with its recent telecast of Toscanini, we have been granted glimpses of the integrity and innovation of which television is capable. Admittedly, programs of this quality may not achieve as high a rating as Jackie Gleason's; admittedly, even a single hour of high quality may deflate the sponsorship on either side of that hour, and yet with the networks' profits so huge that the management feels impelled to buy a professional baseball team, might it not have been fairer to the public to do as other industries have done, plow back a portion of their revenues into making a better product?

Saving the world every week

Fred W. Friendly, who worked his way up in broadcasting from a humble start in Providence, Rhode Island, is a big broad-shouldered, dynamic guy, very decided and in a tearing hurry. Carl Sandburg likens him to a man who "had just got off a foam-flecked horse," and if I may carry that figure further, the horse that gave him the hardest ride was the Columbia Broadcasting System, from which he dismounted or was thrown in 1966. It was a great ride while it lasted, and his report of it fills an exciting book, *DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL . . .* (Random House, \$6.95).

Ed Murrow is the hero of the book, and the early chapters, which are mostly about him, are charged with courage, electricity, and affection. The two met in 1947 when Friendly had an idea for an album of recorded history and had turned to CBS, which controlled the revolutionary long-playing record. *I Can Hear It Now*, a Murrow-Friendly Production, was released at Thanksgiving, 1949, and was such a spectacular success that they both went home at Christmas with "keeping money."

Their partnership in television began with *See It Now*, an hour program, with its uninhibiting sponsor, the Aluminum Company of America. They needed strong backing, and they got it from William Paley, chairman of CBS, and Frank Stanton, its president, for they were taking on Senator McCarthy and his cronies George Sokolsky and Fulton Lewis, Jr., first in the defense of Lieutenant Radulovich, who was being blacklisted by the Air Force because his father was an alleged Communist. The lieutenant was exonerated, and *See It Now* went on to give a display of McCarthy in action, showing his infamous techniques and the misuse of the facts. This was the first time the country had seen the smear-case assault; it came as a shock, and Murrow expected to be smeared in turn. He was, in the equal time which the senator was accorded, and the experience provoked these words: "When the record is finally written," said Ed, "as it will be one day, it will answer the question, Who has helped the Communist cause and who has served his country better, Senator McCarthy or I? I would like to be remembered by the answer to that question."

Of the forty-four *See It Now* broadcasts, the one best remembered was *A Conversation With Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer*. It, too, was a cause of turbulence, and Philip Hamburger, the critic of the *New Yorker*, termed it "a true study in genius." But there were those who were high up in management who found it disturbing, and the pressure on the Alcoa salesmen mounted. This was followed by historic interviews with Chou En-lai in Rangoon and with Marshall Tito in Brioni, yet when Pan American, which had succeeded Alcoa as sponsor, dropped the program, there was the inevitable confrontation on the twentieth floor. "Bill," Murrow pleaded with Paley, "don't you want an instrument like the *See It Now* organization, which you have poured so much into for so long, to continue?" "Yes," said Paley, "but I don't want this constant stomachache every time you do a controversial subject." He could not have one without the other, and in the end the size of the budget was the polite way of ruling it out.

When Murrow departed to become the voice of USIA, it was

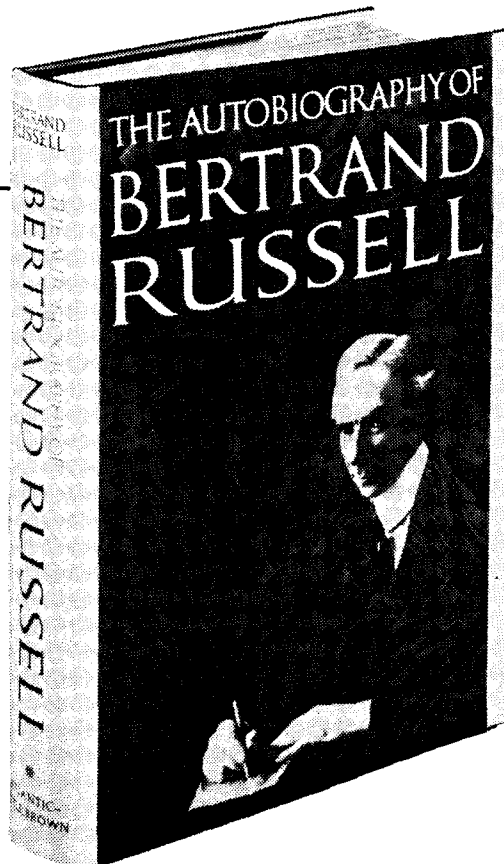
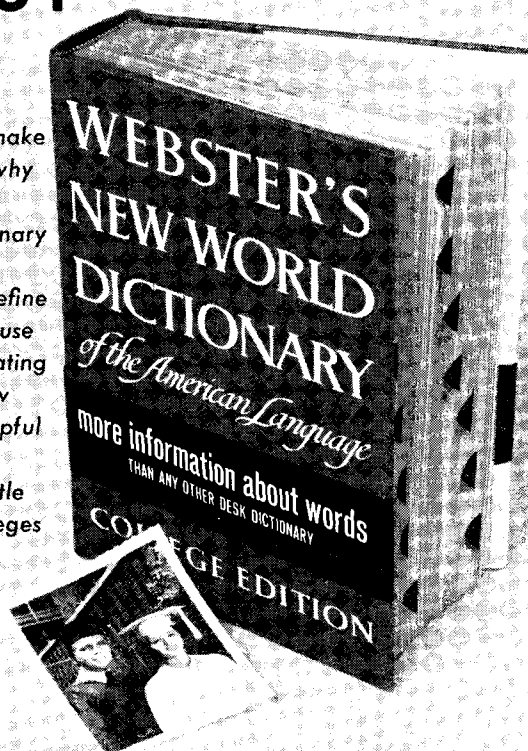
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Friendly who held the technicians together for a new, less antagonizing venture in *CBS Reports*, and these Reports went far to restore the prestige of CBS after the quiz scandal, especially in the spirited *Conversations With Walter Lippmann*. But it was a losing battle even in the years after Friendly had been elevated to the presidency of the news division. The Reports, if they were to tell the truth about Mississippi or Watts, would infuriate the local affiliated stations and drive away conservative sponsors and give someone "a stomachache." Friendly tells this story to the bitter end, striving to be fair to all concerned.

The merits of the book are first and foremost the magnificent portrait of Ed Murrow in action. No one will do it better. Then the sheer excitement of the telecast as we watch the camera, Mack's camera, as it follows McCarthy and Cohn's taunting of Mrs. Moss, down to the expression of outrage with which Senator McClellan wound up that particular hearing. And finally, there is the self-portrait of the author, innovating, inexhaustible, who couldn't care less for the budget or more for the live truth, and to whom one of his team remarked, "Friendly, you'll never have a nervous breakdown, but you sure are a carrier."

The irreconcilable

Pearl Buck, whose father and first husband were missionaries, lived for nearly thirty-two years in China — with time out to get her college degree in the United States — and when they were at an end, her marriage on the rocks, and she was returning to America, how did those three decades look in retrospect?

"They had seemed endless when I was living them, an inadequate first marriage, a retarded child, a country I loved but that was not my own and now war-torn in a crisis of history. There was no hope ahead, so far as my eyes could see."

She had already written *The Good Earth*, for which she was to receive the Pulitzer Prize and the Nobel Prize. Now she was trying to take up a new life, unsure of whether she could make her adjustment to America, and in this self-doubt and to purge her mind she wrote **THE TIME IS NOON** (John Day, \$6.95), a novel which on the advice of her

second husband, and editor, Richard Walsh, she did not then publish.

The Time Is Noon is the story of Joan Richards, Mrs. Buck's alter ego, a very big but surprisingly pretty college girl who has come home to live with her family in the little town of Middlehope in eastern Pennsylvania. Joan is as healthy and resilient as a dolphin; she has vague ideas of taking a job in the city, but before she can do so her mother falls mortally ill; her younger sister Rose leaves college to become a missionary in the Orient, and her handsome younger brother gets in trouble with a fancy girl. So instead of leading her own life, Joan is stuck with the care of her neurasthenic father, a strict Fundamentalist preacher soon to be retired by his parish. When Pa fails, Joan's only available rescuer is a huge red-eyed, red-haired farmer, and their life together in his parents' bleak farmhouse is not exactly an idyll. Rather, it reminds me of Grant Wood's painting *American Gothic*.

Mrs. Buck's novel of thirty years ago is written in primary colors and in spiritual loneliness, with the odds heavily stacked against the heroine; indeed, out of her loveless marriage comes a retarded child. Yet even so there are good scenes and strong people in this bucolic story. Joan's mother is delineated with feeling, and we admire the way she stands up for her children in that religious-bound household. The men, including the unworldly pastor, are types. It is Joan who must carry the burden of the story, and I confess I feel for her as much exasperation as sympathy. Instead of marrying Bart the clodhopper for home and safety when she was left totally alone, why in the name of reason, and with her college degree, didn't she borrow money and look for a job in Philadelphia? But if Joan had been that reasonable, we should have had no story. Mrs. Buck's picture of the repressive life in a small town is fairly graphic, but it does read like a period piece.

The sheen of society

Like Edith Wharton, with whom he is sometimes compared, Louis Auchincloss relishes New York society. He has a connoisseur's eye for good painting and old silver; he is a successful lawyer, and one of our top-ranking novelists. Mr. Auchin-

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class' interest in painting; a professional interest in the rivalry for the senior partnership and the skulduggery which goes with it within a fashionable law firm in Manhattan; his acute interest in the power of women, dowagers in particular, are all reflected with varying plausibility in his new collection, *TALES OF MANHATTAN* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95).

These fourteen short stories have been gathered together into three clusters. The first group, entitled "Memories of an Auctioneer," follows the adventures of a cultivated young ferret in the employ of the ancient auction gallery of Philip Hone & Sons, situated of course on the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. The young man knows the pedigree of paintings quite as well as he knows the ramifications and scandals of the proud possessors, and "the great game of *provenance* for him was to deduce the personality of the collector from his collection" — in short, to find the skeleton in the closet as well as the missing work of art. These five stories are well knit, the pursuit is always fun, and the best of them, "The Moon and Six Guineas," with its very surprising ending, seems to me an excellent piece of satire.

In the second cluster, entitled "Arnold & Degener, One Chase Manhattan Plaza," Mr. Auchincloss enjoys doing to lawyers what C. P. Snow did to the English dons: showing their lust for power and the devious ways they contrive to get it. Here his technique is one which has become familiar to us in his other books. The several characters write their private accounts about the senior partner and their own aspirations, and as the papers are circulated "in confidence," or quoted to the wives, a composite builds up in which we get a candid evaluation of the pecking order.

I think that Mr. Auchincloss' virtuosity is better displayed in the last group, "The Matrons." The author is perceptive, ironic, and appreciative in these character stories, especially in "Sabina and the Herd," which is my favorite and in which with a few telling strokes he shows us Cecilia, as charming a New Yorker as you are ever likely to meet, and the triumph which she scores over her three cowl-like sisters-in-law. This is deft writing, with an edge that cuts.



Photo by Alfred A. Knopf

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HARVARD

Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



Before he was a philosopher, Bertrand Russell was a Russell, member of the great Whig family which had left its mark on English political and intellectual history since the fifteenth century. Lord John Russell, Bertrand's grandfather, had been Prime Minister and a dominant figure in the British government for almost fifty years. Russell connections were sprinkled through society, the universities, the church, and the diplomatic service. To a young man with brains, these ties opened infinite possibilities.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95) vividly describes the world of the Russells. This remarkably candid and fascinating book carries its author from his birth in 1872 down to the outbreak of war in 1914. Although it was apparently written in 1952, when Russell was already eighty years old, it is thoroughly lucid, sharp in its portrayals, and precise in its recollections.

Nostalgia rarely intrudes in these pages. They record pleasant memories of a sheltered boyhood on a grandmother's estate. The account of undergraduate life at Cambridge is playful and informative. A few personalities command Russell's respect, and those he describes with generosity and appreciation, notably his teacher and colleague Alfred North Whitehead, and the novelist Joseph Conrad. But the dominant tone in the book is that of an old man looking back with amused condescension at the foibles of the contemporaries he outlived. When it

comes to earnest do-gooders like Sidney and Beatrice Webb, the wit with which most of the *Autobiography* is written turns into malice.

Russell is at his best in describing the English gentry, whom he knew intimately by birth. Since he was nevertheless detached enough to be objective, he writes accurately as well as entertainingly.

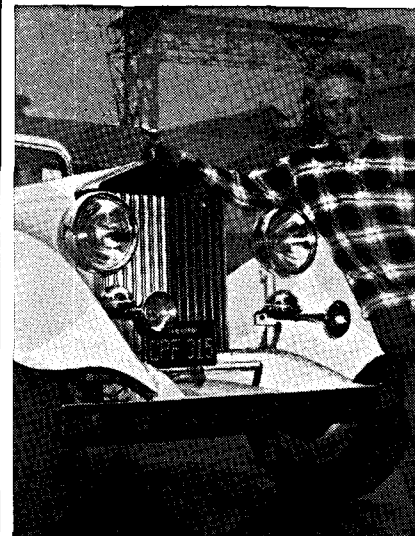
Upper-class British society was at its zenith in the closing decades of the nineteenth century — wealthy, absolutely self-confident, and able to indulge its every whim. Only P. G. Wodehouse has depicted as well as Russell such a gallery of cousins and aunts, eccentrics every last one of them, rattling about their great houses without restraint. They become Buddhists, or Catholics, or agnostics, and vigorously pursue their hobbies, getting and doing what they want. Perhaps no other society ever permitted its members so completely to indulge their individuality.

Russell was thoroughly part of this world. He was also a truly great philosopher. The two roles, however, receive quite unequal treatment in these reminiscences. Russell says very little about the interior workings of his mind. He mentions the difficulties in writing the *Principia Mathematica* but hardly refers to the intellectual processes involved in putting that work together. The book focuses upon the man rather than upon his ideas; and the picture it paints is of a thoroughly self-centered and not very likable human being.

The longing for love, Russell explains, was one of the passions that governed his life. The *Autobiography* certainly makes clear his need for love. But love to him was not reciprocal. It was a sentiment he expected to receive, not one it occurred to him to give. The lengthy accounts of his treatment of his first wife and of Lady Ottoline Morrell reveal a breathtaking selfishness.

Neither at the time nor in retrospect did it occur to him to take into consideration the feelings of others. Informed (mistakenly) that he had cancer, he told neither his wife nor his mistress. Instead he bullied his wife into a divorce by threatening suicide and then slipped out of the need for marrying the other woman.

Russell consistently measures his relations with women by the gratification they afford him. On a trip to Chicago, he seduced the daughter



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of his host and persuaded her to come to England to live with him. Before she arrived he decided to abandon her, because a private scandal would complicate his position just when he was about to come out as a pacifist against the First World War. He "had relations with her from time to time, but the shock of the war killed" his "passion for her," and he "broke her heart." Ultimately she went insane. That there may have been a deficiency in his conduct does not occur to him even a half century later.

Perhaps the most revealing passage in the book is from the account of his childhood. His parents hired a tutor in an advanced stage of consumption. "Apparently upon grounds of pure theory, my father and mother decided that although he [the tutor] ought to remain childless on account of his tuberculosis, it was unfair to expect him to be celibate. My mother therefore allowed him to live with her, though I know of no evidence that she derived any pleasure from doing so." That astounding last clause may contain a clue to the twisted personal life recorded in these pages.

Philosophy and behavior

Although William James exerted enormous influence upon the thought of his country, he was not as gifted a philosopher as Russell. But James was a more attractive human being. The difference between the two men was partly personal and temperamental. But the setting within which they lived and their approach to philosophy also set them apart.

GAY WILSON ALLEN'S WILLIAM JAMES (Viking, \$10.00) is a carefully written biography based on the private papers of the James family. Professor Allen's story focuses primarily on the personal aspects of his subject's life. The development of James's ideas and his contributions to psychology and philosophy receive only tangential treatment. Although the detail is somewhat excessive, the book holds the attention. Through it moves an interesting family, enlivened by two men of genius, the philosopher and his brother Henry, the novelist.

The Jameses were by no means Russells in aristocratic lineage. William's grandfather, the first of the family in America, was an Albany

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merchant who earned enough wealth to provide an income for the next two generations. William's father, a self-educated religious thinker, became a devotee of Swedenborg and significantly influenced his children. Henry, William, and their brothers and sisters had the resources for frequent and extensive travel abroad, for good educations, and for the indulgence of some of their eccentricities.

They were all neurotic, William James like the rest of them. He backed into his career after a long period of vacillation. He spent a year studying to be a painter and then took a degree in medicine. His first teaching was in physiology. Only after these false starts did he decide to become a psychologist and a philosopher. Throughout his life, he was torn by uncertainty, concerned about health, and subject to fits of depression.

Yet he also attained a serenity that came from the knowledge of his usefulness to others. His kindness as a human being was quite unselfish, and as his relationship with Peirce showed, did not depend upon any requital. His tolerance and open-mindedness made him receptive to new ideas, sometimes uncritically so, as in his interest in spiritualism. The same qualities, however, also imparted in him a gentleness and modesty that made him a persuasive teacher.

To some extent these were personal traits. But James's environment and his stance as a philosopher also influenced his character. Throughout his life he remained a provincial. Not that he was unfamiliar with the European capitals and watering places! But he was so securely fixed in his Cambridge community that looking down from the Hassler on the Piazza di Spagna, he was reminded of Harvard Square. And membership in that community brought with it a sense of obligation and responsibility to others.

James's position in philosophy was unique. Beginning as a physician and a psychologist, he never lost sight of the importance of emotions. From his own experience he knew the desperate need of the men of his time to find meaning in their experience, and he insisted upon taking seriously feelings that were not susceptible to precise definition. That was why he was a figure of such consequence among his contem-

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poraries. That was also why he played a rather minor part in the future development of philosophy.

Russell was in the mainstream, and as a philosopher was therefore far more significant. Approaching the subject from mathematics, he focused upon the problems of logic and of scientific inquiry. He dealt therefore with abstractions so pure that they bore little relationship to his personal life. Academic philosophy in the twentieth century followed his line rather than James's. It devoted itself to exploring the techniques of knowing far more than to the applications of knowledge to man's problems.

Accidents and their meaning

After the impassioned pre-publication battles, **WILLIAM MANCHESTER'S THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT** (Harper & Row, \$10.00) is decidedly anticlimactic. The immense 700-page book is crammed with detail on the five days in November, 1963, during which John F. Kennedy was assassinated and buried. Its impact is that of a mnemonic device. The pages bring back memories of the hours by the television and of the emotional shock that swept the country and the world at the news from Dallas.

But the book's contribution to the understanding of the event is negligible. Manchester got most of his information by talking to people, and he wrote by fitting together the accounts given him. He did not, therefore, go behind the prevalent versions on any significant incident. For instance, he accepted completely the conclusion that Oswald was the lone assassin without even considering the kind of evidence put forward by Mark Lane and Léo Sauvage.

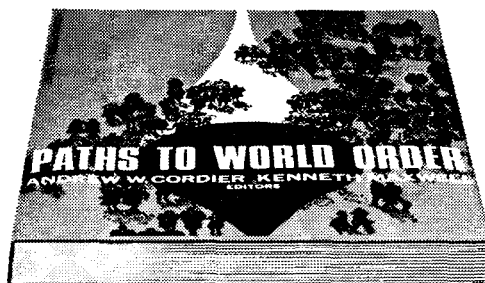
Furthermore, the derivation of some passages is unclear. The report of the conversations between De Gaulle, Rusk, and Johnson probably did not come from any of the participants. Is it reliable? The same question arises elsewhere. As a result, long sections of *The Death of a President* are open to question, and the historians who ultimately deal with the problem will have to re-examine all the evidence.

The peculiar circumstances of this book's composition and publication may have deepened the perils inherent in writing any contemporary history. But the chief difficulties



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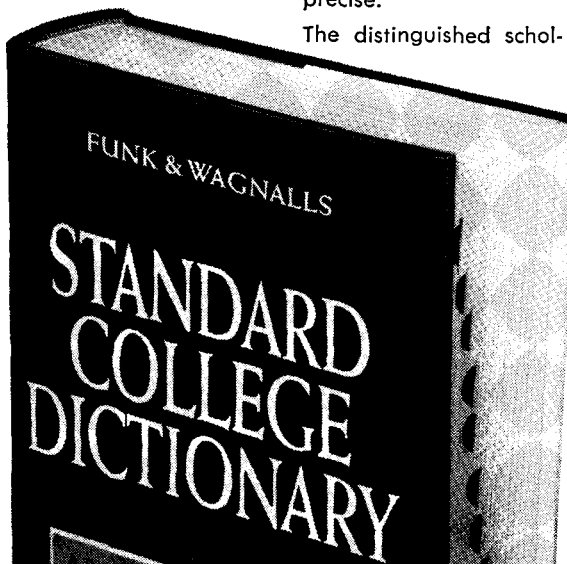
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in *The Death of a President* emanate not from the relationship with the Kennedy family but from the excessive reliance upon oral evidence. An interview, like a vacuum cleaner, indiscriminately sucks in great masses of material which can as well obscure as clarify the truth.

Perhaps no one close to the events would have been sufficiently dispassionate to sort out the information and misinformation about those five days that have steadily piled up. But Manchester was especially handicapped by emotion. The style, some of the chapter headings, and the use of religious imagery show the effort to frame the story as epic tragedy. The conclusion reaches for analogies with Greek heroes and Joan of Arc, as if there had to be a meaning to the drama. But despite the effort lavished on the book, despite the anguish of the family and the nation, a meaning fails to appear.

The unwillingness to regard a major event as accidental is characteristic of a society oriented toward science. Though science itself increasingly leaves open the possibility of randomness, we cannot accept it in our highly organized lives.

On the morning of Monday, January 17, 1966, two American planes collided above Spain. One of them was carrying four H-bombs, which fell, along with the wreckage, on the village of Palomares in southern Spain. The incident suddenly involved that tiny community in high politics and technology.

Two fine books by competent reporters now discuss the incidents. **ONE OF OUR H-BOMBS IS MISSING** (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) is a careful, lucid narrative by **FLORA LEWIS**. **THE BOMBS OF PALOMARES** by **TAD SZULC** (Viking, \$5.95), the correspondent of the *New York Times*, covers much the same ground. There is little to choose between them.

Both books, in telling the story, raise the question of the meaning of the event. Palomares is a primitive village, in which people are not concerned with diplomacy or the cold war. They tend their own gardens. Out of nowhere comes a force which disrupts their whole lives. Though no one is killed, the fear of contamination draws in complex scientific and technological apparatus, the village becomes an issue in diplomacy and public relations, and its members will never again be the

same. And behind the spectacle of what actually happened appears the specter of what might have happened had one of the bombs been detonated.

The bombers still fly, and they still carry their deadly cargoes, and it is not inconceivable that some other village will also find itself in danger. Is that risk less worth bearing than that of doing without the bombers?

The peasants of Palomares can avoid the question. God, who caused the bombs to fall, caused them to fall where they did no damage. The incident is thus evidence of His benign intentions.

Most modern men cannot be thus satisfied. They must ask essentially the same question asked by the Enlightenment philosophers two centuries ago. Having surrendered the faith in a Divine Providence in favor of the belief in a beneficent world of nature, they were unable to explain why an earthquake in Lisbon should have taken thousands of innocent lives. The disasters of the twentieth century are as often man-made as natural, but they yield no more consoling an answer. Our world is not so calculable as to exclude the possibility of accident.

Politics and anti-politics

The social system not only influences the operations of government, it also establishes the climate within which theorists think about politics. Experience provides the data and shapes the assumptions basic even to very general concepts.

JOHN H. BUNZEL'S ANTI-POLITICS IN AMERICA (Knopf, \$6.95) is a very American and a very useful book. It deals with the tendencies to reject the political process as a means of arriving at important decisions and the consequent distortions of democracy. The discussion is particularly appropriate at a time when anti-political methods have been used to further desirable goals such as civil rights or peace. The danger to democracy from demagogues or dictators is self-evident. This hard-hitting work reminds us that there are perils also from the well-intentioned but impatient.

Bunzel's discussion of the extremists of the right and the left covers familiar ground. His critique of the Quaker position and of utopianism is more provocative. He is par-

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ticularly incisive in the discussion of the extent to which advocacy of the impossible may impede the attainment of the possible.

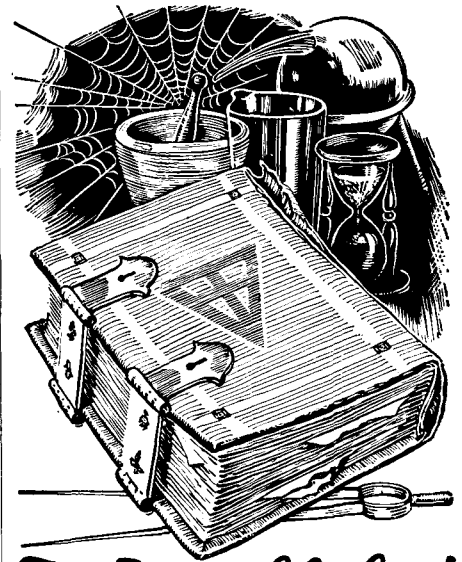
Compromise, however, is not always a part of the political process, nor are politicians invariably brokers among competing interests. There are, therefore, circumstances under which nonpolitical means alone can achieve desirable ends. No amount of campaigning or lobbying would have broken the Southern pattern of segregation in the 1950s, just as no party measures a century earlier could have eradicated slavery.

There are points at which the inadequacies of the political process demand a statement of absolute ends and cast the utopian in a critical role. Such challenges to democracy in the United States have in the past proven temporary because the machinery of government ultimately was capable of functioning toward ends on which there was wide agreement. But we cannot assume that the political system will, of itself, continue simply to locate its own objectives.

This is the implication of a thoughtful work based on the French experience. JACQUES ELLUL'S *THE POLITICAL ILLUSION* (Knopf, \$8.95) expresses a revulsion against the modern passion for entrusting all human concerns to decisions by the state. That tendency, he believes, rests upon the interlocking illusions of popular participation and popular control. Men turn to the government for the solution of all their problems, many of which are not susceptible to resolution. The concept of democratic planning is the extreme extension of the trend, which in the end simply cloaks the real power in the hands of the planning elite.

A subtle argument sustains these pessimistic conclusions; and the last century of French history goes some way toward confirming it. Yet the propositions seem plausible only because they are stated in absolute and abstract terms. Politics, like life, is subject to more qualifications than Professor Ellul recognizes. While his thoughtful book is worth reading, it leaves unanswered the basic question an American asks, What better means than democratic politics are available for organizing intelligently the life of a complex modern society?

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When AMBROSE BIERCE assembled *The Devil's Dictionary* for his collected works, he omitted, with properly Satanic insouciance, about half of what he had written under that heading. Ernest Jerome Hopkins has recently unearthed what Bierce left out and edited the whole thing as **THE ENLARGED DEVIL'S DICTIONARY** (Doubleday, \$5.95). Bierce, the first of Hearst's pampered, provoking columnists, affected a pedantic correctness of style which did not prevent him from describing one hazard of frontier politics as "bad-egging and dead-cattin'." He also affected to despise all the arrangements of the universe, from human intelligence to the design of flowers. *The Devil's Dictionary* is a gloriously promiscuous attack. It is also a proper piece of lexicography, with definitions reinforced by illustration — EUPHEMISM is described as "to call Mr. Charles Crocker ninety nine kinds of a knave" — and ornamented with deliberately terrible verse by imaginary authors. Some definitions are short, as "GULL, v.t. To tell the sovereign people that if elected you will not steal," and "PLURAL, adj. Troubles," while others ramble into short stories. Mr. Hopkins' researches suggest that Bierce neglected items in 1911 for various reasons, one of which was that he had improved on his first notion. HABEAS CORPUS began as "A writ by which a man may be taken out of jail and asked how he likes it," and ended as "A writ by which a man may be taken out of jail when confined for the

wrong crime." The implications in that revision are the essence of Bierce.

The detail is to be found in **AMBROSE BIERCE** (Little, Brown, \$6.95), a biography by **RICHARD O'CONNOR**. Mr. O'Connor obviously enjoys his subject — no biographer could fail to enjoy a subject as quotable as Bierce — but makes little attempt to soften his faults. Bierce was a fine literary gadfly and innovator and honest about money, but a terrible man in almost every other respect. It is impossible not to like him.

Bierce's reputation has always suffered from the contemporary presence of Mark Twain. It is amusing to observe in the *Dictionary* how many comic tricks they had in common — the bathetic collapse, the explosive exaggeration, the hoax, the reversed cliché, the catalogue in which one unorthodox item alters the meaning of the whole list. Neither was aping the other. They had both learned newspapering in the same place and period, and were firing the established battery of frontier journalists. The style had been developed by a horde of inventive, improvident, moderately trigger-happy editors and printers who went west on the heels of the fur traders, and whose proceedings have been chronicled by **JOHN MYERS IN PRINT IN A WILD LAND** (Doubleday, \$6.50). Mr. Myers has collected a great deal of information about these fellows and quotes copiously and hilariously from their fly-by-night publications. His weakness is a tendency to apply stylistic monkeyshines to material that needs no such polishing up.

BRIGID BROPHY's reviews, critical essays, and radio talks are assembled under the title of **DON'T NEVER FORGET** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95), which is a quotation from Mozart. Fiercely intelligent, exceedingly well informed about literature, music, and psychiatry, to name only the most obvious areas, and unwilling to accept any notion without examining it, Miss Brophy pounces on her subjects as though they had never been considered before. She discovers that de Sade is harmlessly tiresome, that Sartre's admiration for Genêt is based on misunderstanding, and that A. L. Rowse's *Shakespeare* does not, contrary to the author's boast, stick to proper historians' methods of proof.

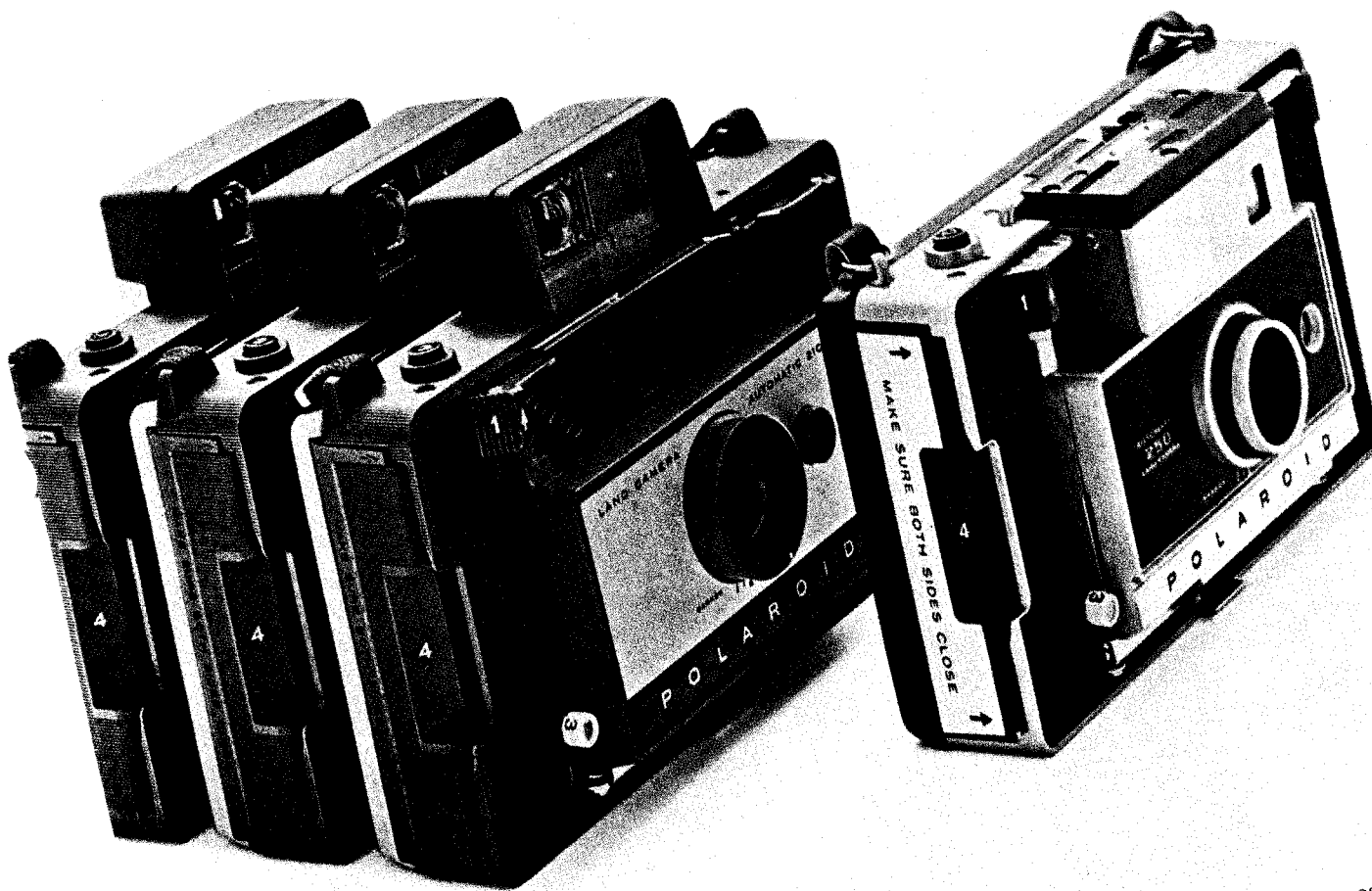
Her comments on the Ward-Proffumo affair, commissioned but never broadcast by the BBC, predictably have to do with hypocrisy, but hypocrisy viewed from angles and illustrated with examples that are quite unpredictable. We could do with more critics like Miss Brophy, but I fear that she is a phoenix.

The foggy interest in art nouveau which has been gathering for several years seems to be clearing, and the prospect revealed is Aubrey Beardsley. **THE EARLY WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY AND THE LATER WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY** (Da Capo, \$25.00) are just what the titles imply. The two large volumes are in effect reproductions of books published in 1900, with the original preface by H. C. Marillier, which is interesting as a view of the artist in his own time. **AUBREY BEARDSLEY** (United Book Guild, \$10.00) is a much smaller book, containing the selected best of Beardsley's previously published drawings plus suppressed versions, and the illustrations for *Lysistrata*, monstrous anatomical caricatures, funny, and for Beardsley, uncharacteristically blunt, as though Aristophanes had rather got the better of the collaboration. None of these beautifully made books tells anything about the art nouveau movement as a whole; for that, one has **JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR'S THE ART NOUVEAU BOOK IN BRITAIN** (M.I.T. Press, \$12.95), which locates the beginnings of the style in Blake and traces it all the way to 1929. It is odd to find art nouveau finished off by the Depression, like a careless stockbroker.

NICOLETTE DEVAS'S TWO FLAMBOYANT FATHERS (Morrow, \$5.00) is a memoir which tells something of her brother-in-law, Dylan Thomas, but much more about her father, Francis Macnamara, and Augustus John, in whose disorderly ménage the Macnamara girls grew up after Francis abandoned his family. Macnamara and John were friends and alike in being large, gaudy, and conscientiously roistering types, but where John became a highly regarded painter, Macnamara dithered his talent away on a never-completed philosophical system. Without proposing to explain the contrast, Mrs. Devas makes it a fascinating story set against a background of hardworking, independent, non-chic dedication to the arts.

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